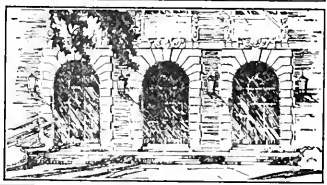


THE LIFE AND WORKS OF
MRS. MARY BRADSTREET HELMERSHAUSEN

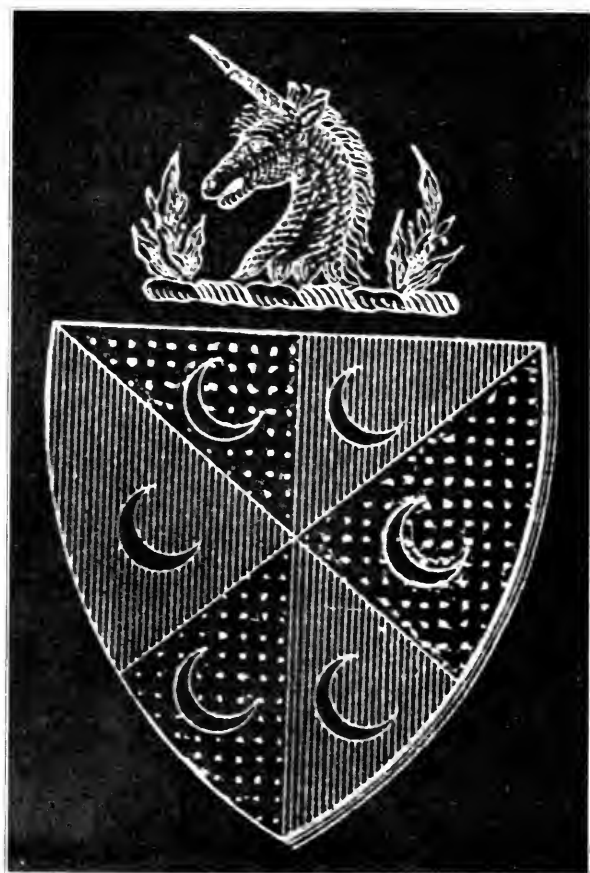
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I. H. S.







The Ancient Arms of Bradstreet.



The Seal of Governor Simon Bradstreet affixed to his will
in Boston, Massachusetts.

Mary Bradstreet Helmershausen

"Virtute et non vi," Bradstreet Motto

"Oportet Vivere," Todd Motto

With Illustrations from the Family Albums.

Member of the
Chautauqua Circle, Class of 1893.
D. A. R. No. 61847 Dixon Chapter
Daughter 1812 War, No. 3162, State No. 157.
Independent Order of Good Templers.
Woman's Christian Temperance Union.
Woman's Foreign Missionary Society

By
Adella Helmershausen

Published By
Manz Engraving Corporation, Chicago
Franklin Grove Reporter Print, 1940

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PREFACE

It is interesting to note how this fine spirit cultivated the wider range of contacts with the ideal,—a child in a covered wagon, journeying to a log cabin home; a scholar in a little, red schoolhouse at the country cross-roads; a student at a mid-western seminary; a teacher of the early days; a helper writing letters to the soldier boys; and scraping lint for the hospital service; a wife and a home-keeper; the mother

of seven children; a lover of art and nature, enraptured in spring with the early wildflowers, and entranced at the profusion of poinsettias in the Christmas greenhouse; singing a Swan Song of "The Lost Heron;" and cheering on a dauntless departure with "At Evening Time It Shall Be Light!"

A. H.

January 7, 1940.

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YELLOW CHRYSANTHEMUMS
WILD ROSES — KEEPSAKES
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LADDIE
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The Poems

The poems, each of which touches some higher and finer emotion, are arranged in the order of the events in the life of the author. The earnestness and seriousness with which they are sung, added to a rare and luminous reflection of some broad and fundamental human sympathy, make an inspirational appeal.

The halls of Memory were hung full of rich and resplendent pictures. Memory the Magician of the finest mansion of the soul, caught the fragrance of

the wild rose as it spilled its censers of attar; imprisoned the song of the meadow lark, thrilling above the long snow-line of locust blooms; treasured the worship of the family altar; the open Scriptures, the hallowed hymn, and wrote in large and golden letters above the portals of the pillared halls.

Rose-bloom, lark-song and celestial faith glowed, refulgent and blessed, and found voices in the inscribed poems.

A. H.



GOVERNOR SIMON BRADSTREET

1603 - 1697

Courtesy of the Essex Institute

CHAPTER I

Ancestry

The ancestry of Mary Bradstreet reached back to the founding of the colonies on the Atlantic coast, a high heritage of the Past.

On the father's paternal line there had been Governor Simon Bradstreet, and his gifted wife, Anne, daughter of Governor Thomas Dudley, the first writer of poetry in America; his son, John Bradstreet and wife, Sarah Perkins; Simon Bradstreet and Elizabeth Capen; Simon Bradstreet and Anne Flint; Henry Bradstreet and Abigail Porter, he who rode at the Alarm at Lexington in 1775; Daniel Bradstreet and his first wife, Jannet Moore; Daniel Moore Bradstreet, her father.

On the father's maternal line there had been "Charter" James Moore and Elizabeth Gregg, originating in old fair Ayrshire, Scotland, settling at Windham, New Hampshire; Lieutenant William Moore, who gallantly fought in the Battle of Bunker Hill, and Martha Mack; Jannet Moore, the child's grandmother.

Besides these planters and founders of early New England, there were, on the mother's paternal line, the forefathers of Connecticut. Christopher Todd and his wife, Grace Middlebrook came from Pontrefact, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, England to settle in the New Haven colony; Samuel Todd and Mary Bradley; Samuel Todd and Susannah Tuttle; the Reverend Samuel Todd of North Parish, Plymouth, and Mercy Evans; Samuel Todd who fought at Monmouth, suffered at Valley Forge, stormed Stony Point, and Mary Dudley; Clarissa Todd, her mother.

Lastly, Ensign John Dudley, sea-captain and school master, and Lois Brockett of Wallingford; Mary Dudley for whom Mary was beautifully named.

In the family were two brothers Wesley and Daniel, and two sisters Martha and Maria, so, being the

youngest, Mary had the birthright of a child's family affection, and grew up the household pet.

Hers was the spiritual inheritance of the Puritans, influenced by the dominance of family traditions which gave continuity and stability. To the incessant daily devotions of family worship was added the code of conduct to accelerate and intensify the attendance upon the service of the church. The Bradstreets had crossed the Atlantic to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, and all true Bradstreets continued that worship in private prayer, in family services, and in church attendance. This devotion illuminated all tradition and irradiated all future experiences.

A. May B. Whiting in an Article appearing in the September 1923 issue of "The Dearborn Independent," entitled "The Bradstreets And Their Splendid Legacy." (Re-printed by the courtesy of the periodical, Nov. 16, 1925), says, "No one served the colony (of Massachusetts Bay) more honorably than Governor Simon Bradstreet. No woman of her time was more lovely in character, or more intellectual than Anne Bradstreet. --- The good ship "Arbella" that came over in 1630, brought many notable passengers, and among them were Deputy-Governor Thomas Dudley and his daughter Anne, wife of Secretary Simon Bradstreet. The deputy was a man of culture and of means, who set about building himself a good house in Cambridge and embellishing it as well as the scant resources of the colony would allow. --- Anne had been brought up in the refinement of an English castle, and while she did not, like the gentle Lady Arbella, for whom the ship was named, droop and die, the hardships of the new life were a sore tax upon her health. She was a beautiful type of

Puritan womanhood, gentle, devoted to family, and of vigorous thought. --- In 1634 it was considered desirable to make inland settlements, and the Dudleys (Dennisons) and Bradstreets removed to Ipswich. Here life was infinitely harder than in Boston. --- Anne's nature was modest and her tastes studious. It was in Agawan that she did most of her writing. Both husband and father were away frequently on business of the plantation, and Anne turned to poetry as a relief from the loneliness of life. When her brother-in-law John Woodbridge made a trip to England, he took a copy of her poems, and there without her knowledge, they were published under the title "The Tenth Muse Lately Sprung Up In America." To our ancestors --- Anne's verses seemed the acme of wit and grace. The President of Harvard College declared that "twice drinking the nectar of her lines, left him weltering in delight." --- In 1644 the Bradstreets moved still farther --- in Andover. Here with the cares of her growing family, Anne had little opportunity for literary work. --- The Bradstreet House in what is now North Andover, is still standing --- one of the most elegant of its day, and the elaborate panelling shows the best of seventeenth century workmanship. Anne's room on the second floor, is especially attractive. One whole side is panelled to the ceiling. That, together, with the quaint fireplace, the narrow panes of thick glass brought from England, the eleven sloping beams that run up through it, give a particularly antique, yet cheerful air. Simon Bradstreet was the prototype of the New England "good provider" and loved to furnish the family with every comfort that colonial life afforded. No doubt when the Puritan aristocracy, the Winthrops, the Dudleys, the Presidents of Harvard College, were their guest, there was much display of ruff, gold lace, brocades and buckles --- But Anne did not live long to enjoy the new home. The years of pioneer life had been too great a strain and she passed away in 1672.

Simon Bradstreet, four years later, married again; and for almost twenty years served the colony as deputy governor, and governor. Anne probably lies in the old Burying-Ground at North

Andover, and her stone has crumbled to dust. Simon Bradstreet was buried in the Charter Street Cemetery in Salem, where his monument is standing. --- A portrait of Governor Simon Bradstreet hangs in the Massachusetts Senate Chamber. --- If the old house could speak, it would tell how, for many years, the broad-mindedness and gentleness of its first occupants prevailed for good. The homestead descended to a younger son, Col. Dudley Bradstreet. Mercy, the daughter of the eldest son, Dr. Samuel Bradstreet was married to Dr. James Oliver, and from her are descended Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Wendell Phillips. From Simon, (the second son) through the daughter Lucy, who was married to Jonathan Remington, are descended William Ellery Channing and the Danas."—M. B. W.

From John, the fourth son, descended Mary Bradstreet, the subject of this biography: Gov. Simon (1), John, (2), Simon (3), Simon (4), Henry (5), Daniel (6), Daniel M. (7), Mary (8).

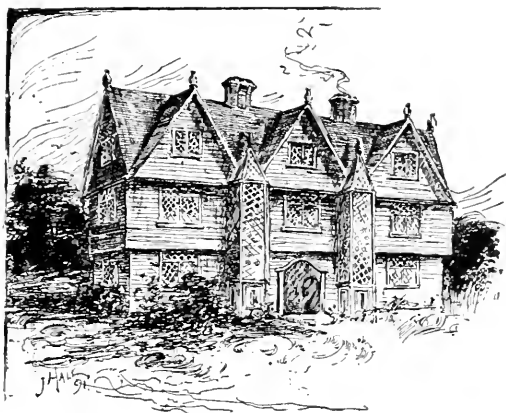
Judge Samuel Sewall's Diary mentions under date of April 12, 1697, the funeral of Simon Bradstreet: "About three o'clock was the funeral. Bearers were Mr. Danforth, Maj. Gen. Winthrop, Mr. Cook, Col. Hutchinson, Mr. Sewall, Mr. Sec. Col. Gedney and Maj. Brown led the widow. I bore the feet of the corpse into the tomb which is new, in the old Burying Place. Three volleys, but no great guns by reason of the scarcity of powder. Ministers at the funeral: Mr. Willard, Shepard, Chrever, Higginson, Noyes, Hale, Gerrish, Hubbard of Ipswich. --- It rained heavily in the morning but cleared up about noon."

The governor was an assistant for forty-eight years; a colonial secretary thirteen years; a deputy governor, five years; a governor, ten years.—

Felt tells us that "he was a man of deep discernment, whom neither wealth nor honor could allure from duty. Sincere in religion and pure in his life he overcame and left the world."

B. The Bradstreet House—By Hollis Russell Bailey, Attorney-at-Law. (Reprinted by permission of the author.)

The Bradstreet House built in 1666-7, in North Andover, is the fourth, if not the fifth house built by Governor Simon



HOUSE OF GOVERNOR SIMON BRADSTREET, SALEM, MASS

From a water-color by S. Bartol about 1819

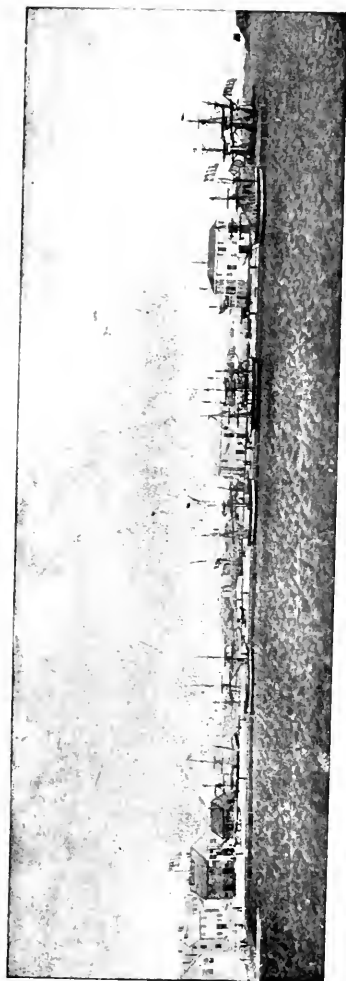
Courtesy of the Essex Institute.



TOMB OF GOVERNOR SIMON BRADSTREET, (1603-1697), CHARTER STREET
BURYING GROUND, SALEM, MASS

Courtesy of the Essex Institute





CROWNSHIELD'S WHARF, SALEM, DURING THE EMBARGO OF 1809
From a painting by George Ropes, now in possession of the Essex Institute
Courtesy of the Essex Institute



PROBABLE SITE OF THE EXECUTION OF THE "WITCHES" IN SALEM, MASS.
Courtesy of the Essex Institute





THE MARKET HOUSE AND MARKET SQUARE, SALEM

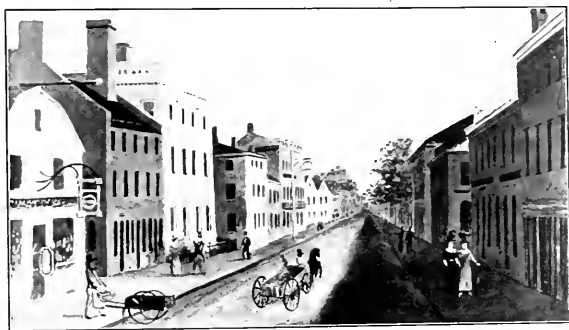


THE JOHN WARD HOUSE, BUILT IN 1684, NOW IN THE ESSEX INSTITUTE GARDEN

Courtesy of the Essex Institute



ESSEX STREET, SALEM, LOOKING WEST, 1826



ESSEX STREET, SALEM, LOOKING EAST, 1826

Showing the Crowninshield residence (third house on left) opposite Derby Square, occupied by Benjamin W. Crowninshield, from 1822-1832. Built in 1811 by Ezekiel Hersey Derby.

Still shows beautiful examples of McIntire's carving. Last occupied as a residence by Richard S. Rogers.

Courtesy of the Essex Institute





HOUSE OF GEORGE JACOBS IN DANVERS, MASS
 Courtesy of the Essex Institute.



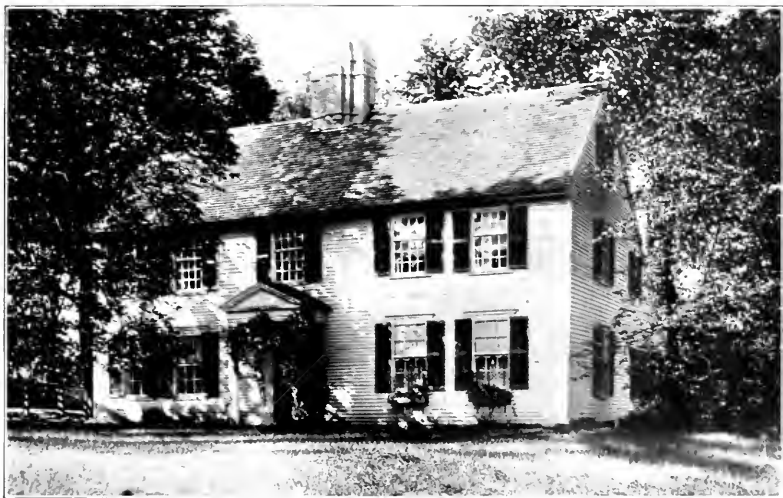
THE TRIAL OF GEORGE JACOBS FOR WITCHCRAFT IN 1692.
 From a painting by Matteson
 Courtesy of the Essex Institute



THE BRADSTREET HOUSE AT IPSWICH, MASSACHUSETTS



THE BOULDER SHOWING WHERE THE HOUSE STOOD



Governor Simon and Anne (Dudley) Bradstreet House at North Andover, Massachusetts.
Courtesy of owner, Attorney Hollis R. Bailey. Built 1667; view taken 1925.

Bradstreet. - - - He was familiar from boyhood with good architecture, as he lived for a time in the family of the Earl of Lincoln, was a student for several years at Emanuel College, Cambridge, England, and then was steward or business manager for the Countess of Warwick.

He was twenty-eight years of age when in 1631 he, and his father-in-law, Thomas Dudley, became the first settlers at New-Town, later Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Mr. Bradstreet built a house on the southerly side of what is now Harvard Square. - - - This house witnessed the birth of Mr. Bradstreet's first child, Samuel, and also the production of some of Anne Bradstreet's earlier poems. But Thomas Dudley and his sons-in-law, Simon Bradstreet and Daniel Dennison, were not content to remain in New-Town and in 1635 we find them building houses in the new settlement at Agawan, later called Ipswich. A picture of the Bradstreet House in Ipswich has been preserved. It was not unlike the Saltonstall house, its long sloping roof so common in early days.

The duties of Mr. Bradstreet as an Assistant, or Judge, often took him away from home to Boston and Salem. In 1643 he was appointed one of the first Board of Commissioners created by the Confederation of the New England Colonies, May 19, 1643, which lasted until the coming of Andros as Royal Governor in 1686. It was not until September 1638 that "Mr. Bradstreet, Mr. Dudley, Jr., Captain Dennison, Mr. Woodbridge and eight others" were authorized to begin a plantation. In the year 1644 Mr. Bradstreet built his first house in Andover.— With him went his brother-in-law, the Reverend John Woodbridge. A larger and better house was slowly made ready. The second house of Governor Bradstreet in Andover contained a library of eight hundred rare and costly books, one of the best in the colony, besides family portraits and heirlooms. Its destruction by fire July 10, 1666 is described by Mrs. Bradstreet:

"I starting up the light did spy—
Then coming out beheld a space
The flames consume my dwelling-
place."

The present house was the home of Governor and Mrs. Bradstreet for about six years. The house became the residence of the third son, Col. Dudley Bradstreet, who continued to occupy it until his death. He held offices of Selectman, Colonel of Militia, and Magistrate, and was a man of broad and moderate views. In 1698 came an attack by the Indians. The Bradstreet House was broken into and plundered, and Dudley Bradstreet and his family carried away as captives. They were released and allowed to return. The Bradstreet occupation of the house came to an end six years later in 1708 when his only son, the Rev. Dudley Bradstreet moved to Groton. We find the Rev. Thomas Barnard in 1708 residing in the Bradstreet House, which for many years became the home of the ministers. His son, the Rev. John Barnard, succeeded to his place of residence. His ministry lasted until his death in 1757. The Rev. William Symmes occupied the Bradstreet House, 1759-1807. Following as owner came the Hon. John Norris in 1808; in 1812 Mrs. Parks.

The old house was now to become a seat of learning. The next owner was Simon Putnam. In 1818 he became the Principal of Franklyn Academy and the owner and occupant of the Bradstreet House. In 1831 came W. B. Lovett; in 1834 Otis and Charles Bailey, and it still remains in the family." H. R. B.

(Hollis Russell Bailey born 1852, North Andover, Mass. Harvard College 1877; Harvard Law School 1878; A. M. 1879. Lawyer in Boston.)

Simon to Mary 1630-1841.

The forefather of this elect lady sailed into Salem Harbor off the coast of Massachusetts, in the midsummer of 1630. Following a sojourn in Boston, Ipswich and Andover, the venerable forbear, returned, after life's meridian was passed, to Salem, to serve as the last Puritan governor of the province and to lie among its historic dead. Two succeeding generations lived and died at Topsfield, within fifteen miles of the white-masted harbor. The next Bradstreet married a wife "of Salem at Salem," and his son took one from another Topsfield family.

Salem, the metropolitan center of Essex County, is herein pictured as the background of numerous old tales and traditions of long lines of forebearers.

The pioneer, Daniel Bradstreet, 1773-1833 settled in Springboro, Warren County, Ohio. This Bradstreet, thrice married (to Jannet Moore, Sarah Marsh and Lydia Meeker) and with three families of sons (Daniel, William, Henry, Meeker, Ellis, Ogden, John and Samuel)

became the progenitor of a long line.

The eldest son, Daniel Moore Bradstreet, 1795-1877, moved into New York at the junction which the Indians called Chehocton, "The Wedding of the Waters;" thence into the Paradise of the Finger Lake Region. Here, near the banks of Cayuga Lake, in Cooper's romance region, Mary Bradstreet had her birthplace, amid the beauties and marvels of the natural world.—

CHAPTER II

Life In New York 1841-1844

Told by Mrs. Clarissa Todd Bradstreet, and reported from memory by her granddaughter

"When the clove pink and the sweet alyssum were in first blossom, the gentle mother exclaimed: "I wish that I had money in my purse, and could go to Ithaca."

The kind father filled her purse with coins, and hitching the steady Dobbin to the "democrat" wagon, the two parents drove along a single bridle-path for forty miles. It was in the golden summer time, when June reigned as a Queen along the inland lakes, and the bordering wayside was gay in variegated bloom.

Having arrived in Ithaca, all happy-hearted the sweet mother selected a black, wooden rocker, with medallions of red and white roses. Another purchase was made, from a near-by book-stall, this being, "The Life of Mrs. Mary Fletcher, Consort and Relict of the Rev. John Fletcher, Vicar of Madeley, Salop. Compiled from her Journal and Other authentic documents, By Henry Moore, Ninth Edition, London, Pub. by John Mason, 14 City Road, and Sold at 66 Paternoster Row, 1838, pp. 434. Frontispiece a Portrait of M. Fletcher and Autograph."

Mary Bosanquet of Huguenot descent, 1739-Laytonstone, Essex, England; married 1781 to the Rev. John Fletcher of Madeley; died 1792 at Madeley, Salop.

From the first reading of her inspiring biography, Mrs. Fletcher became a source of consolation and inspiration to the Bradstreet family.

After a visit with a relative, the good mother rode homeward the next day, sitting in the arm-rocker, and reading her book.

"Who on Jesus relies without money or price

The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys."—p. 16,

Gazing over the beautiful lake scenery, she noted:

"Glory is on earth begun

Everlasting life is won."—p. 31.

As the travellers neared home she read:

"No fondest parent's anxious breast

Yearns like thy God's to make thee blest."—p. 43.

Arriving safely and finding all well, how sweet it was to read:

"Part of God's family are we

His family of love."—p. 61.

That summer the mother rested in the chair; that summer she read in her book:

"In all my ways His hand I own;

His ruling Providence I see."—p. 212.

When the light fell through the windows laced with morning-glory vines; and the sunbeams shown among



THE DANIEL BRADSTREET HOME
Springboro, Clear Creek Twp.
Warren County, Ohio
1816-1926



PHOTO OF SEAL RING—GOV. SIMON BRADSTREET
Owned by Frank Kelsey Bradstreet, Clifton, Texas

Daniel Bradstreet

AUTOGRAPH OF DANIEL BRADSTREET (1773-1833)
July 31, 1828, Warren Co., Ohio





MARIA BRADSTREET BARBER
1822-1915

Mary's Cousin

the gay, scented clove-pink and the sweet alyssum, it happened that, on Tuesday, July twenty-seventh in 1841, the new babe slept on the mother's arm.

"I name the child "Mary" for my mother, and "Fletcher" for the writer of my book."

The elder brother went over to a neighbor's house to report: "We have a sister and her name is Mary Pepper."

The mother lay for two weeks in the bed-room opening into the parlor. This day, the saddest day of that year, the mother arose, opened the door, and looked out. The parlor was the same as she had left it, shaded cool, dustless and silent. What was that—long and narrow and white—in the sitting-room beyond?

Startled and breathless, the agonized woman, with a swift apprehension of sorrow, lifted the sheet and stared at the lifeless features of her six-year-old daughter, Clarissa Anne. No one spoke, the great clock ticked, presently the coffin was brought in.

"Bring a basin of water, and a brush," whispered the stricken mourner. "There is a fine, sheer dress I made for her." It was brought for a shroud. On a finger, the mother curled each long raven-black ringlet, and fixed the heavy curls on the satin pillow; then folded the waxen hands on the silent bosom, and prayed over her beautiful dead.

"We intended to spare you all that we could," moaned the heart-broken father. "Now that I have laid her to rest with my own hands, I can give her back to God," was the whispered answer.

The little Mary was brought to the coffin-side that for one brief moment the two sisters might be together.

The sick child had told the doctor, "Mother has a new, little girl, and she can spare me now to go away to Jesus."

The funeral procession passed on, and the mother sat in the arm-rocker, the new babe asleep on her knee. It was impossible to look with insensibility of feeling upon her sorrow. A neighbor wept in the hall, and farther, and farther the solemn procession moved.

"Help me to give up my heart's idol," was the broken prayer.

"The dearest idol I have known
Whate'er that idol be;
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee."

It seemed to the sorrowful woman at prayer, that an angel spoke in promise to her of the new babe.

"This child shall be a comfort."

In the little Fletcher book the mother read in the silent days that followed:

"In all my ways His hand I own,
His ruling Providence I see."—212.

And again,

"For our Shepherd and King,
Cares much for His sheep"—p. 301.

"For you is prepared the angelical guard;

A convoy attends,—

A ministering host of invisible friends,
Ready winged for their flight,

To the regions of light,

The horses have come,

The chariot of Israel to carry you home."—p. 322.

Maria Bradstreet, whose picture is shown holding a Bible presented to her by Mary's parents, was the teacher in the school in Ulysses township, Tompkins county, New York in 1841. The teacher wrote, "Clarissa Anne Bradstreet was so pretty, a perfect angel. I could not do her justice. She was as pretty as a picture. Every one who saw her was attracted by her appearance.

She was an example to all around her, whether young or old. I left in March 1841 and she died in August—a most remarkable child. She had her regular prayer-meetings; got the little girls together, and led the meetings.

In school I never had to correct or speak to her. She was very intelligent and of quick comprehension."

Among her play-things this dear child left a box of sea-shells which her father had brought to her as a souvenir of one of his trips to Philadelphia. These shells, as Mary grew older, were kept among her treasures.

"I think I will visit my mother," remarked the bereaved mourner a few days later.

"She shall bless her namesake Mary."

"Clarissa," said the father, "I would rather give my back to the smiter's than to tell you, to wound you afresh, but the word came while you were ill, that your mother had died on the Sabbath day, the eleventh of July.

In the midst of these sorrows Mary grew through infancy to be the joy of the household.

Her father's one lullaby which he sang was "The Agincourt Song."

"Our king went forth to Normandy,
With grace and might of chivalry,
There God for him wrought marvelously,

Wherefore England may call and cry,
Deo Gracias."

This song was published in 1601 in a book entitled the "Triumphs of Oriana," containing madrigals and songs.

In 1842, Mary's second year, her kinsman, William Ellery Channing died. Another one of the Doctor Channings, William Henry, by name, left a symphony, which became a legacy to his kinspeople, the Bradstreets and the Dudleys. The household, in which Mary was reared, was guided by a like common sense.

The affection existing between Mary's parents was lasting and beautiful through fifty-seven years of wedded life. As Sidney said, in his "Arcadia," of Argalus and Parthenia:

"A happy couple, he joying in her, she joying in herself, because she enjoyed him; both increased their riches by giving to each other, each making one life double, because they made a double life one, where desire never wanted satisfaction, nor satisfaction ever bred satiety; he ruling, because she would obey; or, rather, because she would obey, she therein ruling."

The father said grace at the daily meals,

"Our Father, we thank Thee for these and all Thy mercies, Bless this food to our use and us to Thy service, for Je-us' sake, Amen."

The mother responded by quoting John Wesley's prayer:

"Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored.

These creatures bless, and grant that we

May feast in Paradise with Thee."

The blessing Mary asked was brief as it was beautiful,

"For what we are about to receive, Lord, make us truly thankful. Amen."

Common sense, affection and religion were the guiding stars.

The loving mother rocked the tired, little daughter to sleep, singing in lullaby, the hymn so fraught with

comfort,

"O, For A Closer Walk With God"

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee."
(Hymn by William Cowper 1731-1800)

A sweet song sung at twilight was:

"And To Glory I Will Go"

"And now we are encouraged
Come let us travel on,
Until we join the angels
And sing the holy song."
(In "The Communion Chorister,"
Pub. 1830 Philadelphia, Pa. by J. Clarke).

This singing hour was a beautiful service, a fixed family habit, shutting in the household for the night, with a holy vesper of song.

The next year a brother Richard awoke and slept on the wintry Sabbath day of December tenth in 1843; and the father laid the tiny lad in a grave by the side of Clarissa Anne. Heartstrings were thrummed again in another symphony of sorrow.

There were only snowdrops and bit-ter-sweet to lay on little Richard's grave, for the garden was bare and lone. But through three marvelous summers the portulaca was carpeted like moss by the doorway; long rows of four-o'clock, lady-slipper, phlox, sweet William, and zinnia ran down to the gate; and best beloved by the child Mary, were the clumps of clove-pinks, and the fairy-white, sweet alyssum.

The ideal and happy home of little Mary in the Finger Lakes region of the state of New York, was situated in a vista of great beauty, lying as it did, between the Cayuga and the Seneca lakes. Here were the ancient hunting-grounds of the Iroquois. In the woods was Skaneateles "the beautiful squaw," perhaps lovelier than Owasco. Beyond these sheets of water were Otsego of Cooper's romances, and the vine-bordered Keuka, a radiant vista.

Influences in her earliest education went to the shaping of the child in her formative years, for trends of character begin in infancy. She was always a keen lover of the beautiful, her character being conditioned by her surroundings.



CAYUGA LAKE, NEAR ITHACA, N. Y.

(Courtesy of the Lehigh Valley Railroad)



CAYUGA LAKE, NEAR ITHACA, N. Y.

(Courtesy of the Lehigh Valley Railroad)

CHAPTER III

Part One

Pioneering Westward, 1844-1857

Part One of this chapter was written by Mary as a Paper for the Woman's
Lee County Columbian Club of 1893

"Westward Ho! My father boarded a sail boat at Buffalo for Chicago, when he removed from New York to Illinois. There were no railroads, and pioneers had to take boats, and then go in covered wagons drawn by oxen over the unbroke prairies.

There were frequent storms on the lakes and numerous wrecks. When we were crossing, one of these terrific tornadoes came down upon us in all its fury. The roaring wind, the driving sleet, and the stinging hail were appalling.

My parents with five young children were meanwhile calmly at prayer. Comfort was found in the fifty-fifth Psalm of David.

At daybreak the tempest abated, the great waves dashing against the vessel. The early morning heard them singing, "Light Shining Out of Darkness" by William Cowper.

"God moves in a mysterious way,

His wonders to perform.

He plants His footsteps in the sea,

And rides upon the storm.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense

But trust Him for His grace;

Behind a frowning Providence

He hides a smiling face."

They had a clear sense of anchorage, an hourly consciousness of the Divine protection.

We landed in Chicago which in 1844 was a small, unpretentious village of six thousand population. We walked about viewing the port, drenched and wind blown by the late tempest.

When we came to the corner of Madison and Dearborn streets we saw the new public schoolhouse. There were two, rough-hewn steps, made of punch-eon; and here we children stopped to rest. A high stake-and-rider fence extended out into a scraggly cornfield. My

brothers and sisters played awhile. At Lake and Dearborn streets we saw a stage-coach pull up at Funk and Walker's and heard the cheering as the passengers alighted. We climbed in, sat on the seats, and spelled "General Stage Office" from a signboard.

We found a pretty window on Lake Street, full of delectable things, as watches, clocks, chains, bracelets and rings. We children leaned on the window-sill and exulted in the beauty of the shining gold and silver.

We put up at the Sauganash Tavern, which was a friendly place for transients. "Where is our best room, Mother, dear?" I cried, and she gathered me in her arms and wept. We were as homesick as could be.

On every side the sky came down to touch the earth, for there were no hills to be seen, nor any long purple shadows. It was a flat expanse lost in the encircling horizon.

Martha asked mother, "Are you sure we can go to Heaven from here?"

Mother told us that the people came from the north and the south, the east and the west, and entered into the Heavenly Land; the gates were not shut by day, and there was no night there.

We prayed and slept until daybreak; and then fared forth toward the blue Rock River at Grand Detour. Before us lay the unknown west, behind us, the great sun rising out of the eastern bed of water. Sky and lake were rosiad in light.

From Chicago we went slowly nine miles to Berry's Point; twenty miles to Brush Hill; thirty miles to Napierville;—Aurora, crossing the Fox River, forty miles. At Sugar Grove we saw Cyrus Ingham's sign "Entertainment" hung out. Then to Big Rock, ten miles; Little Rock, four miles farther; and Somanauk, six

miles. From here to Indian Creek, also called Ross Grove, ten miles; to East Paw Paw, four miles, where Wirick kept a tavern; Melugin's Grove six miles. A man here named Zachariah Melugin sang a song:

"Uncle Sam Is Rich Enough to Give Us All a Farm." Six miles further on, David Tripp kept a tavern, where "Squire" Haskell had a post-office and Stage Station.

When a cabin was not in sight, we camped out under the great sky. The way was long with unbroken roads, along the "Old Chicago Trail," sleughs, sedge-tangled bogs, and creeks to ford.

Birds enlivened the surrounding landscape. Flocks of yellow warblers flew up into the open sky as our wagon drew along. Water-fowl abounded nearer the river.

There were the mysterious thrill of the groves, the breath of the pine-scented air, and the myriad leaves. O, the lure of the camp-fire and the trail! The stories spread out in the heavens! The voices of the deep woods along the riverside calling incessantly.

We sang this song with a vim as we continued our trek westward.

Song, "Uncle Sam"

Composed by Zachariah Melugin during the winter of 1836-37, and printed in the "Rock River Register."

Come leave the fields of childhood

Worn out by long employ,

And travel west and settle

In the state of Illinois.

Your family is growing up

Your boys you must employ

Come, till the rich prairies

In the state of Illinois.

Chorus:—

Then move your family westward,

Good health you'll there enjoy,

And rise to wealth and honor

In the state of Illinois.

Then come along, don't you feel alarm,

Then come along, don't you feel alarm,

For Uncle Sam is rich enough

To give us all a farm.

"Down here upon Rock River

Such land was never known,

If Adam should cross over it

The soil he'd surely own;

He'd say it was the Garden

He lived in when a boy,

And straight pronounce it "Eden"

In the state of Illinois."

We went northwest to Dixon's Ferry, crossing on a ferry boat. The price for each yoke of oxen and wagon was six bits for the first, and two bits for each additional yoke and wagon. At last Grand Detour was ours, a veritable Garden of Eden, equalling in beauty the Finger Lake Region of New York. The scenery gave us great content.

Here father met a kind welcome from his cousin. Hugh Moore had settled in the Rock River Valley in 1836, and had served as a Member of the Vigilance Association, formed at Dixon's Ferry to protect settlers on their claims. He was greatly respected as a public-spirited and a God-fearing man. His little son, John A. Moore, aged thirteen years, was a dear playmate of my two brothers. His older son, James Moore and wife Buelah Hemingway Moore, had a wonderful little babe named "Leon." Cousin Eliza Orr Moore proved herself to be a sweet and motherly woman.

A claim was made at Dixon Ferry Land Office, John Dixon's home. The land lay in Marion township in Ogle County not far from the famous Indian battle ground of Stillman's Run.

An ambitious settler in the township took up the claims around, thus keeping the actual homesteaders from locating. The neighbors who helped my father build his double log-cabin, resented the threats the man made to tear down the logs. They rallied their friends and a party of them came at nightfall. They divided into two squads; the first one watching until two o'clock and no enemy appearing the men decided upon having a little fun. They took the caps and boots of the sleepers, and having hidden them, rattled the clap-boards and rushed upon the cabins. The first squad rattled. The second squad awoke and snatched the weapons, cudgels, tongs, and pokers. No sooner done than their places were filled by the attackers. It took some time before the half-dazed sleepers understood that they were the victims of a joke. What a chorus of cheers arose!

St. John Mix was school commissioner 1843-46, and N. W. Wadsworth 1847-50.

An Abolition Society had been organized Feb. 8, 1839. President, Hugh Moore. Vice President, Joseph Cunningham.

Recording Secretary, Charles Harrington, with twenty-nine men, and twenty-three women as members, meeting in Grand Detour. The First Temperance Society had been organized Feb. 25, 1839, President S. Anthony; Vice President, Cyrus Chamberlain; Directors, N. C. Tyrrell, Hugh Moore, and Edward Wright. Men, forty-two; and women, twenty-nine; seventy-one members, meeting in Grand Detour.

These societies carried on, and were a potent factor in the struggle over the Fugitive Slave Law—one post of the Underground Railroad being near—and in the Woman's Crusade for temperance.

We all fell to work to make our cabin-home as comfortable as possible. Mother papered the log-walls in each cabin, hung muslin curtains to the one sash windows; and put down a red ingrain carpet in the larger cabin. The wooden arm-rocker with the medallions of roses, had a chief place of honor. Father nailed a wide clap-board to logs, on which to hang the long mirror. Behind the clap-board was a hiding place for valuables. Here I put my red beads, when the string was broken. In some way the small paper packet was lost, and I searched and mourned for many days.

In winter we moved into Daysville, and lived in the tavern until warmer weather. This tavern had been built in 1839 by Daniel Day, and was two and one-half stories high. It was called "The New England House." We children went to school, and our parents enjoyed gospel privileges in the Daysville and Lighthouse churches.

We were located in a region of beauty, in the picturesque Black Hawk country. Of this scenery, Margaret Fuller, the Countess d'Ossoli, wrote a year before we came, "Here swells the river in the boldest course, interspersed by halcyon isles on which nature had lavished all her prodigality in, trees vine and flower banked by noble bluffs, three hundred feet high, their sharp ridges as exquisitely definite as the edge of a shell; their summits adorned with those same beautiful trees and with buttresses of rock, crested with old hemlocks which wore a touching and antique grace amid the softer and luxuriant vegetation. Lofty natural mounds rose amidst the rest, with the

same lovely and sweeping outlines, showing everywhere the plastic power of water—water the mother of beauty."

Our family returned to the farm in the spring, and suffered from malaria, as the sod was over-turned. When our mother was ill, we sisters, Martha, Maria and Mary, aged nine, seven and five, would run out on the prairie to a zigzag corner in a stake-and-rider fence; and there kneel down and pray for her recovery. The girls sent me to the cabin to see how she was. If better I ran back, if not, I walked. When I was disconsolate, the girls gave me a Scotch-kiss, such as Hugh Moore gave his children. Taking my nose in the left hand, and my ear in the right hand, they would implant a prolonged kiss, with a vociferous smack, exactly in the dimple in my cheek.

The pioneers hauled their grain to market over a hundred miles as the old "Chicago road" ran. Several farmers went in company as the roads were often heavy. The men walked by their wagons having two or three yokes of oxen hitched together to pull through miry places. It took father nearly two weeks to make the trip to market as our oxen, Bill and Joe, travelled slowly. On account of the infamous Banditti it was not safe for him to travel, or for us to be left alone.

The men went to Brodie's Grove, Huntley's, at Dekalb, Rand's, at Ohio, near Blackberry, Chatsfield's, Garfield's the "Old Enterprise" inn near St. Charles, Benjamin's, Hubbard's in Babcock Grove, "Salt Creek House," Hill Cottage, "Oak Plain House," Six-mile House, Four-mile House, Chicago, at "Lake Street Hotel," or the old "American House." The settlers sold their wheat as low as forty cents a bushel, and brought back home a small store of supplies.

Mother used to stay alone with us five young children, and in the evening would tell us Bible stories of Daniel in the lion's den; of the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace; and of Noah's ark in the deluge. Then she would kneel down and ask God's kind protection in her helplessness. There were returning Indians mostly of the Winnebago tribe, and some Pottawatomies passing on the blazed trail.

Prairie wolves at night howled dismally. Wild fires were a menace. Mother never knew what night the cabins might be torn down by claim-jumpers; or raided by roving banditti. It was five miles to the nearest neighbor. Once, when we children had dropped off to sleep, she was startled by a sudden rush and crash at the half-sash window. She sat for a moment, and then hung a blanket over the opening. In the morning mother found the window-sash around the neck of our pet cow "Tippecanoe." After father's return he tied a bell to the cow's halter and we could hear her when she was on one of her frequent explorations. This cow led our herd for several years, one of her famous calves being named "Tyler Too."

As late as 1850 the Indians from twelve to seventy-five in a band, came to Jefferson Grove pitched camp and made maple sugar and syrup.

The winter of 1853-54 there was a great deer hunt. About thirty deer, some wolves, raccoons, and wild cats were shot. Game was abundant.

Improvements were made, and fields fenced. On our farm was a long lane bordered by locust trees, which gave the name of "Locust Lane" to our rural home. As I drove the cows up the lane, two things made my heart happy, the song of the meadow-lark, and the fragrance of the wild rose.

A frame house with red eaves, took the place of cabins. The flowers bloomed luxuriantly. Morning-glory clambered over the sunny windows. Hollyhock stood like sentinels by the doorway. Poppy, mignonette, pansy, lady-slipper, four-o'clock, larkspur, phlox, sweet William and daisy blossomed in our garden.

The land lay undulating, rolling away in billows of golden grain. The fields were fertile, the wheat shimmered in the sunlight; the corn waved its silken tassels to a rhythmic music. A stream ran, like a line of silver, through the meadow. Amid such scenes of nature's beauty, I spent my happy childhood and youth.

We enjoyed excellent gospel privileges, Oregon and Grand Detour having J. C. Finley, an old professor of McKendree College, for their pastor. He was an able man and aimed to do the people good.

In 1846 a church was dedicated at Light House Point. The dedicatory sermon was preached from Psalms 132:8 and 9, by the presiding elder, Hooper Crews. The music was furnished by the Mt. Morris choir. It was a very notable event. There had been preaching at the Point since 1835.

My father had an alcove built in our frame house, used as a "Prophet's Chamber," and as the circuit-riders stopped at our home, we were not shut off from the good tidings of the Gospel.

Professor D. J. Pinckney of Mt. Morris served as School Commissioner 1851-1854, and lectured in schoolhouses and preached in churches frequently and acceptably in that early day.

We were a happy household. Mother had a sweet voice and was gifted with a clear thought-analysis. She sang in the evenings, and it was a source of joy. For years only psalms and hymns with folk-tunes, rich in an ascendent lilt of melody, learned from the lips of elderly people were known to her. She sang:

"O, when shall I see Jesus
And reign with him above?"

"I have almost gained my heavenly
home,
My spirit loudly sings,"

"What is this that steals upon my frame,
Is it Death? Is it Death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every sin and sorrow free
I shall the King of Glory see,
All is well."

"There is balm in Gilead
To make the wounded whole
There is power enough in Jesus
To cure a sin-sick soul."

A chorus she was often repeating:—

"Then palms of victory, Crowns of
Glory,
Palms of Victory, Crowns of Glory,
We shall wear." - - -

There was no trouble that could not be lightened if mother sang,

"Jesus, My All To Heaven Has Gone;"
or "Cleansing Fountain."

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,

And sinners plunged beneath that flood

Lose all their guilty stains;" or

"Jesus Where E'er Thy People Meet."

"There they behold Thy mercy-seat;
Where e'er they seek Thee, Thou
art found

And every place is hallowed ground."
Old English folk-songs were "Early
One Morning," "Lavender Cry," "Warm
Your Hands," "Old Woman And
Peddler," and several Scottish ditties.
I can hear her sweet voice yet!

It was 1848. I, Mary, was in my seventh
year. Polk was president of the twenty-
nine states in the Union. I could spell
and locate each of them. On May 29th,
Wisconsin was admitted. Another state!
California came in on September 9,
1849.

In 1849 at Cincinnati, Ohio, my uncle
John and my cousins Milton and Henry,
founded the Mercantile Agency. After-
wards "Bradstreet's" was located in New
York City. On December 20, 1852 the
first railway train ran from Buffalo, in
twenty-four hours to Chicago.

In 1853 the telegraph opened a new
world to a child's marvel.

A bond existed between the two
"1812" soldiers, my father and David
Kennison (1736-1852) who located in
Chicago in 1845 and lectured on "The
Boston Tea-Party." He exhibited wax
figures at Mooney's Museum, and drew
large crowds.

FATHER'S STORIES

John White

How often we begged for stories!
Father told us of a boy, John White,
who would go into a smithy, and say,
picking up a piece of red-hot iron, "I
know enough when I pick up a piece of
red-hot iron to lay it down.

He commented, "John was a young
philosopher for so we should lay down
trouble and go on in our life's journey."

When the Tories and Whigs were
arguing, and spies might be lurking near,
John White would call out, "It's a wise

head that keeps a close mouth."

Little Dogs

The story of the little dogs was always
new. It held a moment of suspense.
"When a babe of fifteen months," father
would tell us, "I followed a pet cat into
the woods near Windham, New Hamp-
shire, and was lost over night in the
underbrush. Hunting parties were form-
ed and great anxiety prevailed. On the
third day I was found, and when asked,
if I had been afraid, I replied, 'I slept
with little dogs.' A search in the neigh-
borhood, located a bear's den, and a
litter of young cubs. 'Little dogs!' I
called out. No one molested the mother
bear that wild March, for she had
shown mercy to a small child who had
cuddled among her brood. I have always
felt an interest in the story of Daniel in
the lion's den, for was I not Daniel in a
bear's den?"

J. W. Frisbee was school commissioner
in 1855-6, and the country schools pro-
gressed.

Our local geography was well-taught.
Marion township in Ogle County on
Feb. 5, 1850 was bounded on the north
by Byron township, containing Byron;
on the north-east by Scott township;
wherein lay Davis Junction and the
famous Stillman Valley; south-east by
White Rock township, with Kingston as
the post office; south by Pine Rock
township settled around Chana; and,
on the west by Rockvale township. The
post office was named "Black Walnut."

Our local history was well-known. On
May 12th, 1832 Stillman's forces encamp-
ed at White Rock Grove, in the eastern
part of Marion. Was Abraham Lincoln
ever on this spot? How thrilling to think
that the Great Emancipator was one of
the soldiers at Dixon's Ferry!

Several village newspapers sprung up
from time to time. The "Advocate"
supplied the church news. The city
papers arrived in Oregon. All these
sources carried the current events.

Golden youthful years lost in the
dreams of the Past.

M. F. B. H.



Pioneering Westward

By Her Daughter, Adella

It was an incontrovertible fact that the United States would be safer, if the western prairies were settled by men who were descendants of patriots who had fought for and adopted the Constitution.

It is incredible how much danger and privation were experienced in the carrying out of the project of the settlement of this vast primeval expanse.

Not wishing to incriminate any band or clique, it is nevertheless necessary to say that the depredations of the notorious Banditti were the source of direst danger. Robbery, arson, torture and murder stalked in their steps. To meet this outlawry it was necessary for the Vigilance Committee, composed of all law-abiding citizens, to inculcate a respect for and an obedience to Law and Order.

Another menace was the atrocity of "claim-jumpers," driving off actual settlers, while the attacking marauders took possession of the new prairie homes.

To these perils were added those of fires, the attack of ravenous wolves, the plunderings of roving Indians, and the scourge of malaria, scarcity of provisions, and dearth of isolation.

Yet so upright and patriotic were the early Vigilants that no indecorous act or word was ever charged against them, and when the Government honestly fulfilled its promises to set up Land Offices, and indemnify the settlers with fertile farm-lands, the pioneers felt richly repaid for their adventures. Ox-team, covered wagon, and log-cabin gave place to comfortable conveyance and commodious house, and the people became an integral part of the Union.

The conversations between parent and child were interesting to Mary, for as Charles Lamb says in his exquisite

reverie, "Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when they were children; to stretch their conception of a traditional great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw." Then, too, Mary knew but few people.

Of her love of flowers in childhood Mary wrote later, with a triumphant joyousness:

Sweet Month Of Spring

With fairy wand you come in bright array,

To wake the flowers and call them into bloom,

The king-crown, violet and princess-plume.

You bring to happy hearts a festive day,
A sunny cheer and wreaths and garlands gay

The woods and fields and meadows to perfume.

Ne'er do the creeping shadows fall in gloom

Amid the glory of your blossom-way.
So cheer is yours, sweet Month of jocund Spring,

And g'adness that fair Youth and young Love know,

The bright fruition and the bloom that wakes

The coming summer, golden offering
And when the light of Earth's great sun sinks low

Let one long May be mine where Morning breaks.

The Legend Of The Water-lily

This is a legend of the Ojibways who call it "Wahbegwounee" or "Star-Flower."

The red-browed children in the forest played

Their wildwood games, unseen by all save one,

A watcher lone, a distant Star undone

Who longed to share the happy haunted
glade;
Resolved to go to them and thither
strayed.
All unperceived, the downward flight
began,
The falling o'er, he burst a glowing
sun
And flashed from out the deep. He,
shining, laid
Upon the crest of waters, and each
ray
Became a flower; a lily petaled star
Deep-centered with a burnished
heart of gold
So may we scatter blessings by the way,
While seeking love and friendship
from afar,
And grow in glory as the flower
of old.

The Blackberry Lily

Bright, prairie flower! Just as of old
Soft-flecked with tints of tawny gold,
I sought you when a child at play
And treasure you so dear to-day
For memories and dreams you hold.

I gaze on petal velvet-fold
And list to tales of fairies told
In whispers of the far away
Bright, prairie flower!
A dreamy Past! I see enrolled
On open page, in letters bold,
My childhood. You, in bright array
At dawn, with burnished chalice gay
When once with you I, careless, strolled
Bright, prairie flower!

To The Dandelion

Glad flower of Spring! Bright jewel of
the May!
So early from the last, lone snowbanks
out.
With tossing heads, like Indians on
scout
You wake a joyous cheer along the way
A gladness which shall long out-live
your stay
Fair flower of gold! I hear the glee-
some shout
Of children happy as was Colin Clout
In fields and lanes and crannies, jo-
cund, gay.
I seem again in my fair childhood's day
On grassy meadows kissed by morning
dew

Where children come their pinafores
to fill,
And loiter on in playful, careless
glee.
O to be back a child, and gather, too!
Is it a dream? The sun has passed
the hill
Yet in the fading light you stay
with me.

Mary had a keen love of flowers and
a seeming fellowship with them; the
virginal beauty of white lilies; blue
irises on their thin stalks, the luscious
fragrance of lilacs.

Of her love of birds Mary wrote

The Blackbirds Call

The blackbirds call. Their "whirr chir-
whirr"

On breezes borne, so strangely stir
The silent Past of bright dreams dead,
That ghosts forgotten long, instead,
Return in vestments wrapped in myrrh.

From leafy groves of oak and fir
They swell in autumn's sunset red
The blackbirds call.

They sound the dirge of days that were
Within the dusk of grief. Notes blur
As in the swaying boughs they spread
Their weary wings "Whirr-chir,
Whirr-chir"
The blackbirds call.

Mary had a fine feeling of fellowship
with birds: doves fading into the soft
azure of the sky, swallows building nests
under the eaves of the barn, larks
soaring aloft with a joyous cry.

The child Mary fell ill and Doctor
John Roe was summoned to "Locust
Lane" from Lighthouse Point, to take
charge of the case. The mother mur-
mured, to herself, "There is help in
prayer."

"I am praying now," the devout man
whispered reverently. "I would not dare
to administer medicine without first
asking Divine guidance and blessing."

This old-school physician was born
1800 in Philadelphia, Pa., came to Light-
house Point in 1836; and after a suc-
cessful practice, died 1871 at Crab
Orchard, Nebraska.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Lyon-Roe was a
frequent visitor at the Bradstreet home,
through many years.

Mrs. Roe's visits were always enjoy-

able. Maria and Mary took turns threading her needles while the guest sewed.

Times were changing. The cabin and schoolhouse were taking the places of lodge and hunting-ground. Romance lingered around the recital of Indian costumes and customs, feasts and fasts, dances and depredations, hunting and hardihood.

FATHER'S STORIES

Her father told Mary the story of "The King of Jerusalem." Thomas Dudley was on a journey and met a fellow-traveller also on horseback, and, as the two joined company, the stranger indulged in many vague topics of conversation. This much puzzled the good Mr. Dudley, but, when they came to an inn to lodge for the night; he found that he could not shake off the stranger, who invited himself to sleep in the same room. However, Mr. Dudley succeeded in hiring a double room, and in getting the troublesome fellow-traveler settled for the night on a separate couch. In the darkness the stranger became communicative, and informed his drowsy companion that he had for a long time thought that he was the blessed Messiah sent to save the world, but now he knew that he was, for a certainty, the King of Jerusalem. Realizing that the man was a religious fanatic, Mr. Dudley called a servant and moved into another room, merely remarking that, "If the stranger is the King of Jerusalem, he may take me for one of the enemies of his kingdom, and endeavor to assassinate me in my bed."

A FAVORITE BOOK

A favorite book was "Two Years Before The Mast" by Richard Henry Dana, jr. "Dana was a kinsman of ours, on the Bradstreet-line, twenty years younger than I am. He made this voyage in 1834-36, going out in "The Pilgrim" and coming back in "The Alert," explained the father.

On some of the lonely wintry evenings, the father read by the bright log-fire of the wedding fandango at Santa Barbara; of the flogging of Sam and the Swede. The father read on of the dry gale off Point Conception; of the funeral in San

Pedro, and the Kanakas in the oven.

In the flame-light on the wall, the old sailing-boat ventured forth in fancy, the blue seat stretched away in the dull smoke; and the long coast-line of El Dorado loomed in the ember faggots. The children liked the story of the beautiful Albatross asleep upon the waves off Cape Horn.

There was a large, lithographed map hanging on the wall, and from it Mary recited the names of the states, their capitals, and the bodies of water upon which they were situated. There was a row of portraits of the presidents of the United States, and Mary learned their name and how many terms and when they served. From Washington the list ran to Polk. Two scenes further adorned the map, one of the Capitol Building at Washington, D. C., very classic in outline and beautiful in proportion; and the other a pleasing landscape of Mt. Vernon, the home of the "Father of his Country."

Lists of the highest mountains, longest rivers, largest cities were memorized, and the father insisted upon correct pronunciation and the spelling of each new word acquired. When Mary grew drowsy, her father took the buttons of her long-sleeved gingham apron, and shook her gently awake. When the little student had recited correctly her father would exclaim, "You are the smartest child I have!" Her father had a deep reverence for the emerging personality of the child.

Mary read in the "Popular Readers," and the "English Readers," and began to master Webster's "Elementary Spelling-Book." Lines, pages and columns the dear child learned, sitting in the arm-rocker, her book on a rose medallion.

The older children went to school, but the severe sub-zero weather often held her snow-bound. The first schooling was in Daysville. The school in the Crowell District. Mary attended as soon as its inception. One teacher offered a prize for excellence in spelling, and Mary entered enthusiastically into the contest. The larger pupils gave way to the eager child with an earnest face; and soon she had the most head-marks. Up and up she would go to the head of the class for a mark, then down to the foot, and

up again. The teacher in the hurry of leaving, forgot the prize, and Mary went home in tears. The teacher's failure was inadvertent.

"What is it you want?" asked her father, to which the child answered, "I want, dear father, a red dress."

Motivated by a wise kindness he walked five miles to Oregon-on-the-Rock, and bought four yards of Turkey-red calico at two bits a yard. Five miles back walked the indulgent parent, glad to heal the hurt in the gentle child's heart.

The mother at once cut out and began to sew the simple skirt and Garibaldi waist. When the dress was finished Mary looked very gay, and her elder brother called her "Mary Cayenne-Pepper."

Another term at the same school a prize of ten cents was offered; a five and a three and a two-cent piece, to the three best spellers. As Mary came home on the last day of school with a coin, her father dropped a silver quarter into her hand, which was the largest sum she had ever owned.

As a matter of course, Mary read the classic about the lamb, on Friday afternoons.

"Mary had a little lamb

Its fleece was white as snow

And everywhere that Mary went

The lamb was sure to go."

Making little sand-dusters for blotters was great fun. The pupils took small bottles, and covered their tops with thick paper perforated with pin holes. Into these receptacles the pupils poured fine sand, crushed often, it must be told, by the rolling pin upon the bread board; and having filled the bottles nearly full, the paper tops were tied on with strong waxed thread. A blotter of paper had never been seen; but the shaken sand dried the ink of their writing with the goose-quill pens.

The whole series of "McGuffey's Readers" was a treasure-trove to Mary.

When Mary was twelve years old she found many new points of contact. Her heart was gladdened by the arrival of relatives from New York: her genial cousin William Bradstreet, his wife Miriam and their mischievous son Cal. With them came her cousin Daniel Bradstreet, and what a source of joy they were! On April 20, 1853 a surprise

came to Mary in the small person of a new second cousin, named "Mary" and called "Polly." On June 8, 1855 another second cousin came, little "Andrew Jackson."

Cal had a habit of straying away on the flower bright prairies, and causing his dear mother Miriam, a world of anxiety. After explaining it all over to the merry, little fellow, that she could not leave baby Polly to search for him, the gentle mother warned the child that if he ran away, "he would have to have a whipping."

Now Cal went out hunting for red-eared oxen, and Miriam found him a long way from the house.

"Cal," she exclaimed, "what a whipping you—"

Miriam was surprised to see Cal kneel down, and begin to pray. "Lord make me a good boy." The child got up and ran on.

"Cal, what a whipping you are—"

Down went the little fellow and prayed again. So they proceeded until they reached the house, the child praying and the mother threatening. Then Aunt Clarissa hid the little truant in her capacious apron, and negotiated for terms of peace. At last it was arranged that Mary should go with Cal; and he was always to tell his mother when he strolled away.

"Remember, Callie, always to call upon God when in trouble" exhorted his aunt.

"Oh, Cal," sobbed his mother, "I cannot whip you when you pray. What a whipping you are not going to get!"

CAL BRADSTREET

Attorney at Law

Rooms 404-405 Metropolitan Block

Sioux City, Iowa,

July 17, 1907.

Cousin Mary!

I have a dim recollection of you, a slim and tall girl who was very thoughtful to my care and kind to me, and was a constant companion running about the prairie and looking at the red eared and white-eared oxen.

Please convey to all of our relatives my kindest regards, and with the earnest wish for your welfare, pleasure and continued health.

Affectionately yours,

Cal Bradstreet.

Story of the "Cup of Water"

A story often told to Mary was the "Cup of Water." When Sir Philip Sidney, whose mother was Lady Mary Dudley Sidney, lay in great agony, he saw a soldier on the field, also wounded, look longingly toward a bottle of water which was being brought to him in his extremity. "Give it to him" murmured the gallant knight.

MOTHER'S STORIES

"Tell me your name, mother dear."

"I was named for Clarissa Harlow, a heroine of a novel by the name, written by Samuel Richardson, which was issued in 1750.

"Tell me about the lady."

"This Clarissa was an engaging personality, who excelled in fine needlework, and drawing, as I have emulated, and hope you will also. Her motto was a talisman to life-long endeavor: "All that a woman can learn above the useful knowledge proper to her sex, let her learn."

"Was there some gentlewoman like Clarissa named Mary?"

"Yes, Lady Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke, translated the Psalms 44-50, so fluently that critics said, " 'twas more than a woman's skill to express the sense of the Hebrew so right, as she hath done in her verse; or more than the English or Latin translation could give her."

The Story of the Dolorous Kinsman

The mother often related this story: "At Hold Mills in England there lived an ancestor of mine, by the name of Michael Middlebrook. The good name of "Michael" was often chosen, then, at christening in that part of England. The family emigrated to the New Haven colony in 1638. The daughter Grace married Christopher Todd and became my ancestress; the daughter Hester Middlebrook was the wife of Edward Wigglesworth, and the mother of my dolorous kinsman, Michael (1631-1705). This kinsman wrote a much-read poem, "The Day of Doom," in which he depicted lost souls after death. This poem was published in 1662 and in a year's time a thousand and eight hundred copies were sold. There is a pen-picture of the poet among Cotton Mather's

writings: "He was a little, feeble shadow of a man, beyond seventy, preaching usually twice or thrice in the week, visiting and comforting the afflicted and attending to the sick, not only in his own town, but also in all those of this vicinity."

"I should like to have had him come and sup with us, he was so little and feeble and loving. Some of his lines were:

"I find more true delight

In serving of the Lord,

Than all the good things upon Earth
Without it can afford."

The Story of Stony Point

"My brave father, Samuel Todd, the soldier, used to tell me how he helped "Mad Anthony" Wayne storm the fort on Stony Point," said Mary's mother sitting down to her knitting. "The Americans were a dozen miles from the fort built out on a peninsula. We traversed the distance in silence. Wayne made up a right and left line, each consisting of 20 men in a forlorn hope, 120 in advance, and 230 in the main body. I was with the New Englanders, and near me were the troops from Pennsylvania and Virginia. Two companies of Carolinians filed in between the lines. My musket was not loaded and I was under orders to use my bayonet. Cutting off the tail of my white horse I handed long hairs to my comrades, all of us wearing them around our caps, to distinguish ourselves in the darkness, from the Britishers. We heard the guns, and saw the fire of the Carolinians; then we started on a run which became a rush over fallen trees. We came on, and up the walls. It was like a thunder-storm. A flash of light—silence; a rumbling as of thunder—silence; darkness, then another flash. Cheer after cheer rang out. Before we could realize it, we were inside of the fort, our bayonets dripping, our colors run up; so we served our idol, General Washington. Put it on my tombstone that I fought with Washington."

Letter from Mary's second cousin
(Thankful(4), Margaret(3), Darling(2)
Samuel(1))

Dear Mary: Samuel Todd was at the storming of Stony Point, where he rode

a white horse, and the tail was cut; and the hair used in the caps of the American soldiers to distinguish each other from the British in the darkness.

Thankful E. Cannon
Meridan, Connecticut, February 10, 1908.
28 Maple Street.

Story of the "Same Name"

The story the mother delighted to tell "Bridget Redmond and I played together on Pine Hill in New York; and set our gypsy tables with acorn cups and saucers. We had tea-drinking parties and chose a new name each day. Sometimes we were "Todd," sometimes "Redmond" changed about. Years afterward when your father took me to his brother's house, lo! William Bradstreet's wife was the old playmate of mine, and we had the same name of "Bradstreet."

The Birthday Party

Mary wrote, "My party of little girls was Maria and Elmira Harpen, Sarah Crowell, Louisa Phillbean, Mary Acker, Alexina Snyder, Martha, Maria and Mary Bradstreet. We crossed the bridge over Rock River at Oregon, to view the ruins of an old cabin; and to gather bright, summer flowers which grew in the forsaken garden. Returning home, we girls crossed on the dam, and came, to the consternation of the spectators upon the river-bank, nearly meeting an untimely death. The river was very low in July, but the roar of the waters was so deafening that we could not hear each other speak. In places the planks were washed out, or loosened; and on hands and knees, we drew our little bodies over the water to firmer footing."

On October 3, 1889 Mary wrote of her party given Wednesday afternoon, July 27th, 1853. The story is clearly told.

By The Riverside

Anear the river stands a mill
With great wheel splashing at its will,
Its dam holds back the summer tide
Of rolling water;—places wide
Are worn away from stone to stone.
Across the breakways, plank alone
Span empty space; and on the pier
The fisher comes with seine and spear.
Beyond the stream, on meadow-lands

A lonely moss-grown cabin stands
Where vines o'er tangling interlace
With many winding curves of grace,
The wild, thorn-apple-boughs between,
A net-work of the rarest green,
Around the door-up to the eaves
Where warbler's nests hide in the leaves.

Sweet brier-buds the air perfume
And wayside boughs hang bright with
bloom

A subtle charm still lingers round
The half-enchanted, lonely ground.
I hear the voice of childish glee.
A troop of children, careless, free,
Now, too, draw near the ruins old,
Like gypsy vagrants, shy and bold.

They tire of shadows resting o'er
The time-worn roof, the unlatched door;
Then hasten to the old mill-race,
To hear the roar. They long to face
The cooling breeze from waters chill
That sweeps above the bluffs at will.
"We'll cross the dam! How warm today!
It is the cooler, shorter way."

So on they go from pier to pier,
Without the shadow of a fear,
Till rush of water's deafening roar,
And flood and wave about them pour,
Then in their need a mother stands.
They, gazing, stagger to her hands.
Unstartled up the bank they climb
But thinking of the supper-time.

This bridge at Oregon was built in 1852 and swept away by ice in 1857. The dam was very strongly built.

Of the smithy on her father's farm "Locust Lane," Mary wrote—

BY THE FORGE

By blacksmith's forge, with flame-bright
wall,

Where fires roar up the chimney tall,
Anear the gleaming faggots' light

A little maid, a brown-eyed sprite
With wond'ring eyes sits watching all.
The tiny fire-sparks softly fall
In showers about the maiden small

Who shouts amid the red-rain bright
By blacksmith's forge.

Loved scenes have passed, like angels
all,

With shining robe or sable pall,
But one comes back, a glad some sight,
A little maid in apron white

With winsome voice in bird-like call
By blacksmith's forge.

Of these happy days Mary wrote—

OLD MEMORIES

Old memories! The softened glees
You echo in your melodies,
Re-sing the songs of other years,
Of early joys and olden cheers,
In golden chords and harmonies.

Of sunlight on the grassed leas,
The daisy-blooms aglow,—and these
The myrtle-mounds bedewed with
tears
Old memories.

As fairy mist floats o'er the trees
In purple veil of mysteries
You bring us where the border nears,
The world in which the soul re-hears
Low chimings from its minor keys
Old memories.

What a dear child of Nature she was!
And in what vertiable Eden she lived!
When she had for the first time beheld
the aureate summits of high bluffs of
wooded green above the rolling Rock
River, she felt indeed that a new world
was awaiting her. Here were the still
waters of meadow-brooks, the reflection
of stars that slumbered under the
moon in wayside pools, sweet murmurs
of wind-stirred waters. She drained the
goblet from Ganymede Springs avidly.

Next to McGuffey's Readers, the book
with a definite influence upon Mary's
young mind was "Fables" by Aesop. It
was published in 1784 by T. Saint, at
Newcastle, England, and over this old
volume the child pored diligently,
grasping the morals and sage common
sense of the stories. This book not only
charmed and counseled her, but it
furnished a storehouse of illustrations
for her teaching years afterwards.

A quaint book was "Advice to Young
Men and to Young Women in the
Middle and Higher Ranks of Life" by
William Cobbett, London, 183 Fleet
Street, Pub. by Author, 1829. The child
could pick out little morsels of advice
here and there. The illustrations were
more pleasing to her than the text.

Early Friends

Benjamin Canfield used to drive his

horse into "Locust Lane," and rest in
the long Friday afternoons. Then he
drove on to the school-house where
sweet Annie MacGuffey taught "the
young idea how to shoot." At six
o'clock the happy couple returning,
drove into "Locust Lane" to take tea;
and the little twelve-year-old, castle-
builder Mary, idealized and idolized the
pretty teacher who became Benjamin's
bride.

One day while the Rev. Barton Cart-
wright was calling upon the family, the
mother was engaged in baking sugar-
cookies, and told Mary to put more
wood on the fire; whereupon Mr.
Cartwright filled the stove with fresh
pine. He shared in the delectable treat
of warm cookies. This circuit-rider
remained one of Mary's spiritual friends
and counselors, conversing with the
child, taking an interest in her later
progress in the seminary and greeting
her gladly with pious admonitions on
the campgrounds at Washington and at
Franklin Grove.

Mrs. Chloe Benedict-Cartwright, and
her saintly mother, Mrs. Laura (Bene-
dict) Clark, were friends of the young
Mary and aided her by counsel and
prayer while she was in Mt. Morris.
Mr. Cartwright was born in 1810 in
New York, entered the Illinois Con-
ference in 1834, preached on the Buffalo
Grove Circuit in 1837, joined the Rock
River Conference in 1840; died in
Oregon 1895. His rich experience as he
related it to Mary was, "I renounced the
world. I went over to God's side. O,
how He blessed me! I had to tell it,
and have been telling it ever since, and
every year there is more to tell. And
the old, old story is new every day." It
was a privilege to hear Sister Cart-
wright's prayers, for she talked so close
to God that the heart warmed into new
and deeper love.

Of her early church near her rural
home Mary wrote—

THE TEMPLE IN THE GROVE

Across the prairies, wrapped in sheen
Of sunlit gold and grasses green;
Close where the fern and fragrant
flower
Stir lightly in the woodbine bower,

Still stands while Memory claims her
own,
A low, white temple, shrine and throne.

The pastor came with peace serene,
The youth, with holy faith and mien,
The grandsire, with the low-bowed head,
The father, mourning for his dead,
The praying mother kneeling there
In love's communion, praise and prayer.

Here in God's Acre—sacred ground—
I kneel by narrow, shadowed mound—
The drooping willow grieves for all,
The hosts of asters bloom and fall,
The brier twines o'er fallen stone
A requiem the wood-winds moan.

How beautiful in days of old,
To hear Christ's blessed Gospel told!
Until gain He seemed to be
Come back to His loved Galilee;
Where, with His infinite caress,
He smiled, the waiting soul to bless.

The pastor was the Rev. Henry L. Martin, who baptized and took Mary into the Methodist Episcopal church in 1854. He died in 1915 in Rockford, Ill. The youth was the Rev. Henry Thomas Scoville who became an ordained minister.

The Rev. Luke Hitchcock who served as presiding elder at this time, 1857, is thus described—

**A Pen Picture of Luke Hitchcock
by F. V. Watson in 1856**

"In person he is slender and constitutionally somewhat frail. He is evidently a good-looking man,—amiability, the handmaid of modesty, constitutes his prominent social quality. To see him, and converse with him, is to wish to do so again, and if good manners consist in the art of pleasing, he is emphatically an agreeable gentleman. As a church officer he excels in the financial and the administrative. Sound sense, great but chaste plainness, with a spirit which seems to be perfectly self-forgetting, are the chief characteristics of his sermons. His only object seems to be to do the people good. Take him all in all, he is a preacher that everybody will love to hear, and may always hear with profit. He sits directly before us at this moment, with hair tinged a little with iron-gray, leaning forward upon his

left hand, and giving, as is his wont when a little excited, a nondescript nervous snap of his eyes."

Luke Hitchcock (1813-1898) aimed to give a strong true message full of light and meaning. The Point had been named in honor of Aaron Payne, a settler in 1835.

The Rev. L. G. Walker took Paynes Point into the Daysville circuit, and a revival was led by Mr. Wing. A small church was dedicated December 8, 1856. The lumber was purchased and hauled by team from Rockford; the stone dug and rough-hewn at a quarry near Oregon, and the labor largely contributed. A spirit of willingness to sacrifice was manifested. At the dedication the building was debt-free. In this new pioneer community about fifteen hundred dollars was raised.

The Sabbath of April 14, 1857 was a time of joy in Mary's life. The members of the probationer's class received by Mr. Martin, were given the right hand of fellowship. "These names—I could not forget them if I would. I think there are but two or three of these members living now, outside of myself," commented H. T. Scoville on March 18, 1925. They were:

(1) Mabel R. Scoville (1836-1924) married 1860 to William H. Gray (1834-1899). (2) Martha S. Scoville (1838-1908) married 1872 to Thomas W. Leake (1839-19--). (3) Henry T. Scoville (1841-19--) was graduated from the Garrett Biblical Institute, 1870, married 1870 Evie G. Graves. (4) Homer W. Scoville (1842-1920). (5) John Wood married Marcia McBride (6) Delia Hazelton married to John Austin. (7) Margaret M. Austin (1833- --). (8) Charlotte Austin (9) Mary C. Bowen. (10) Ellen S. Bowen. (11) Margaret Collier. (12) Mary E. Collier married L. D. Rees. (13) Maria A. Bradstreet 1839-1893) married 1879 to John A. Smith. (14) Mary F. Bradstreet (1841- 1921) married 1866 to Charles Helmershausen (1822-1916).

How sweetly this hymn rang out sung by the sisters, two each, from the Austin, Bowen, Bradstreet, Collier and Scoville families!

"How Happy Are They
Who Their Saviour Obey."

Part Three

Pioneering Westward

Lighthouse and Camp-Meeting

When the Bradstreets went to camp at Washington Grove or Peter Plantz's Spring, or later to Franklin Grove, they met many settlers from miles around, and formed pleasant, life-long friendships.

The sketch written by Francis Albert Hills (1853-1925) was contributed to this biography by Mr. Hills and Riley P. Martin in July 1925. Lighthouse. "It was in 1846 at the fourth Quarterly meeting of the then Daysville Circuit, that a request was voted to change our name from "Daysville" to "Lighthouse Point Circuit." The occasion and the reason were both found in the new church building at Light House Point, so called, and in the yet earlier parsonage, which made it the home of the preacher. (Mary's parents joined the Daysville church the winter of 1844-45). "Lighthouse marks a fine stretch of country extending south from the bluffs that border the Rock River. Travellers passing over these miles of open prairie, could steer their course on dark nights by the light in the window of old Dr. John Roe's house, on our bluff. In daytime the point of timber on this bluff and especially a noticeable clump of shell-bark hickories, was visible from some places over fifteen miles away.

In 1836 Dr. John Roe moved here. In that year Buffalo Grove Circuit was organized. James McKean was the first pastor, and his first preaching at the Point was in the Leonard home, a mile east of the church. A few services had been held in the cabins prior to this, but by missionaries (Jephtha Noe). When John and Annis Martin, and when Henry and Nancy Farwell, Stephen and Mrs. Bemis and Enoch and Sophia Wood brought their families here in 1838,

they found a class organized.—Upon the windows are their names, "John and Annis Martin"—patterns for their three sons, preachers, and their three sons and one daughter, not preachers. Their daughter was the wife of Joseph Earl. The oldest of the three preachers, James was for many years a professor in the University at San Jose, California. The next Henry L., was our pastor here in 1855-56. (He took Mary in the church December 8, 1857 at Paynes Point, after baptizing here.) The youngest son, John Wesley, has served as Elder. All the family were faithful standbys wherever providence placed them.

"Amasa and Loretta Wood," and "Anthony and Mary Wood" were cousins, and Christians faithful and true. Amasa Wood died in 1846, the first to be buried in our cemetery. Anthony Wood died in 1850 at Fort Laramie.

"M. and R. Plantz" lived to a good, old age. "Lucinda Puffer, I. Puffer" and her first husband "N. Brown"—She was the grandmother of Charles and Ernest Brown. Cyrus Brown was their father and her son, and lived in the stone house a few rods north of the church. The memory of this sweet singer will last as long as any live who knew him. It seems as if I hear no music as sweet as his. Many will remember hearing at campmeeting his favorite solo "Our Mission."

"Matthew and Huldah Bailey." "Anson and Mary Bishop." With these names are "Freeman and Elizabeth Woodcock." He it was, who, with his stalwart sons, John and Albert built the church in 1846. They then lived on the Earl farm. John settled in Stillman Valley. Albert served the county in Oregon, Illinois. He raised and was made the captain of the company that our boys joined.

"Major" he came out of the army. "Judge" he was later—afterwards a Consul to Italy and a United States Revenue Collector. "John and E. A. Roe," "Henry and Nancy Farwell." Dr. Roe's name everywhere stood for sterling character. (Dr. Roe was the family physician for the Bradstreet family). One of Henry Farwell's sons has been United States Senator, and three of them are millionaires in Chicago."

Mrs. Lorenzo Herman Brewer writes, "The Woodruff parents, sons, Nehemiah and Meeker, and several of their daughters, one of them Clarissa being my mother, used to attend campmeetings. The Bradstreet girls were in the young company; Maria and Mary together, and Clara and Catherine Woodruff never let those early friendships die."

In the Austin family were John (1767-1857) A. J. (1810-1880) and Theodore (1809- —). The young people were Mary, Margaret, Henry, Adeline, Alice and Thomas.

In the Collier family were John Collier, Justice of the Peace, and township treasurer; Eleanor Rowley, his

wife (1818-1873); Mary, Alletta, Frances and others.

The Bowens were W. Bowen, his wife Jane Collier Bowen; Sarah, Bethana, Mary, Mahala, Ellen, Marshall.

The Grays were William H. and Mabel Scoville Gray; Charles, Morris, Grace Gray.

The Scottish Patrick family were allied to the Bradstreets through the marriage of the daughter Martha in 1854 to George Thomas Patrick. Thomas Patrick and his first wife, Clarissa Snell had Lucy Annis and Clarissa; by his second wife, Sarah Blodgett he had George and Charles.

Solon S. Crowell was a neighbor who related how in 1842 his family of twenty-two lived in a log-cabin.

The Carr family were Eleazer and Nancy Dutton Carr, and their children: Almon, Sarah, Adeliza, Hiram, John.

John R. Chapman (1818-1898) and his wife Elmira Taylor (1820-1898) were members of the Paynes Point Church; campers at meetings; and in their old age, residents of Franklin Grove.

Comradeship and affection bound these pioneers together who sang,

"Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

Part Four

Pioneering Westward

Reminiscence of "Locust Lane," the country home of Major Daniel Moore Bradstreet near the Rock River in Illinois.

NOT OF TODAY

PRELUDE

Beyond the portal of the Past
I gaze with reverent eye, and cast
An all-remembering look when lo!
The pageants pass me to and fro.

I. The Bluffs In The Distant Vista.

In glory of the western skies
The sun-crowned bluffs, and woodlands
rise;
Vast shadowed lengths, and mistings grey
Outline their beauty of a day,
Around the bowlders, o'er the steepes

A brooding awe in silence creeps,
Down to the waters far below,
Where crystal streams from rock-
springs flow.
The startled fawn, the wayside hind,
The fresh draught drink; and zephyrs
wind
Their echoes all along the way,
Green rushes quiver in the spray,
Wild blossoms blow from breezy bank,
And lilies flame by sedges rank.
All in the eve the tree-crowned hills
Stand wrapped in shadows; but the rills
Run silvery in the sunset's hue

Of crimson, golden, scarlet, blue.
 Afar, around is scattered rude,
 From out primeval solitude
 The wigwam, or the hunter's hut
 By some lone rock or ledge-torn jut.
 Perhaps the distant trail re-starts,
 Or avalanche of shell-rock darts,
 Down dizzy depths; yet lorn and lone
 The vast piles rise of mighty stone.
 The sheer walls burnished in the sun,
 All light and color bathed in one.

II. The Prairies.

Out, onward to the bluff and tree
 The prairie rolls, a shifting sea,
 Beyond, the quail call shrill and quick,
 I see the nodding grasses thick—
 Enstarred, with many gorgeous hues
 Of petals crystaled with the dews.
 The meadow-lark sets up a thrill
 Of song; upon the zephyrs, chill
 The mist-fogs from the lowlands rise
 And spread a pall beneath the skies.
 Ahear the creek the lily's flame
 Doth seem to fade since here I came.

III. The Fields

Far, waving fields of yellow wheat,
 With cloudlands blending, seem to meet,
 And nearer, in the lanes apart
 From ripen grain the wild-birds start,
 The helianthus lifts its gold
 To follow still its Sun of old;
 The song of lark, and hum of bee
 Are one in harvest's jubilee.

THE THRESHING SONG

The threshing song is ringing still
 In melody o'er field and hill,
 It steals along the maze of years
 And childhood's memory endears
 With early love and olden thrill
 By rippling wheat, near meadow-rill,
 'Mid grain-stacked sheaves where
 crickets
 A child stoops low and listing hears
 The threshing song.

Her wee hands clasping to their fill
 The poppies' bloom; she lingers till
 The echoes die. O faith that cheers!
 Within the borderland she peers
 And hears at age in twilight's chill
 The threshing song.

IV. The Locust Lane

The locust trees, snow-tipped in bloom,

Wave censors that the air perfume.
 Lone water-runs, in winding ways
 Sing just the same old tuneful lays
 The wild birds croon their lullabies,
 The gold fades in the paling skies,
 And down the green, old locust lane
 The leaves low-clap a lone refrain;
 A song that knows no spoken word.
 A squirrel in the trail is stirred
 And shakes his whiskers with a twirl
 And in a twinkling, in a whirl
 Goes whisking by in antic wiles;
 The grey dusk lowers miles on miles,
 The bluffs blur out, the last light dies,
 A few stars blink along the skies.
 Far down the path no patient herd
 Comes singly home at calling word.
 The herd-bell cow, old "Tip-ca-noe."
 Nor sturdy calf named "Tyler, Too."
 No clanking bell! I once held dear,
 The twilight now, how still and drear!

V. The Old-Time Garden

And lying sunward to the south
 Untouched by either frost or drought,
 The fragrant old-time garden stands
 The portulaca, sweet moss-rose,
 And white alyssum. Massing, grows
 The pink and poppy, pearled with dew,
 The hollyhock, the larkspur blue,
 Bright asters crowding on for room,
 Deep four-o'clocks in fast-closed bloom.

OLD-TIME FLOWERS

In the world of blossoms so fair to see
 With their fragrance sweet and beauty
 bright
 There the old-time flowers are dear to
 me.

By the garden wall, all so airy, free,
 They are pearled by the dew of the
 starry night
 In the world of blossoms so fair to see.

O, the blooms that are treasured in
 memory,
 The tears that fall on the petals of
 white!
 There the old-time flowers are dear to
 me.

Though the gorgeous blossoms glow
 wondrously,
 And to you may bloom as a fairer
 sight,
 In the world of blossoms so fair to see.

Though the rarer flowers may fairer be
Than the blooms we gathered in
Youth's first light—

There the old-time flowers are dear to
me.

Bright flowers! Loved friends! So they
seemed to be,

Poppy, primrose and pansy, and red
phlox bright

In the world of blossoms so fair to see,
There the old-time flowers are dear to
me.

VI. The Orchard

It is the August of the year
At early eve, and I am here.
The fruit-trees bent in sentinel,
Stand round the sweep and mossy well
The "Baldwins" browned with yellow
stripe,

The "Beauties" bursting red and ripe,
And hanging friendly to the reach,
The luscious orbs of mellow peach;
And green the osage-orange hedge,
Is thickly woven round the edge,
Whereon is hung an empty nest
The birdlings flown on southern quest.

THE FORSAKEN NEST

The withered grasses sway, as to and fro,
Like pendants from the lone, forsaken
nest,

The breezes dash them with a playful
zest

Unmindful of the havoc and the woe,
And now the robins softly flitting low,
Look oft within as if in earnest quest,
Of those that once made life to them
so blest,

The vanished birdlings they can never
know.

So with life's joys, the home once filled
with cheer

Today, bereft, stands silent, desolate,
Like the forsaken nest, by tempest
tossed

I come to clasp again my kindred dear,
I linger long beside the fallen gate,
To view the home that lies in ruins
mossed.

VII. The Roof-tree

A small, low house with red-brown
eaves

Half-hidden in a bower of leaves,
A roof-tree held in Memory

That dearer seems with years to me.
White roses at the window blow,
A tall syringa all aglow,
And morning-glories clamber o'er
The sunny lattice by the door.

I look again; at even fall
Sweet peace is brooding over all.
The scene of home and heart I trace
But no familiar form or face.

And in the shadows here I stand,
I reach, but find no welcome hand.
Upon the threshold of the Past
I step with halting feet, and cast
A long, long look within, and lo!
The visions olden come and go.
The Bible on its plain hewn stand,
A hymn-book ready to the hand,
By lamp upon the white-washed wall,
A cottage clock, the shelf, and all
The books we had,—so often read—
And reading to their counsels led.
John Bunyan's "Pilgrim Progress" stood
By "Mary Fletcher" quaint and good;
And Baxter's "Rest" held staunchly by
Dear Taylor's both to "Live" and "Die,"
Our Dana's "Voyage" and his "Friend"
With Wesley's "Sermons" made an end.
The spinning wheel our mother brought,
From out the east, where oft she
wrought,

The wooden rocker, wherein I
Had slept to many lullaby.
I strike a match, again is seen
"The Plains of Sharon, Palestine,"
And its companion-picture fair
"Lake Huleh," and the bright birds
there.

A Picture, The Plains of Sharon

All on rose-Sharon's blooming plain,
Is Nature's fair and bright domain,
Near groves of orange, cypress, rue,
And thicket-depths of lilac-blue.

By shifting gleams of ruby seas
Of poppies and anemones,
Bright mounds of white and flaming
bloom

That all the sunlit air perfume.

From crumbled walls the hyssop blows,
The cyclamen in scarlet glows,
And daisies still the sun's bright eyes,
Bloom thousand for the one that dies.

A Picture, Lake Huleh, Palestine

O'er the long banks of spikes and reeds
A flock of bright birds filts and feeds;

Where once the Merom waters were
 Thy borders now the lilies stir;
 The ferns and flowers in green unfold
 Below the bulrush sedge of old;
 The papyrus blooms with tasseled head,
 Thy purling waters to o'er spread.

VIII. By the Fireside

Beside the hearth-fire, burning low,
 A dear one sits within the glow.
 A little child climbs to his knee
 And whispers low, "What can it be?"
 A rocker old, that time endears
 Is by the window. Whence these tears?
 I hear the echo, tap and tap,
 I see through mists, a snowy cap.
 A book is open to the place,
 And bending o'er it is a face.
 Ah! Such a one not often seen
 With holy joy and peace serene.
 Is seems re-lit by Him above
 And haloed by a disk of love.
 There on a door-sill sits a lad,
 In pensive musings, still not sad,
 His cheery whistle oft is heard
 When boyish joy his heart has stirred,
 And there a maiden by the gate,
 Is tampering with coming fate.
 O there are some not here tonight,
 They went away when youth was bright,

(Wesley and Martha in marriage).

And there are others, sleeping sweet,
 In graves afar. Dear little feet
 That tired at the break of day
 And faltered early in the way.

Henry Daniel Clarissa Anne
 William Clarissa Richard
 Alexander Bradstreet

LIFE

"Life, whence is Life?" We ask and
 question "Why."

And how is Life in all its bearings here;
 And what awaits? O who can make
 them clear,

The mysteries that all around us lie!
 Life came to us, we might have passed
 it by,

Had we had choice, and known its
 grief and tear,

The weight of age; the living fraught
 with fear,

But lo! It came unsought, mysteriously.
 And does the little span that we call
 Time,

Uniting soul and body here between
 Our birth and death, reveal the life to
 be?

Does Life find here, beginning, and
 sublime

And infinite, reach out through the
 unseen

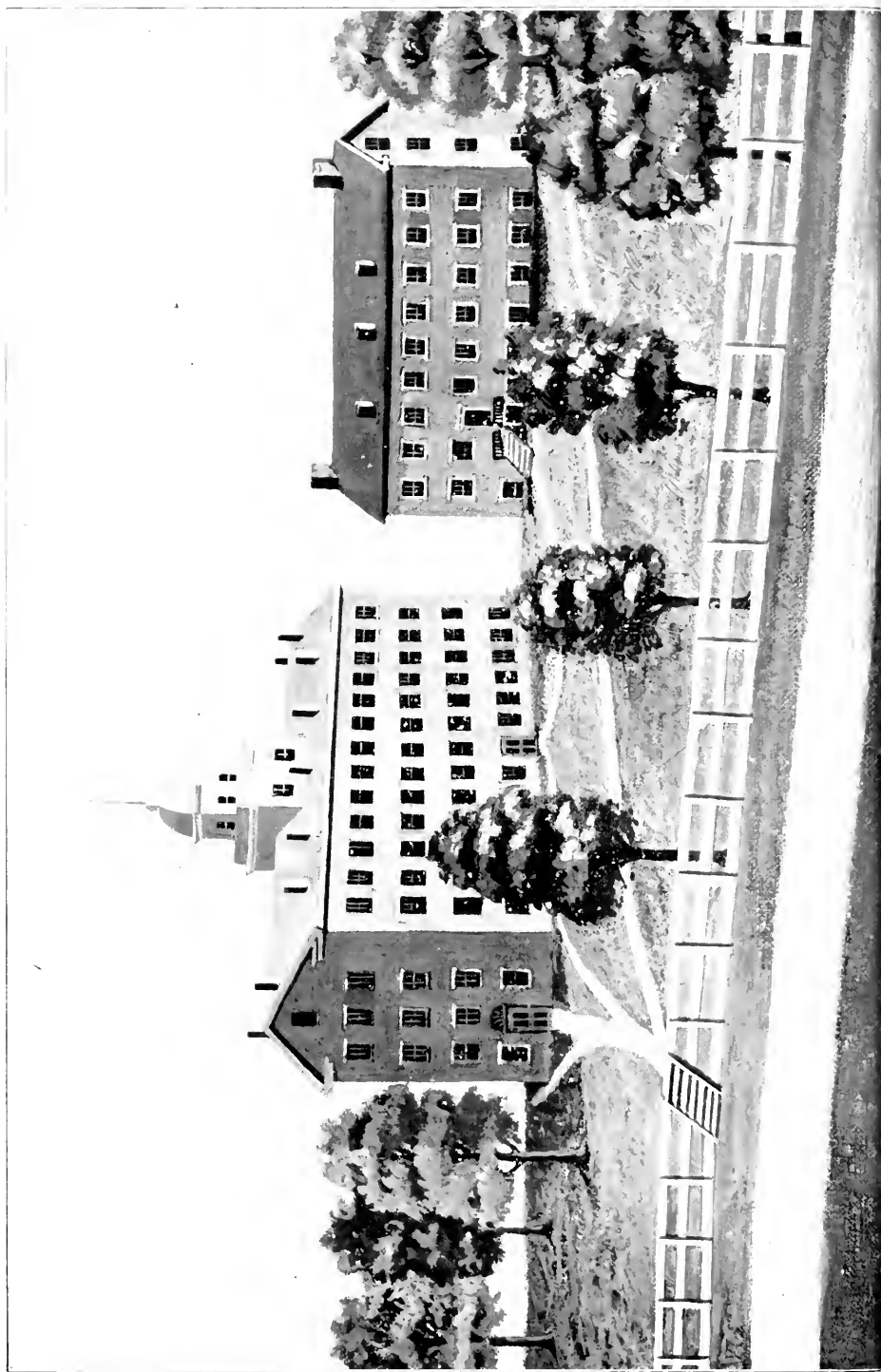
Within the veil to an Eternity?

POSTLUDE

Beyond the portals of the Past
 An all-remembering look I cast,
 Content from earthly love to trace
 The promise of a Higher Grace.
 And through the dusk that nightly falls
 To see upon the crumbling walls,
 Some pictures of serenest strand
 My home within the Holy Land;
 And know that life and age but mean
 My journey to God's Palestine.

August 5, 1889—







"OLD SANDSTONE"

By J. R. ADAMS,

Editor of *Mystic Worker* at time this article was written.

[Contributed by Author, with Cut to this Memoir.]

HUNDREDS of prominent men and women treasure the memory of "Old Sandstone," for this old school has given education to men and women who have risen to important positions and whose homes today are scattered over the world. Of wonderful interest would be the stories of statesmen, jurists, authors and travelers who were educated at Mount Morris. And, although the school has retired from that exalted position it once held, its name and its fame must ever be cherished.

The school was founded in 1839, when Illinois was but a sparsely settled country, and the pledge of \$8,000 in money and 480 acres of land, for its establishment, meant sacrifice beyond a today's conception. On July 4, 1839, the Rev. Thomas Hitt, father of Congressman Robert R. Hitt, laid "Old Sandstone's" corner-stone and addressed a gathering of 500 people, in those days a great crowd.

From the eastern institutions it was necessary to get tutors and the first principal came from New York on the assurance of \$30 for traveling expenses and \$20 a month for his service as teacher. In direct comparison with the ability of Dr. Harper of the Chicago University today, who can procure millions of dollars for the endowment of his school, is the fact that but \$186.75 and a stove was secured by the solicitor for "Old Sandstone" after a long and

hard canvass among the people of Chicago in 1840. The financial agent was given the stove as an offset to his labors, and \$35 for traveling expenses, his trip from Mount Morris to Chicago being made by stage.

It is estimated that 7,500 young men and women graduated from "Old Sandstone," before its transfer by the Methodist denomination in 1879 to the Church of the Brethren, since which time additional and more modern buildings and equipments have been introduced.

It would be impossible to give a complete list of the graduates, but in that list are names familiar to the most—Albert Deere, General W. H. L. Wallace, General M. R. M. Wallace, Ex-Governor and Mrs. Beveridge, Congressman R. R. Hitt of Illinois, Congressmen George W. Curtis of Iowa, G. L. Fort and Henry L. Magoon of Wisconsin, Bishop Charles Fowler, John V. Farwell, Senator Shelby M. Cullom, General John A. Rawlins, General Smith D. Atkins, Chief Justice Cartwright and Justice Hand of Illinois and Judge Moses Hallett of Colorado and Prof. Fernando Sanford of the Leland Stanford University of California, and, incidentally, the editor of the *Mystic Worker*.

The love of the alma mater is ever dear, and travel where'er you will a kind expression is to be found.



CHAPTER IV

Part One

Pioneering Westward

Rock River Seminary, Mt. Morris, Illinois

"United we stand, divided we fall, Science and Virtue."
Motto of the Seminary

HOW MARY CAME TO ATTEND THE SCHOOL AT SO YOUNG AN AGE

There was a clothes-press in the little brown house with red eaves at "Locust Lane" which held on its wide shelves, many exquisite quilts, folded away in lavender. The log-cabin patterns with feather-stitching; the quilts with baskets of red and white diamonds and appliqued red handles quilted in alternate diamonds and circles; three tulip-quilts with green appliqued stalks and leaves amid the red and yellow petals, all diamond quilted; "two-patch," dark and light; "four-patch," two dark, two light; "nine patch;" a quilt of a thousand pieces; "double wedding ring," "road to California" quilt.

There were sheets and cases, hem-stitched and worked with stiletto in eye-let embroidery. With these were Hope Chest of muslin garments trimmed in tatting and edgings, all the work of the mother and two daughters.

On the lower shelves were comforters of Delaine and Challis in the conventional figures and in Persian patterns, tied in fluffy crewels; boxes of tidies, pin-cushions, and table-covers.

Here one evening, the weary mother came with a candle, and an unfinished comforter caught fire on an unbound edge, and the treasure-trove was spoiled.

"I cannot forgive myself," sobbed the grieved mother. "Unless you help me make up the loss to the girls. Let us send our daughters to Mt. Morris at once to study. You have always helped me in my trials "father," and this is a real trial to me."

"I will continue to help you, "mother," and the girls may go at once to Mt. Morris to study," was the reply of the

gentle-hearted, kindly husband and father.

And so it came about that Maria and Mary went to the Seminary, which could not fail of producing the happiest effects. Thus began the initiatory experience with college life. In the cold light of a November morning they drove along a country road from Oregon-on-the-Rock to Mt. Morris at once to study. The crescent moon had risen pale and narrow above the brown stalks of unshocked corn. The wind died down. The day became warmer. Little vistas of the river were seen from time to time as they drove on. A dress Mary wore at this time was a soft plum-colored, all wool DeLaine, with figures of quiet subdued pansies each the size of a quarter of a dollar. A narrow edging of lace at neck and sleeves with a dainty bow of black silk-ribbon-velvet finished the gown.

Mary was now sixteen years of age, and her life-story opened at the beginning of a new epoch. After enrollment in the Seminary, called by the loyal students "O'd Sandstone," she studied diligently from Monday, Nov. 16, 1857 until Thursday, Mar. 4, 1858, when she secured a recommendation from the Principal, William T. Harlow, and a teacher's certificate of Ogle County from School Commissioner Arnold E. Hurd. (Dr. Hurd born 1809 Norway, N. Y., located in Ogle County 1836, served as School Commissioner 1857-1858, who examined Mary in the common school branches.)

One duty of the teacher of that day was to sharpen quill-pens, and set legible copies for the practice of penmanship.

"Can you make pens?" asked Mr.

Hurd, with his wonted amiability.

"I think so, sir," answered Mary timidly.

Then taking her penknife the young candidate pointed six goose quills and dipping one into the mammoth ink-well tested it.

"Let us see a specimen of our handwriting."

Mary wrote: "Procrastination is a thief of time."

"Another, please."

"Time and tide wait for no man."

"Another."

"Knowledge is power."

"Write a memory gem."

The candidate inscribed her favorite from Shakespeare, "Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman."

"Give, please, a pedagogical rule."

"The three necessary requirements of a good reader are correct pronunciation, distinct articulation and proper modulation of the voice."

Thus she learned the effectiveness of quotation.

"I think that you will do well, Miss Bradstreet," the Superintendent remarked rising and warmly shaking her hand. It was a pleasant world to live in, was it not? To be "Miss Bradstreet," a teacher, and, too, the wonderful "well" made a glad spot in her heart.

This certificate being received Mary applied for a school in White Rock, and taught one term of five months before she was seventeen years of age. Mary next taught the Spring term of five months in White Rock Burg. White Rock was named for a gigantic rock to be seen from a long distance, on the banks of Stillman's Run.

THE WHITE ROCK SCHOOL

The schoolhouse was built about 1853. It had long benches on three sides, and a shelf in one corner. The shelf was three-cornered and large enough to lay truants on for a disemperor. The school yard was enclosed by a stake-and-rider rail fence and in its corners were playhouses and hiding-places.

The White Rock Burg was named for the white rocks near-by where many picnics were held, since Miss Frances McDaid started the first one, down until

today's picnics are real excursions.

In 1860 a church building was erected at the Burg called the Union Church.

All around here are numerous Indian arrow points and other traces of a large Indian encampment.

Some of the families were Ambrose, Bartlett, Chaney, Cheshire, Sanford Clark, John Campbell (shot by Banditti), Samuel Doctor (who came Sept. 1, 1851), John K. Dentler, Benjamin Eyester, Jason Ellis, Richard Hayes (whose wife was Hannah Dennis Noe, sister of Jephtha and Cummings Noe of Flagg township and Jefferson townships), Annis Lucas the Hathaways, the James, the Oakes, Amos Rice, Abram Sechler.

The blacksmith shop was run by Samuel Doctor after Sept. 1, 1851 for many years. Just north-west of the schoolhouse was a two-story, red store kept by the James Brothers. Near the Lucas spring was the Ambrose store; and on the corner the Van Voy store. In these stores the men and older boys congregated to discuss politics, church and school matters, and to swap jokes.

Benjamin Eyester was Justice of the Peace but was a welcome guest at the store frolics. Many a practical joke was played by one neighbor on the other. The whole community was very friendly. Here were two stores, two shops, also a harness shop, shoe shop. There were a physician and a tavern-keeper, the latter being Annis Lucas. Mail came twice a week. The post-office was a mile west of the schoolhouse, the mail coming on a stage from Chicago to Galena at first, then by stage from Oregon via Paynes Point, White Rock on to Rochelle. This was the world in which Mary entered.

THE TORNADO ON THE PRAIRIE

June 1860

At the window in her room, the young teacher Mary beheld the clouds reared up like mighty Alps, with the dark horizon all below. Trees crashed to the ground. Wild creatures fled hither and thither, birds bewildered flew hither and thither. The roar as of a cataract exceeding a dozen train of cars, reverberated in the bluffs along the wooded river banks. The tornado in all its fury devastated the far prairies. Death was

imminent. The day had been sultry; a heavy silence prevailed. The day was hazy, with a pallid light. Dust drifted in the roadway. Leaves rustled on the trees. One funnel-shaped cloud sucked up everything in its path. A violet storm raged on each side of the storm-cone. Flames of sheet lightning flared up in the south and west; swirls of black clouds piled up in the sky through which darted the piercing shafts of lurid lightning. The ominous thunder rolled. The sleet swept down sharp-pointed like needles. The hailstones fell like bullets on a battlefield. The somber fields where the tiny yellow stalks of wheat trembled were drenched in torrents.

With their first school money Maria and Mary bought in Rockford, black grograin, silk dresses, black kid gloves, and white chip-poke bonnets, with pale pink face trimmings. They were very happy then, and life was all a dream. The war-cloud had not yet settled down upon them. With her first money Maria presented her mother with a richly-chased silver thimble. Mary gave her mother a silver brooch with the initials "C. B." engraved upon it.

Professor E. W. Little followed Dr. Hurd as School Commissioner 1859-1862, and the county schools made fine progress.

A small pamphlet history of the county appeared this year, entitled "Sketches of The History of Ogle County For The Polo Advertiser," Published by Henry R. Boss at Polo, 1859. In it Mary read, "Ogle County is in next to the northern tier of counties. It is about evenly divided by the Rock River which runs through it from north to south. This river, and its tributaries furnish some of the best water-power in the West, which have as yet hardly been touched—after leaving the river one comes to the prairie, as rich as the sun ever shone upon—good spring water is near. The prairies are thickly interspersed with luxuriant groves of timber. The soil is excellent." pp. 73-4.

"In 1859 the population of Ogle County was 22,000 and mail was distributed at twenty-four post-offices."

Of Mt. Morris, Mary read, "Its situation is a most desirable one. It is

on the summit of one of the highest elevations in that part of the country."

Of the Seminary it stated, "that the character of the school as an institution of learning is one of the best in the country. The library and apparatus are all that could be desired."

The cornerstone was laid July 4, 1839, the schools of Mt. Morris marching at the head of some five hundred citizens, displaying a banner upon which was emblazoned, "United We Stand, Divided We Fall; Science and Virtue."

The first Friday in November, 1840, Professor Joseph N. Waggoner of Genesee, N. Y. opened the school. On April 8, 1842 Professor D. J. Pinckney assumed control. He organized the Amphictyon Society this year, which had a noble rival in the Philorhotorian Society of 1848; both of which gave the meanings and implications of the cultural world; and a glowing vital interest in living.

Mary's life on the prairies was crowded with interest. She interpreted Life as Opportunity which filled her with infinite gratitude for all the things that Life had brought to her.

As innocent diversions the wise teacher devised for the amusement of her pupils at times the school-picnics on the banks of Rock River. Wild deer skirted through the thickets and the dense growth of brush. Into God's golden sunlight the children drank from the crystal spring; played on the velvet grass and gamboled in the windless air, with penetrating curiosity, peering in the dense slumbrous woods where scarcely a ray of morning sun fell. They swung on grape-vine swings "an old cat," or "hand-car." With the embers aglow under the shifting ashes, they roasted the eggs and potatoes and yams. Tired of romping they gathered the fragrant vines, boughs, clover and daisies, and wove crowns and tiaras for woodland queens.

They watched the verdant banks of the bluffs over the blue waters of the lucid Rock River, lapsed into silence unperturbed by the future. The placid stream with its island and ferns and water-lilies lapped them into repose.

All things now packed and ready for departure, with quiet solemnity they

saluted the flag, hauled it down, furled it, and trooped home at the end of another perfect day.

On November 22, 1859 Mary enrolled at the Seminary. This was followed by a spring term of teaching at Chana. Three cherished pupils were Sallie Pue Trask, Olia Chamberlain and Mary Pearl. These young girls and their teacher used to take delightful strolls after school, to a picturesque locality called "Pine Rock." Here they gathered fern and sweet-scented pine cones, and if the fancy pleased them, Indian arrow-points. Some times they sat under the lordly pine trees and sang bonny songs; or built bright castles of Spain in the fleecy summers clouds.

A popular song was sung at this time, commemorating the daring exploit of Edward W. Spencer who rescued seventeen of the thirty survivors of the "Lady Elgin," a lake-ship which sank with four hundred passengers. This was in 1860, and the song was extensively used at Mt. Morris in literary gatherings.

Mary's second distict school.

In the district where Mary taught, lived the Trask family which consisted of Isaac and Isabel Rutter Trask and six children: Israel, Margaret, Sones, Edward, Anne and Sallie Pue. Sallie Pue, who was dear to Mary's heart was born 1847, married 1867 to John B. Bailey, died 1908.

The Chamberlains were E. B. and Lodicey, and six children: Alice, Olia, Frank, Ella, Frederick and Charles. Olia born 1848 was married to Thomas J. Brooks, and resided some years in Mary's home town.

Mary Pearl was a beautiful girl of a winning disposition. She was married to James Wood, and also lived some years in Franklin Grove. She kept up a life-long correspondence with her former teacher.

These three lovely pupils were cherished in the largess of her friendship, a rich heritage of human contacts. Her golden hopes for the future, with zest and enthusiasm, made her one with Youth, and gave her a radiant morning vista.

Mary returned to the Seminary. It had advertised in 1859: "The academic year is divided into three terms. The fall

term commences the fourth Monday in August and continues twelve weeks. There is one week vacation. The winter term commences the fourth Monday in November and continues fifteen weeks. There is one week of vacation. The summer term commences the third Monday in March and continues fifteen weeks. There are eight weeks vacation. Expenses.— Tuition in the common branches. Fall—\$4.85. Winter—\$6.20. Summer—\$5.45. Tuition in the higher branches and languages.— Fall— \$5.50. Winter—\$7.75. Summer—\$6.80. Music on Piano Forte, Melodion and Guitar.— Fall—\$11.00. Winter—\$14.50. Summer—\$13.50. French, German or Hebrew per term—\$5.00. Book-keeping per term—\$3.00. Ornamental Branches—Perspective Drawing per term—\$4.00. Pencil-ing—\$4.50. Water Colors—\$5.00. Oil Colors—\$10.00. Monochromatics Crayoning—\$5.00. Polychromatic Crayoning—\$5.00. No one need apply for membership in the school who is unwilling to submit to wholesome discipline. The Principal W. T. Harlow. The Secretary, Professor W. S. Pope."

The period of the Civil War was extraordinary for the complexity of the aspects it presented. Messengers came with grievous tidings of the transpiring of fearful events.

On Dec. 20, 1860 South Carolina seceded from the Union. Jan. 1861 Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia and Louisiana followed. In February Texas joined them, and a confederate government began. At its inception how Mary's heart smote her, in the loss of these states!

It is significant that the snowy days of the winters of her childhood were spent alone with her parents, closely studying the map of her country. Her patriotism was innate, a vital part of herself.

She had learned their names, spelled them, fixed their boundaries, and located their capitals. Now, her map was dissected. Her tears fell! But hope dawned, for on March 4th, Lincoln was inaugurated.

A Reminiscence

"I remember when at Mt. Morris, Miss Bradstreet loaned me two volumes of the "History of Madame Guyon"

which I read with profit. This biography taught me many things and was a great inspiration to my faith."

H. T. Scoville, Rockford, Illinois.
March 18, 1925.

Mary found great inspiration and comfort in the writings of Madame Guyon.

The Acquiescence of Pure Love

From the French of Madame Guyon,
translated by William Cowper, and pre-
cious to Mary in the hours of meditation.
"Love! if Thy destined sacrifice am I,
Come slay thy victim, and prepare Thy
fires;
Plunged in the depths of mercy let me
die

The death which every soul that lives
desires.

One Good she covets and that Good
alone;

To choose Thy will, from selfish bias
free;

And to prefer a cottage, to a throne,
And grief to comfort, if it pleases Thee."

Mary emulated Madame Guyon's
serene, inward reliance upon God. Her
character grew step by step from within,
as her attention was concentrated on the
ethical significance of life.

William Cowper also translated Ma-
dame Guyon's "Sweet Content."

"My Lord, how full of sweet content,
I pass my years of banishment;
Where e'er I dwell, I dwell with thee
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea."

Jeanne M. B. De La M. Guyon
(1648-1717)

In a book which influenced Mary's
life, — "The Life And Times of Selina,
Countess of Huntington," 1839, London
Vol. II p. 141, she found a pen picture
of William Cowper, whose sacred writ-
ings were household words, "Mr. Cow-
per's appearance was striking and
interesting, a most intelligent and en-
gaging countenance, a well-proportioned
figure and elegant manners.

Mary treasured Longfellow's poem
entitled "The Phantom Ship" based on
a letter by the pastor at New Haven,
and recorded in "Magnalia Bk. I. Chap.
VI. She descended from Master George
Lamberton, and his wife, Margaret
Lewen Lamberton through Mercy his

daughter, Mercy Allen, Mercy Evans,
and the Rev. Samuel Todd, Samuel
Todd and her mother.

Mrs. Eliza Buckminster Lee issued in
1858 three volumes "Mémoir of the
Buckminsters," "Florence, The Parish
Orphan," and "Parthenia."

Edward Tyrell Channing published,
"Lectures On Oratory and Rhetoric."

Walter Channing wrote, "A Physi-
cian's Vacation." These authors were
Mary's kinspeople.

In one of her hours of self-appraisal
Mary wrote with a young girl's golden
hope, her birthday reflections. She
sought for herself a path of spiritual
clarity.

White Rock, July 27th, 1861.

To-day I am twenty years of age, O
how much of the goodness and loving
kindness of God have I seen since my
earliest recollection. How little have I
accomplished in my Saviour's field,
while he has done so much for me. O
can I ever be a useful servant, will I
ever learn the way in which I may win
poor souls to Christ. If God will spare
me twenty years longer I will strive to
be more devoted to His work. I will not
spend so many precious opportunities of
doing good in the foolishness of this
world. Jesus help me to be a better
Christian. Some four years since I
united with the Episcopal Methodist
and not quite two since I experienced
the efficacy of the blood of Christ which
purified my heart. Lord keep me while
within may naught else but Jesus reign
in my soul.

M. F. B.

A Birthday Text

The record of Mary Fletcher was
kept in a "Journal" and dated. The
extract for July 27th was found on page
237, "This thought brought with it a
sweet peace, and these words were
applied to my soul, 'Cast not away,
therefore your confidence which hath
great recompense of reward.'"

On Monday, Nov. 25, 1861, Mary again
enrolled in the Seminary. After another
term in Chana, made more interesting
by a baby girl named Imogene Catherine,
in the Canfield home, Mary taught a
delightful term in Haldane. Here she
renewed her friendship with Mabel

Scoville who had become Mrs. Gray.

When Mary left the Seminary to teach a term of school, she felt that the time spent was an opportunity for reflection, the digestion of recently acquired knowledge, and a place for the lever of her desire to make the world better. The standards of intellectual performance set by Mary for her pupils were high; and she herself was amply furnished with a great storehouse of facts with which to enlarge and illuminate studies taught. She also made herself socially welcome to all sorts of school patrons.

Mary taught a select school in Mt. Morris while she painted in the Art Department of the Seminary. Here the tempered richness of refined art formed her daily environment; added to a constant and healthful interchange of thought, and the development of lifelong friendships.

One stunt in the Seminary was for a class in English to parse "The Seasons." This Mary did with great satisfaction. "The Seasons" was a poem written by James Thomson (1740-48). This Hymn is an example of the poem, meter and style.

"The rolling year is full of Three
Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks.—
Then comes Thy glory in the summer
months
With light and heat refulgent.—
Thy bounty shines in Autumn uncon-
fined—
In winter awful, Thou,—
On the whirl wind's wing
Riding sublime."—

An exercise in the English class; four students take part. The first has a picture of a linnet and represents spring. The second student shows a picture of a night-in-gale, a Philomel, and stands for summer. The third student carries a picture of a covey of quail, and bears out the idea of autumn by colored leaves and withered verdure. The last speaker exhibits a bright picture of a red-breast robin, and recites the lovely verse about the bird's visit in Winter to the cottage hearthside. Each speaker names the birds listed for the season she represents.

Another pretty Exercise in the English

class was "The Four Pictures From Thomson's Seasons," recited by four students:

Spring: The Coming of the Rain, lines 147-176.

Summer: The Sheep-Washing, 371-422.

Autumn: Rain In Harvest, 311-359

Winter: The Coming of The Snow: 223-264.

This exercise was effective, for the poem was known to be one of the best examples in poetry of realism.

N. B.—pp. 173-200.

Some of the Birds Mentioned in Thomson's "Seasons."

SPRING

- (1) "The bittern knows his time, with
bill ingulft,
To shake the sounding marsh."
- (2) The plovers—to sing their wild
notes to the listening waste."
- (3) Cheered by the simple song and
soaring lark."
- (4) And the birds sing concealed."
- (5) The little trooping birds.
- (6) The hawk, high in the beetling
cliff, his eyrie builds.
- (7) The sounding culver (wood pigeon)
- (8) Lend me our song, ye night-in-
gales.
- (9) The first note the hollow cuckoo
sings.
- (10) Up springs the lark
The messenger of morn
He mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds.
- (11) The Thrush
- (12) The wood-lark
- (13) listening Philomela
- (14) The blackbird whistles from the
thorny brake.
- (15) The mellow bullfinch answers
from the grove.
- (16) The linnet o'er the flowering
furze.
- (17) Innumerable songsters
- (18) The jay
- (19) The rook
- (20) The daw
- (21) The stock dove breathes a mel-
ancholy murmur
- (22) The swallow sweeps the slmy
pool.
- (23) The white-winged plover wheels.

- (24) The wild duck o'er the rough
moss.
(25) The heath-hen flutters.
(26) The night-in-gale lament.
(27) High from the summit of a
craggy cliff
The royal eagle
(28) The careful hen
(29) The fearless cock
(30) In the pond the duck.
(31) The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to
the gale.
(32) The turkey nigh.
(33) The pea-cock spreads
His every-colored glory to the
sun.
(34) The cooling dove

SUMMER

- (1) Roused by the cock.
(2) The daw.
(3) The rook.
(4) The magpie, direct their lazy flight.
(5) The household fowls convene.
(6) The stock-dove only through the
forest coos.
(7) Like vivid blossoms glowing from
afar
Thick-swarm the brighter birds."
(8) Philomel is ours
(9) A fresher gale
Sweeping with shadowy gust
While the quail clamours.

AUTUMN

- (1) Like the fowls of heaven.
(2) Like the gay birds.
(3) As in the sun the secret covey
bask
Their varied plumes.
(4) Warned of approaching Winter,
gathered, play
The swallow-people,
The feathered eddy floats.
(5) With other kindred birds of
season.
(6) The stork-assembly meets.
(7) Infinite wings! till all the plume-
dark air
And rude-resounding shore, are
one wild cry.

WINTER

- (1) On eagle-pinions borne.
(2) The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire.

- (3) The crested cock with all his
female train.
(4) The plummy race
The tenants of the sky.
(5) A blackening train
Of clamorous rooks.
(6) The wailing owl plies his sad song.
(7) The cormorant on high
Wheels from the deep.
(8) Loud shrieks the soaring heron.
(9) The circling sea-fowl cleave the
flaky clouds.
(10) The fowls of heaven.
(11) The redbreast—half afraid, he
first
Against the window beats; then,
brisk alights
On the warm hearth; then,
hopping o'er the floor
Eyes all the smiling family
askance.
(12) The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants.
(13) The feathered game.

The study of Thomson's "Seasons," uniting the two subjects of literature and rhetoric, gave Miss Bradstreet, the student, a rich copiousness of language, and a rare facility in its use. It trained her in literary appreciation by firmly establishing the canons of good taste. With these arts she also acquired lucidity of phrase and obtained a working knowledge of the embellishments of speech.

(Poetical Works of Thomson and Gray. London T. Nelson and Sons. Paternoster Row, Edinburgh and New York, 1859, pp. 425).

James Thomson (Sept. 7, 1700, Ednam near Kelso, Scotland—Aug. 27, 1748, Richmond, England).

Exercise in English

Four students take part; the first carries violets; the second, lilies; the third golden-rod; the fourth, snow-drops. They represent Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, and name the flowers listed in Thomson's "Seasons."

Exercise in English

Thirty-three students were to recite one after another the thirty-three running-on phrase lines in the first hundred verses of "Winter," beginning "The keener tempests—."

Exercise in English

Favorite landscape pictures from the
"Seasons" selected by various pupils.

Some Flowers mentioned in Thomson's
Seasons.

SPRING

- (1) a shower of shadowing roses.
- (2) hawthorn whitens
- (3) the verdant maze of sweet briar
rose.
- (4) of mingled blossoms.
- (5) the many twinkling leaves of aspen
tall.
- (6) Fruits and flowers
- (7) flowering elders
- (8) the lily of the vale
- (9) purple violets
- (10) fresh blooming flowers.
- (11) the lily drinks the latent rill.
- (12) the purple heath
- (13) the wild thyme
- (14) the snowdrop.
- (15) and the crocus first
- (16) the daisy
- (17) primrose
- (18) violet darkly blue
- (19) polyanthus
- (20) the yellow wall-flower
- (21) lavish stock
- (22) anemones
- (23) auriculas
- (24) ranunculus
- (25) tulip
- (26) hyacinths of purest virgin white
- (27) jonquils
- (28) fresh-blooming flowers
- (29) See how the lily drinks
- (30) field of blossomed beans
- (31) Narcissus fair
- (32) carnations
- (33) gay-spotted pinks

- (34) the damask rose
- (35) woodbines flaunt and roses shed
- (36) drooping lilies
- (37) flower-enwoven bowers
- (38) Ye beds of roses and ye bowers
of joy

SUMMER

- (1) as the summer rose
- (2) flowering woodbine
- (3) jasmine grove
- (4) as shines the lily
- (5) the rose amid the morning dew
- (6) Bring every sweetest flower
- (7) As the bloom of blowing Eden
fair
- (8) Like the red rosebud moist with
morning dew

AUTUMN

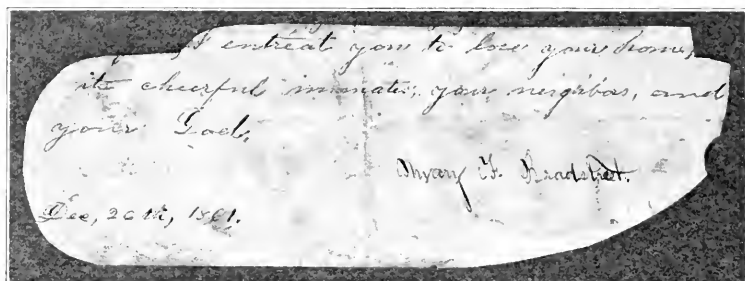
- (1) fresher than the morning rose
- (2) unstained as is the lily
- (3) myrtle breathes its balmy fra-
grance
- (4) blooming flowers
- (5) the ragged furze stretched o'er
the stony heath
- (6) violets diffused
- (7) the flowery race their sunny robes
resign
- (8) from flower to flower
- (9) opening blossom

WINTER

- (1) the laurelled field
- (2) Thy flowering Spring

This intensive study of Thomson is
like a flashing path of illumination not
merely upon the mentality of the young
student Mary, but the secret happenings
of her developing soul.





EXTRACT AND AUTOGRAPH OF MRS. M. F. B. HELMERSHAUSEN

November 16, 1857

Name	Address
Bradstreet, M. A.	Oregon
Bradstreet, M. F.	Oregon

November 22, 1859

Bradstreet, M. F.	Oregon
Bradstreet, M. A.	Oregon

August 28, 1861

Bradstreet, M. A.	_____
Bradstreet, M. F.	_____
Scholarship	500 highest grade.

November 25, 1861

Bradstreet, M. A.	Oregon
Bradstreet, M. F.	Oregon

November 1862

Bradstreet, M. F.	Oregon
Bradstreet, M. A.	Oregon

Bradstreet, M. F.	Oregon
Bradstreet, M. A.	Oregon

Winter Term ending March 4, 1858

Department	Grades	Comp.
Scientific	411	37
Primary	411	37

Winter Term ending March 8, 1860

Scientific	400	40
Scientific	420	40

Fall Term ending November 14, 1861

_____	448	—
_____	468	—

Composition 1 up to 50 highest grade.

Winter Term ending March 6, 1862

Scientific	442	43
Scientific	472	43

Winter Term ending March 1863

Scientific	470	49
Scientific	460	48

Spring Term 1863

Scientific	475	49
Scientific	475	49

Her First Days In "Old Sandstone."

Ada M. Patrick, a successful teacher in Ogle county, later the wife of Attorney James C. Woodburn of Byron, Illinois had this experience. At the age of four years she was taken by her grandmother to the Exhibition on the last school day of the spring term of 1863. Having been duly coached to make "a courtesy" and say she was a niece of the speakers on the program, to give her right hand in greeting and say nothing more, she arrived duly on the great day. Entering a class room she walked up to the desk saying, "Niece."

"I see you are here at my knees," remarked the teacher. Leaving the schoolroom the tiny tot came at last to another class room, courtesied, said "Niece," and was told the teacher was too busy to hold her on his knees. Out on the campus she met some of the Faculty, courtesied, said, "Niece," "Mary's Niece," whereupon the professor shook hands with her, and she went away content.

Letter from Dr. Speaker, Secretary Rock River Seminary Re-Union Association, dated October 8, 1914. He died 1918.

My dear Mrs. Helmershausen:

I have looked up your record by the years you have given, which you will find under General Text, Composition, and Declamation. The perfect standing in General Text was 500, in Composition 50, and in Declamation 50. Your standing compared with the average student, at that time, is very good indeed. Only three that I find reached 500; they were Dr. John Williamson, Prof. C. C. Snyder, and the Rev. O. F. Mattison. Others were close seconds I shall be pleased to hear from you.

Yours truly,

W. T. Speaker

Manson, Iowa.

**Mary's Extracts from William
Cowper on Education**

"So slow the growth
Of what is excellent. So hard to attain
perfection." The Task.

"Youth impairs
His wasted spirits quickly, by long toil
Incurring short fatigue." Ibid.

"Long knowledge and the scrutiny of
years." Ibid.

"Measure life by its true worth." Ibid

"By ceaseless action all that is,
subsists." Ibid.

"Good health, and its associate in most,
Good temper." Ibid.

"In colleges and halls in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety and truth
Were precious, and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage called Discipline.
—The Time Piece.

"Learning grew beneath his care
A thriving vigorous plant." Ibid.

"Diligence was choice." Ibid.

"Where science and where Virtue are
professed." Ibid.

"Sacred as a nation's trust
The nature of her Youth." Ibid.

"A man of letters and of manners, too,
Of manners sweet as ever Virtue wears,
He graced a college, in which order yet
Was sacred.

Some minds are tempered happily, and
mixed
With such ingredients of good sense and
taste

Of what is excellent in man, they thirst
With such a zeal to be what they
approve,

That no restraints can circumscribe them
more

Than they themselves by choice, for
wisdom's sake." Ibid.

The Time Piece.

"Some write a narrative of wars and
feats"—The Garden.

Some drill and bore the solid earth--
Travel nature up — and tell us whence
the stars," Ibid. The Garden.

"Philosophy baptized
In the pure fountain of eternal love
Has eyes indeed." Ibid. The Garden.

"The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is Virtue; the only lasting treasure,
truth." Ibid.

"To fill the void of an unfinished
brain,
To palliate dulness,"

The Winter Evening.

"Refinement is endured." Ibid.

"Theirs is indeed a teaching voice
but 'tis the praise of thine
That whom it teaches it makes prompt
to hear." Ibid.

The Winter Morning Walk.

Knowledge and Wisdom far from being
one

Have oft times no connexion. Knowledge
dwells

In heads replete with thoughts of
other men.

Wisdom in minds attentive to their own
Knowledge is proud that he has learned
so much.

Wisdom is humble that he knows no
more

Books are not seldom talismans and
spells

By which the magic art of shrewder
wits

Hold an unthinking multitude
enthralled." Ibid.

Tirocinium or a Review of Schools

"a mind

Vast in its powers, ethereal in its kind
Framed for the service of a free-born
will" Ibid.

"an intellectual kingdom"—

"Memory fills her page

With truths poured down from every
distant page.

The wisdom of great nations." Ibid

"Truths that the learned pursue with
eager thought."

"That we are bound to cast the minds of
youth,

Betimes into the mould of Heavenly
truth." Ibid.

"Store the Nursery

With wholesome learning, yet acquired
with ease."

"Undoubted scholarship and genuine worth." Ibid

"We love the play place of our early days;
The scene is touching, and the heart is stone
That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.
The wall on which we tried our graving skill,
The very name we carved, subsisting still;
The bench on which we sat, while deep employed—
The little ones unbuttoned, glowing hot
Playing our games, and on the very spot
As happy as we once to kneel and draw
The chalky ring, and knuckle down at taw;
To pitch the ball into the grounded hat
Or drive it devious with a dextrous pat;
Such recollections of our own delights
That viewing it, we seem almost to obtain
Our innocent sweet simple years again."
"Possessor of a soul refined
An upright heart, and cultivated mind."
—Ibid

"His utility may reach
To more than he is hired or bound to teach." Ibid

"His mind
Serene, and to his duties much inclined,
Virtuous toil may terminate at last
In settled habit and a decided taste."
—Ibid

"From education, as the leading cause,
The public character its color draws."
—Ibid

What a treasure to Mary were the series of novels written by Jane Austen! She could smile at the delicate mirth, appreciate the implied satire, note the inevitability of the climax, and marvel at the achieved reality of each tale, whether it was "Pride and Prejudice," "Northanger Abbey" or "Sense and Sensibility" with "Emma" always the favorite tale.

A favorite volume was "Poetical Works of Thomson and Gray." London, T. Nelson and Sons Paternoster Row,

1859. Mary memorized the "Elegy Written In A Country Churchyard."

One stunt was the writing of the first line: "The curfew tolls the knell of parting day," in as many ways as a student could think, as:—

The knell of parting day, the curfew tolls;

The tolling curfew knells the parting day;

The parting day is knelled by curfew toll

The parting day is knelled as curfew tolls.

The curfew tolls and knells the parting day;

The admirable finish of Gray's fine lines was acknowledged by all students.

An interesting book was "The Vicar of Wakefield," written by Oliver Goldsmith, that prince of happy spirits, nearly ninety years before.

Washington Irving said of it: "The irresistible charm this novel possesses, evinces how much may be done without the aid of extravagant incident to excite the imagination and interest the feelings. Few productions of the kind afford greater amusement in the perusal, and still fewer inculcate for impressive lessons of morality." "The character of the Vicar, Dr. Primrose, gives the chief interest to the tale. His weaknesses and literary vanity are attractive; and he rises to heights almost sublime when misfortune overtakes his family."

A genius of great interest to Mary was that artist, sculptor, architect and poet, the great Michael Angelo. The rule of the Medici Family, the turbulence of the times, the frenzy of the creative Angelo in all lines of art, captured her fancy, and awakened a keener interest in Art for Art's sake. His overwhelming idealism was appealing, his perfection inspiring; his radiant interpretation, something to warm the heart.

A poem to be read with Milton's "Paradise Lost," was Dante's "Divine Comedy" wherein the master-poet journeyed through Inferno, Purgatory and Paradise. The mastery of his terza rima, in dexterity and power, opened a wealth of melodic rapture to this young

descendant of Anne Bradstreet, the first to write poetry in America.

How beautiful the day-dawn in Mt. Morris! On the morning of the first of February in the faint grey light of a frosty wintry day, Mary awoke—silver stalactites of icicles hanging from the eaves, the roofs of the buildings embroidered in new fallen snow, filmy as the tulle of a bridal veil. A cheerily blazing fire burned in the snug student's stove, with the rosy reflected glow of the wood-fires. A trifle homesickness it is true, a feeling of momentary loneliness, but quenched by an insatiable curiosity for knowledge both as a student and as a teacher. The light of morning glimmered in the windows at the first rays of the rising sun.

Mary had a wondering reverence for the students about her; a high loyalty to her Alma Mater. At noons the girls used to have joke-fests, at which each student, sitting on the wide windowsill, must do her stunt by telling a joke. Such mild little jokes, Such merry laughter! Puns, charades, and riddles were exchanged. A favorite charade was Teheran, the capital of Persia. Some tea, picture of a man, one running off—te-he-ran. Another was Timbuctoo. One called "Tim!", another butted him off the stage, came back and held up 2 fingers. Tim-buck-two.

A favorite Psalm at Mt. Morris, the Forty-eighth was especially appropriate, Beautiful for situation---. "Tranquil reveries lingered. A serene emotion of reverence awoke before the empyreal glory of the western sky. The wind died down, everything became hushed. The twilight sparkled in the hoar-frost. The mysterious twilight, transformed into living beauty with the eternal serenity of nature. The sisters sang on in the growing dark beneath the skies that were cloudless and chill. The mist slowly spangled in the moonlight into silver, and the sky bent over them in a heavenly calm. The strains of the last song died away. Each sister smiled, Maria at Mary, Mary at Maria. There is so much friendliness in a smile. Each sighed with emotion, in an out-burst of gratitude.

The thin sickle of the moon hung pale over their window.

At sunset the two sisters would sit in a wide arm-chair together and sing favorite songs and hymns. When it was time to light the lamp they would begin their evening study. At times other girls came in and joined in the singing or sat quietly listening, in what they called "the singing hour."

Sometimes the sisters sang a ballad with the refrain, "O Willie, we have missed you." Mary liked this song and the name of "William," so she was allowed to add it in the naming of her nephew Jesse William Bradstreet. "Afton Water" was loved by all singers with a trace of Scottish blood. Very sweetly the sisters sang, "My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream." "Highland Mary" was another favorite song, with "For dear to me as light and life, Was my sweet Highland Mary." The song "Farewell to Ballochmyle," was plaintive and sad.

"Through faded groves Maria sang,
Herself in beauty's bloom the while;—
Farewell the bonny banks of Ayr
Farweel, fareweel! Sweet Ballachmyle."

"Sacred hymns and national airs were good enough for us on an early date," said H. T. Scoville, May 11, 1925. "I remember distinctly of our drilling on "The Star-Spangled Banner," and on a song composed on the loss of the boat "Lady Elgin." ("Lady Elgin," passenger boat on Lake Michigan, sank September 1860 and a popular song commemorated her loss). These songs were revived and sung often while at Mt. Morris.

The Story of "The Frozen Fuchsia."

The art teacher had a favorite fuchsia, at that time a rare house-plant. On a cold morning Mary went to the instructor's room for her lesson as usual, to find her friend in tears. Without a word the grieved woman pointed to the much-prized plant, and left the room.

Mary carefully sketched the plant, and when the study was finished in water color, carried it to class.

"My dear little plant!" exclaimed the delighted woman. "What a joy you have





"THE LOST CHILD"

Painted by Mary F. Bradstreet
At Rock River Seminary, Mount Morris, Illinois

given me! I shall prize it as long as I live." The picture is shown near this page.

Mary painted in the art department of the Seminary under both Miss Miller and Miss Mumford. In oil her subjects were, "An Oriental Scene," "Old Sandstone," "A Girl and A Lamb," "A Head." In water color and India ink, "Ned, A Canary," "Frozen Fuchsias," "Fruits and Flowers." In sketching "Lake Pepin, Wisconsin, Between Red Wing and Chippewa," "Faces." In the monochromatics "Saved," "The Lost Child," "The Mary's At The Sepulchre."

Besides painting Mary made frames of hammered leather for her pictures; worked in cone ornaments, and made wreaths of delicate hair-flowers.

Exhibition Day with its impressive and significant exercises, was a great festival at the Seminary. It was really the Final Commencement of the school year. The men-students chose ladies to read essays with them, and they appeared two by two on the stage. Mary was chosen by Professor Olin F. Mattison, her instructor in Composition, and read an essay "On Light;" and her sister Maria was chosen by the Rev. Joseph Wardle, and read an essay on "The Old Bell." The girls were gowned in sheer book-muslin, with pale, rose-pink moire silk sashes.

A reminiscence of Mary at this time is given by Miss B'anche Anna Canfield of Chana, Illinois May 27, 1924. "My mother thought her a saintly woman. She often tells of one time when Mary Bradstreet was "going out" with some of the young people she was wearing a white lawn dress, and had a very pretty brooch she desired to wear with it; but her conscience was not quite clear as to whether it would be right to wear jewelry. She asked mother's opinion, who thought it was all right to wear it, so she put it on and went away happy."

Mrs. Anna McGuffin Canfield relates, "I remember Mary sitting in our parlor one evening with her hands lying in her lap. She had on a white, dimity gown in which were delicate lilac sprigs. One hymn after another Mary sang from

memory with a reverence rare in one so young a Christian, and I thought her too good and too beautiful for this earth."

Mary's sister Martha said, "The day I left home to be married, Mary was a child about twelve years of age, and as she ran to kiss me "good bye," the sunlight made her hair shine like gold. I have always kept that sweet picture of her in my memory."

Her sister Maria remarked, "When we were at Mt. Morris, Mary was like a tender child. After she had taken an examination, she would come back to our room, and sit in my lap in the old armed-rockers, and sing herself to sleep. She loved petting and kind words. Her nature was such that I think she could not have lived without affection."

Mrs. Laura (Cartwright) March, Aug. 18, 1924 at Oregon, Illinois, wrote, "Mary Bradstreet was a schoolmate, and personal friend of mine. I recall how pleased we were with her literary efforts at that time. I had scarce realized how far in the Past, Time has removed those years. Mrs. Laura Benedict Clark was my grandmother, who built the first large brick hotel in Mt. Morris; and Maria and Mary had their rooms there while students. I well remember Mattie Morris and the great revival held in the chapel of the Seminary. I am retaining the obituary with Mary's dear face, and her brave beautiful poem, "They Have Gone Home." I recall her as one of the most saintly of women, as well as highly gifted."

A reminiscence of Mary's instructor in a class in Composition, the Reverend Olin F. Mattison, Evanston, Illinois, Nov. 22, 1922. "I remember Miss Mary Bradstreet very well; and can recall her as she looked when she was a student at Rock River Seminary. The most I recall concerning her is that she was very devoted in her religious life, seeming to make that the thing of most importance. I have no doubt she was a good student. It is a pleasant thought to me that in the closing hours of her long illness, she was comforted by the words of Scripture I had used as the text of a sermon, viz. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." Hebrews 13:8, and that she repeated them over and over."

Mary wrote—

The Yellow Chrysanthemum

Chrysanthemum, how fair a sight!
Your fringe and tuft in sunny light,
With radiant gleam of jewels old,
With lustrous depths and sheen of gold,
You glow like yellow lamps at night.

It is your day, your fairy right,
We hail your coming, flower-bright,
To deck the autumn waste and wold
Chrysanthemum

A princess thou, and benedight,
Whose radiance is a sheen of might,
Whose gladness shall the heart enfold,
Joy, mirth and music we behold
When thou art golden on the height
Chrysanthemum.

Wild Rose, Keepsake.

The sweet wild-rose you gave to me
Wild-rose, morn-pearled with the dew
Is yellow and sere. Ah! I see
The sweet wild rose you gave to me;
Still how oft and how tenderly
It whispers of love that was true!
The sweet, wild-rose you gave to me
Wild-rose, morn-pearled with dew.

In Memoriam of My Young Friend,
Delana (Hawthorn) Harris.

In October, on its last day, Mary
walked through the dry fallen leaves,
approaching the house where her friend,
Delana, lay in her last sleep. It seemed
a fitting time to die when all the
summer verdure was perishing beneath
the hoar frost of the chill evenings.

Mr. Harris, the agonized husband,
came down the walk to meet the mourn-
ful caller. He essayed to speak but his
voice failed. He whispered, "Delana is
gone, sister Mary, and I tell you that I
cannot live without her. They will not
believe it. I must go where she is. The
last threads are severed which bind me
to human life."

In less than a month Mr. Harris was
dead. Soon only the winds were sighing
among their graves in the Daysville
Cemetery.

As twilight's purple glow across
The sky is dimmed, O weight, O loss,
She fades from sight,
Those happy days with her are past,
The light of home is overcast

And day seems night
Delana.

How great the dreariness of life!
And void the world where gloom is rife,
Without her here.

In sob and silence they have borne
Our loved away; bereft, we mourn
The lost one dear,
Delana.

Above her grave the cypress sighs
The myrtle creeps, and poppy lies
On pillow white,
The ministry of love laid down,
The mystery of death,—a crown
And rest and light
Delana.

Delana died Oct. 30, 1859 aged 22
years. The Rev. A. J. Harris followed
her Nov. 25, 1859 aged 26 years.

The bluffs were softened to amethyst
in the autumnal light, the reflected red
glow of the low fires of sunset. A per-
fect serenity reigned. Birds flew across
the sky, the deepening twilight sky.
Since the hour Mary had received the
news she had been suffering. She was
past tears. But Mary wept for her
friend many times as the years went by.

Roses And Lilies

The roses are sweet, the lilies are fair,
The buds all of red, the blooms all of
white

Star-gemmed with the dew and spangled
in air.

O, the words of a song! And a love-note
rare!

O, the flowers are a vista of fairy
sight

The roses are sweet, the lilies are fair.
They bloomed in youth's garden of Eden,
where

They spilled their rare fragrance upon
the night

Star-gemmed with the dew and spangled
in air.

He tells of his life it is mine to share
Amid the blossoms of earth blown-
bright

The roses are sweet, the lilies are fair
And hand in hand with flowers there
We pledge to the love that our hearts
indite

The roses are sweet, the lilies are fair
Star-gemmed with the dew and spangled
in air.

Forget-Me-Nots

Sweet flowers of blue, no fairer blow
Along the glen, in mossy glade,
Where early streams of spring-time
flow!

How short your stay we sad'y know
Yet memories shall never fade.
Sweet flowers of blue, no fairer blow
Along the glen in mossy glade.

The Faculty and Pastors of the Seminary were men of spiritual, mental and moral power.

The Reverend John Hyle Vincent, pastor at Mt. Morris, Illinois, gave this resolution: "I will this day try to live a simple, sincere and serene life; repelling promptly every thought of discontent, anxiety; and discouragement, impurity, and self-seeking; cultivating cheerfulness, magnanimity, charity, and the habit of holy silence, exercising economy in expenditure, carefulness in conversation, diligence in appointed service, fidelity to every trust, and a child-like trust in God."

Possessed of a calm, conquering force added to an innate exquisiteness, the leader of a revival so memorable as the one at Mt. Morris, he was the students' Christian example for emulation. Having aroused the interest of the student-body, especial concern was evinced as to whether he could hold out in such a state of excellence, but he happily surprised his hearers by increasing in the grace and wisdom of Christ. Having arranged his affairs, he entered classes in psychology and philosophy in the Seminary; with this end in view; that a man is always a student as knowledge and wisdom are exhaustless.

The principal of the Seminary was Professor and Reverend William T. Harlow who took charge of the school in June 1855; one who Bishop John Hyle Vincent called "an earnest, amiable, practical man beloved by the students." This teacher concerned himself with the development of the personalities of the students. He held to no narrow definition or conception of learning, but his one aim was that of character-building. His was a high and a serene personality, the consciousness of his own integrity welling up in his heart.

He taught Mary's classes in Natural Philosophy (Physics), Mental Philosophy (Psychology), Moral Philosophy (Ethics); and this devout instructor was a spiritual help to her. Teachers coming under his instruction aspired to be leaders of youth in pathways which very definitely lead to the fulness of life.

"We had an excellent teacher and example in Professor Harlow," said H. T. Scoville.

Elizabeth Harlow Williamson, writing Feb. 14, 1925 noted, "My father was never what we call a 'Pioneer Preacher.' His health failed while in the Seminary and he took a few places to preach, because it, gave him more outdoor exercise; but he continued at the same time his work in the school. Brother McKean and Cartwright did the pioneer work some years before, as they were much older men. The Cartwrights lived in Mt. Morris quite a number of years and knew the Bradstreets well."

Professor Harlow bade Maria and Mary a last farewell at the Bradstreet-Home in Franklin Grove, when he and Mrs. Harlow were on their way to Colorado, not long before his death.

Mrs. Frances Ann Harlow was a lady of simple unobtrusive manners.

An associate principal and an instructor, distinguished for his scholarly attainments, in the Seminary was Professor John Williamson, who was son-in-law of Principal Harlow. He had a wide influence for good, and later became Mary's pastor at Franklin Grove.

Once in the class in Mathematics, when Mary had finished the explanation of an exceptionally difficult problem, Professor Williamson called out, "You need never study arithmetic any longer Miss Mary. You have a mathematical head." As a student Mary cultivated her mental faculties; thought out her problems logically, and chose the correct words in explanation. She had great intellectual satisfaction in the ability to solve problems with precision and speed.

John Williamson (1839-1900) married 1864 Elizabeth Frances Harlow. In 1865-7 he served as associate principal with O. F. Mattison; in 1874 joined the Rock River Conference. Dr. William A. Burch said, "Dr. Williamson was like Moody.

He had absolute faith in the Word of God. He believed and believed what he believed until it took possession of his whole being, and made him a power in bringing men to God. His influence will be felt through eternity by those touched by his strenuous life. It carries the lesson of faith and works as few lives have done."

Franklin Grove was Dr. Williamson's first charge and he did much to build up that church. He defined the actual things that make Christian principles powerful.

Elizabeth Frances Harlow (1841-1926) was dearly beloved by Mary, as a classmate, a pastor's wife, and a lifelong friend; and they spent several pleasant hours together from time to time. Olin F. Mattison said, "Mrs. Williamson was a woman of attractive personality, and an earnest Christian, deeply devoted."

Of the five children, Howitt, John, Merom, Robert and Edith, the first three were often guests in Mary's home, the second and third having been born in or near Franklin Grove.

Olin F. Mattison was an associate principal and Mary's instructor in English Composition. An instructor's pride glistened in his eye. From his teaching there emerged in her mind many a new and vitally important conception of thought and its expression. She gave to her composition a very definite literary charm, for she had acquired the art of using correct and effective English.

Son of the Reverend Spencer Mattison, a pioneer circuit rider, was born in Macon, Georgia, and died at 718 Clark Street, Evanston, Illinois, April 20, 1936, aged 94 years. He was a member of First M. E. Church, Evanston for 22 years, on superannuated relation after 49 years in the ministry where he served Aurora, Barrington, Evanston at Covenant M. E. Church, also Evanston at Hemenway M. E. Church and Joliet, Illinois.

Beside preaching he was Instructor in English Composition at Rock River Seminary, Mt. Morris, Illinois. Assistant Principal with Dr. John Williamson; afterward Instructor in Soldiers' College at Fulton Illinois.

He married in 1869 Annie D., his wife who died in 1923; had five children who reached adult age: Hugh H. Mattison, Barrington, Ill.; Robert S. Mattison, Memphis, Tenn.; Myrtle Mattison, Oak Park, Ill.; Miss Mattison, married to Carleton H. Pendleton, Evanston, Ill.; Miss Mattison, wife of Professor Walter R. Meyers of the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minn.

In 1928 he married Anna Ferris—his widow.

Funeral held at First M. E. Church, Evanston, interment in Wheaton, Ill.

Caroline Mumford (1836-1908) was a graduate of Wyoming Seminary, 1857, taught in the Seminary; had several classes in Art; preceptress until 1861 when she was married to Dr. Thomas Winston; moved in 1906 to Kansas. Mary studied happily under Miss Miller and Miss Mumford.

Mrs. Beebe was a pattern of propriety to the young ladies; and Professor Pope to the young men. Some of Students were:

The James Clark Tavern stood on the corner of Main and Seminary streets, and was called "The New York House." Mrs. Laura Clark rented rooms in her hotel to students whom she graciously chaperoned. Her daughter Chloe, who was Mrs. Cartwright lived in the hotel, with her children, when Mr. Cartwright went "to the Front." As Maria and Mary had rooms in the hotel, they were all members of one happy household. Laura Cartwright and Mary were lovely and pleasant in their lives. James H. Cartwright was a student at "Old Sandstone," who was well-known for his love for and interest in debating and oratory. At the time of his death in 1924, he still held his office in the Illinois Supreme Court as Judge.

A happy household at Mt. Morris was chaperoned by Martha Scoville; and the young people who did light house-keeping were Martha, and her three brothers, Horace, Henry and Homer, and Delia Hazelton, a schoolmate. They were all Paynes Point friends of the Bradstreet girls. The Scoville family noted that the sons all bore names beginning with "H." and the daughters with "M." was well represented at the Seminary and later in the Army, when

the three brothers enlisted.

Captain Horace C. Scoville, Co. K., com. 2nd lieut., Sept. 4, 1862; prom. 1st lieu. 1863; capt. 1864; mustered out June 21, 1865.

Homer W. Scoville, enl. 1862; disch. 1864.

Henry T. Scoville enl. 1862; disch. 1863.

Martha S. Scoville (1838-1908) married 1872 Thomas W. Leake. She was a member of Mary's class at Payne's Point, and a loyal student of the Seminary.

Thomas W. Leake (1839, Leicester-shire, England, came to U. S. in 1841, entered the Seminary in 1858; studied in Evanston; resided at Temperance Hall; did business in Franklin Grove, and regularly attended camp-meetings held in that grove. His long acquaintance-ship with Mary lasted until his death.

Henry T. Scoville gives this list of students who were friends: Misses Annis Nettleton, Martha Morris, Mary Hills, Olive Wells, Alma Cheney, Maria and Mary Bradstreet, Martha Scoville, Laura Cartwright, Ellen Potter, Delia Hazelton, Gussie Anderson;—Men: C. C. Snyder, O. F. Mattison, H. C. Scoville, H. T. Scoville, H. W. Scoville, Thomas Leake, James Cartwright, Edward M. Battis, Samuel Morris, Joseph M. Piper, Peter Myers.

Mary E. Slater (1832-1921) attended the Seminary; married 1859 Daniel Appleford. O. F. Mattison said, "Mrs. Appleford was a most excellent woman. No one could know her without feeling the attraction and winsomeness of a lovely character.

John B. McGuffin (1840-1916) served nearly fifty years in the ministry, going about doing good. His solicitude was paternal in its tenderness.

Martha Morris led Mary into an experience of a perfect trust in God. Her memory is cherished, as is that of Mary Hills (1841-1868) another student; the center of a host of friends.

Jennie N. Wilson was a dear girl whom Mary led to accept Christ. She taught school, was married to Andrew J. Nichols. For eight years she counseled his motherless daughters who never ceased to pay tribute to her beautiful

character—Elnora, Flora and Nellie.

Before her mind wandered as Death approached, Jennie sent for Mary to come and sing hymns, read the Scripture, and pray for her. Tenderly Mary joined prayers with the undaunted Christian.

Sarepta M. Irish, later Mrs. Henry, wrote poems and hymns. "My Father Knows" was full of comfort. Her life was a blessing.

A student to attain to a long life was Annis Nettleton (1832-1920) who spent her life in the vicinity of Lighthouse; except in 1865 when, without salary, she went south, first to Mississippi, and then to Virginia and taught in orphan schools for colored children. She was preceptress of the Seminary for some time.

Charles Ellery Ives (1842-19--) studied at "Old Sandstone," enlisted in 1862; practiced law in Amboy; married 1874 Eva Lamb.

One of Mary's dearest companions was Jennie McKean (1842-1925) who was married to the Rev. Amos H. Miller. Mary often recalled their merry school girl pranks.

Joseph Wardle, a young man of elderly looks, a native of England, was a classmate and later, a pastor of Mary's. (1834-1924).

Adaline Haney (1841-1928) studied at Mt. Morris, was married 1860, to Dr. G. R. Palmer with whom she shared the experiences of army and ministerial life. Her sons, Edmund, Russell, Spencer, James; and her daughters, Carrie, Mary and Louise, rise up to call her blessed. Hers was a life of beauty, a faith of joy.

Lucy Crouch, later Mrs. Edward Battis, wrote from Greensboro, N. C. Feb. 19, 1925, "What wonderful days those were at Mt. Morris! There is where I first knew what love was. There is where my future life was planned; and it was planned well." Lucy was a near and dear friend who was married to Edward Monroe Battis. Visits and correspondence were only ended by death.

E. M. Battis was a brother beloved. He rang the seminary bells, mounting the narrow ladders to the cupola, some-

times scaling the icy roof when the bell turned over. He died in 1913 at Greensboro, N. C. His face was full of a fine charm, with a kindly, calm gaze.

Mary attended the Seminary twenty-seven school months, or five terms of five months each, and a short term. She taught eleven terms of school, Maria doubled Mary's record as teacher.

J. N. Sanford followed Professor Little and served as School Commissioner in 1863-4, the last year Mary taught in Ogle County.

A happy re-union was held August 20-22, 1886 and another enjoyable one in 1889.

We're Passing On

To The Students of Rock River Seminary, Mt. Morris, Illinois.

We're passing on to silent habitation.

So many friends have vanished from the way,
That we are startled at the revelation.

We're passing on, the hair of snowy white

Can bleach no fuller there; all grief is o'er,

And peace abides. God's peace, o'er death's long night.

We're passing on, and Age's head is laid
On satin pillow daisied for the dead,
And ours the asphodels that never fade.

We're passing on, the bell rings not the day.

'Tis curfew on the low Mt. Morris hills

The mist is o'er our Alma Mater grey.

We're passing on, 'tis almost eventide,

The twilight stars are lighting in the sky,

Dear Earth, adieu. Ye gates of dawn, open wide!—

A noteworthy picture is that of "Old Sandstone," the dormitory at Mt. Morris. This picture was taken when the flames had gained great headway and part of the roof had fallen in. It is a scene of historic value, for at one time such men as Gen. Lew Wallace, (author of "Ben Hur"), Senator Cullom and the late R. R. Hitt were sheltered within its walls.

"The Franklin Reporter" Jan. 5, 1918. A love for the Past was a predominating, a characterizing quality of this poet's verse.

The flames of the candles flared,
smoldered and died

The song died away reverberating
along the empty college halls.

Vale! Vale!

Thus closed the experiences at Mt. Morris but Mary throughout her life, felt the energizing power she had received in the sense of sharing deeply-felt convictions and spiritual aspirations. These brief biographies throw many lights on the early "sixties" of the school circles of northern Illinois; and lead us down to an age so recent that for many of us, they still seem to breathe of a day not fled.

CHAPTER V

War Days

Womanhood

School kept term after term and the weary war wore on. Mary served her country loyally by standing staunchly at her post in the schoolroom in the crises that tried men's souls.

It was Daniel Webster who finely said, "On the diffusion of education

among the people, rests the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions."

Mary wrote,

The Cross of War

Each brother in the ways along
From East to West,—the weak, the

strong,

The glad and young, the sad and old
In hut of stone, or dome of gold
Hath now his cross.

The load is light, or travel-worn,
As on the march it forth is borne;
The nails are on the cross-piece nigh,
The thorns above the head-rest high,
The weight of cross.
Our brothers southward day by day,
Are fighting bravely—Blue and Gray;

The North with South; the Palm with
Pine;

Would that their gallant ranks were
mine,

And I their cross.

Alas! The cross is arrow-tipped,
In agony the hand is gripped
Upon the beam. In pain each bears
His sacrifice; and Lincoln shares
Our Country's cross.

We still march on, with oft a song
To cheer the battle-line along,
The burden borne will lighter grow,
And Freedom's holy light shall glow
To crown our cross.

Mary wrote,

"In War Time,"

When the Civil War broke out, the shadow of a nation's sorrow fell over our home and hearts. It was a time of great grief. Mothers and wives bade farewell to loved ones; sweethearts said "Good By" to lovers; children kissed their fathers for the last time. Farewells were echoed on every side.

The streets of Mt. Morris resounded deafenly to the trampling of soldiers' feet. As the "Boys in Blue" entrained, friends walked by their side to the cars, and spoke words of cheer to brighten the sadness of the hour. Those of us, who witnessed the parting of friends, and who quaffed deeply of the cup of sorrow, suffering anxiety for four years, rejoice to-day that our country is one and inseparable.

I did my best to comfort the sorrow, for there were many who needed consolation. In the silent watches of the night, the anxiety over my country's fate swept over me almost in despair.

There was news of battles. The papers were eagerly scanned; long lists of the names of the dead, wounded and the

exchange of prisoners, were read, with mixture of hope and fear. How deep was the grief when the name of a dear one stood out in clearness among the lists of the dead! Some of the Boys in Blue were taken to Andersonville or to Libby Prisons (Benjamin Noe, Jesse Farrell, Thaddeus Spafford), and there was only the hope that they might be exchanged.

The teacher must read the letter from the front over to each aged uncle and aunt; dictate the letters her scholars wrote to their fathers; answer numerous letters for the aged, the ill and the ignorant. As the children's friend she was expected in every home to rejoice over a furlough or mourn over a death. Last of all, the teacher must sing night after night at patriotic meetings, and drill her pupils for the rallies.

The days passed into weeks, and the four years of fire and trial went by. The Sanitary Commission afforded us an opportunity to contribute lint, supplies and money. Our hearts and our hopes were with our Flag."

Mary's aged father dauntlessly volunteered to go to the Front, and was asked to be a colonel. He had seen service in the "1812" War; and was well-versed in military tactics; but when the War Department noticed that his age was sixty-six years, he was refused enlistment. It was a blow to the brave veteran to be told he was too old to answer Lincoln's Call for Volunteers. He made speeches in hall and church and gave his every endeavor to the perpetuation of the Union.

Old Abe, The Wisconsin Eagle

Mary told her pupils about this mascot. On a perch at the top of a staff "Old Abe" rode with the Eagle Regiment, seeing fire first at Farmington, Mississippi, followed by thirty-five succeeding battles. The bird was wounded at the fierce engagements at Corinth and before Vicksburg, and was mustered out of service in 1864.

"Old Abe" came to Chicago in 1865 to help in the Sanitary Fair, selling through his agents a pamphlet edition of his life, netting a sum of sixteen thousand dollars for the sick soldiers.

(In March 1881, the brave soldier-bird was suffocated by smoke from a fire, destroying the Madison Court-House).

The bird's brightly-colored photograph taken with "Old Glory" adorned the family album, in company with war-portraits of Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, McClellan, Logan, Meade and Sheridan.

While in Polo, Mary had two, little pets, Annie Buck and Annie Parmalee, who remained among her sweetest memories. Mary always recalled Polo as the town of dear children.

One lad came up to her desk and giving her a kiss, said, "When I am big, I am going to marry you." This pupil was Henry Aplington, son of Mr. Venas Aplington, the founder of Polo, Illinois (Aug. 7, 1852-Sept. 19, 1935); burial in Fairmount Cemetery, Polo, Ill. He thought of his teacher in long years afterwards as the innamorato of his school-boy dreams. A girl told her mother, "I love Miss Bradstreet. When I am grown I am going to wear dresses just like teacher's."

At the winter gatherings of the neighbors, mention was made of a wartime favorite, S. C. Foster (1826-1864) author of "Old Dog Tray," "Old Folks At Home," "Old Black Joe," "My Old Kentucky Home," the latter being Bardstown, Kentucky.

Mary played and sang these songs to cheer the weary war-days; used them daily in her schools; and repeated them many times as long as she lived.

She also sang the Mexican war-songs, "The Gypsies' Warning," "Come Birdie, Come," "Down By The Riverside" and others.

While in Polo teaching, Mary boarded with the Daniel Buck family (1829-1874), Mrs. Lucy A. Buck (1833-1885), Frankie (1863-1864), Annie died young. Adele (1861-1875); Charles, Mary, later Mrs. Perkins. The family visited Mary in Franklin Grove, and she returned the visit with pleasure.

Mary L. Buck, was married to G. W. Perkins; her son Bryant L. was born July 31, 1876, and Bryant Helmershausen "Dollee" came August 5, 1876. The earth has long-closed over both of their bright faces.

Mary wrote of Mrs. Lucy A. Buck's death:

And Thou Art Dead

And thou art dead, and gone from me
To the far land of mystery

I cannot fathom, as I weep
The mystic shadows dark and deep
That over-hang the life-to-be.

Thou hast the endless victory.
The golden morning is for thee,
Wherein glad angels skyward sweep
And thou art dead.

The flowers fade all silently
Upon the grave; so tenderly
His watch the Lord of Life shall keep
He giveth His Beloved, Sleep.
It is the dead, His Face who see,
And thou art dead.

Jonathan C. Allaben (1813-1889) school director, and Mrs. A. D. Allaben (1813-1900) were esteemed friends, as were Samuel F. Brock, Jacob Brubaker, Sallie Wilcoxon and other young people.

Many of the young men at Rock River Seminary enlisted eagerly, with earnest ideals of service, in the "92nd" Ill. Vol. Regt.; the lieutenant-colonel of which was B. F. Sheets (1832-1922), a member of the Class of 1855 in the Seminary. "In 1863 B. H. Cartwright was commissioned Chaplain of the '92nd'. He was with Sherman and Kilpatrick in the famous "March To The Sea." His piety and patriotism 'were commingled in a happy union. He was the happy possessor of three crown jewels, love of man, country, and God. By the one he became a philanthropist, the other a patriot, the other a Christian. His influence will long remain in thousands of hearts as a benediction," said Dr. James Manley Phelps. Aloof in the sorrowing throng Cartwright stood silent; by an insuperable power holding the soldier boys firmly to their vows.

In these stirring times, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a popular novel, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, its authoress, a national heroine. Katie Putnam played "Little Eva" on many tours over the country. Mary read Dec. 20, 1852 that his story had created such excitement in Paris that a man with a copy under his arm was held up and robbed of his booty.

The great classic of human sympathy came into the school and home life soon after April 3, 1862, when Victor Hugo issued his "Les Miserables." The Union Army carried the Volunteers' Edition,



DANIEL MOORE BRADSTREET
1795—1877



CLARISSA TODD BRADSTREET
1800—1889





and the Boys in Blue by hundreds, read by their evening camp-fires.

Extracts from it were worth repeating, as,

"Humanity is one, for all men are of the same clay—we are the same shadow before, the same flesh during, and the same ashes afterwards;"

and again,

"Love each other well and always. There is no other thing in the world but that; love one another;"

and, as,

"God apportions things. He sees us all and He knows what He does amid His great stars."

Golden-haired Eva, dark-eyed Cosette, and Gertrude, the Lamp-lighter vied in the affection with Minnie Sherman and Nellie Grant, among the scholars in Mary's schoolrooms. I do not know how many dolls were named "Catherine."

Mary rejoiced in the appreciation shown to her kinsman Wendell Phillips. "Especially may the colored men rejoice that it pleased God to raise up in their behalf this inspired advocate of their inalienable rights; this terrible denunciator of their wrongs; this sincere sympathizer with their sufferings, this brave true, stalwart friend. Their rights vindicated before the world, their wrongs wiped out, their sufferings soothed and healed, their race set free, enfranchised, educated, elevated, long will the colored race remember—their debt of gratitude to Wendell Phillips." (Report accepted Feb. 6, 1884 of the Com. appointed in Mass. Legislature.)

Mary was reared in an atmosphere of avowed resistance to the perpetuation of slavery. She dreaded the inexorable consequences of sedition.

On April 10, 1865 Mary read in the city papers which came to Franklin Grove, daily, that the "Old Flag" was vindicated, and she knew the Civil War was over.

Mary was crossing the railway tracks north to her home, when "Lincoln Is Shot!" rang out bitterly on the startled air. The stunned and grieved young woman staggered to her parents, where the three lamented the astounding catastrophe. What a day of grief! On the 17th inst. there were full details of the tragedy. Secretary Seward still lived. Booth was being hunted by the Pinkertons. A nation mourned. On May 5th Abraham Lincoln was laid in his tomb in Springfield, Illinois.

Mary frequently read Mr. Lincoln's favorite poem, "O Why Should The Spirit of Mortal Be Proud." She admired the bronze medallion designed for the city of Philadelphia, upon the end of the war, which had superscribed upon it: "Washington, the Father of his Country, Lincoln, the Saviour, Grant, the Preserver." One of the most striking consequences of the successful culmination of the war, was the idolization of President Lincoln, who became from cottage to palace, the nation's "Father Abraham." A fine steel engraving of Lincoln resting in the arms of Washington, who was holding a wreath of fame above the head of the martyred patriot, was greatly admired.

On May 30, 1865 the new President, Andrew Johnson, issued an amnesty proclamation with the assent of Congress. The first state to be re-admitted was North Carolina and Mary's heart beat high with joy, as the stars began to come back in their Country's sky. With a beatific smile Mary saluted her glorious Flag.

Valor

To the G. A. R. Post George W. Hewitt, with gratitude for memorial services held at my father's grave.

For Flag and Home the soldier dies.
How great the love, the sacrifice!
Undying in his valor bide
The soldier's faith, the nation's pride.
Far dearer than the love of life
Is Liberty. From fields of strife
Is seen beyond the funeral pyres
The rise of incense from the fires.



CHAPTER VI

Life At "Maplehurst" 1866-1904

When Mary needed a school certificate of Lee County, her father drove with her to Lee County Superintendent of Schools, B. F. Atherton's office at Paw Paw, Illinois. The drive over to Paw Paw Grove, to a village of pioneer dwellings on the prairies, was not far from the former camp of Chief Shabbona. On the way they met a candidate for a certificate returning home in tears.

"Well! Let us see!" exclaimed Mr. Atherton bluntly. "I am tired of examining candidates who do not know enough to sweep doorsteps." When Mary returned a set of arithmetic questions, he said grimly, "Try that one." In a short time Mary brought the special problem correctly solved, to his desk. "That will do."

"Your age? Months experience? Full name? I have read your credentials, and they are worth-while references. Your penmanship, spelling and general appearance are each excellent."

Then turning to his desk the Superintendent made out a first grade certificate similar to Mary's Ogle County First Grade Certificate; and remarking, at the same time, to Major Bradstreet, "You may well be proud of your daughter, for she is the only candidate of mine, who ever solved that catch problem."

Going home Mary exclaimed, "Oh! Father," looking up into his face with trusting tenderness, "I hold a first grade of two counties!"

"Well done," was the answer, "For goose-quill pens and sand-bottle blotters," and he gave her a quiet, kindly smile.

Her mind was a veritable store-house of rich scholarship.

At the Buck school, north of the village, known as the "Pine View" School, with a captivating amiability, Mary taught a delightful term; among her beloved pupils were Mrs. Sallie

Chamberlain, and her little son, Oscar W., Susie Buck later Mrs. David B. Senger, and Anna Dierdorff later Mrs. Willis A. Moore.

The poems which Mary frequently repeated were: "Rienzia's Address To The Romans," "The Burial of Moses," "Songs Of The Seven," "An Elegy Written In A Country Graveyard," "The Raven," extracts from "The Seasons" and from "Paradise Lost." Mary re-told "Sinbad The Sailor" in both French and English, and beautifully reproduced the novels of Charles Dickens. For a whole evening she would keep the family circle spell-bound with "The Old Curiosity Shop," "Pickwick Papers," "David Copperfield," or maybe "Edwin Drood," "Little Dorrit," or "Bleak House." Also by other authors, much current literature. She read all her life long, and lived in her books, with the numerous characters, judging them by her stern New England standards, but loving some of them all her days. Her story-teller was Charles Dickens, her master-author, John Milton, her favorite allegory "Pilgrim's Progress," and her great poem "Paradise Lost."

The teachers who taught Mary in music were Mrs. Anna Moore in Polo, Mrs. John Henry Wingert in Franklin Grove. Her favorite selections were anthems, hymns, nocturnes, chorals, and both war songs and popular melodies. Three hymns she especially interpreted were "Sessions," "Sweet Hour Of Prayer" and "The Mercy Seat." Three songs she sang with a loving interpretation were: "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now," "When You And I Were Young Maggie" and "Listen To The Mocking Bird."

This was the bridegroom's story. He was standing on the main street of Franklin Grove when he saw a lady, the stateliness of whose every motion pleased him, coming toward the George H. Taylor Grain Office. She seemed to

him, to be his ideal; the double of a dream-girl he had loved and lost. After the lady left the office he crossed the street and entering through the Ezra Wood Flour and Feed Market, reached a side door to the room.

"Who is the lady, George, may I ask? It was in the spring of the year.

"A Miss Bradstreet, an applicant for the principalship of our schools, who presents a strong credential from Dr. Allaben of Polo, praising her excellent work in that town, as assistant principal of schools to L. B. Searl."

"Do not hire her permanently, for I am going to marry her. Put it in writing that the contract maybe broken by mutual consent."

"Well, and good, Charles," replied Mr. Taylor, and the two life-long friends shook hands. Mr. Taylor's benign visage bore a smile of kindness. Going north on the same street, the would-be bridegroom called at his sister Harriet's home, saying with a smile of quiet happiness, "Do you know the Miss Bradstreet who has applied for our school?"

"Yes, brother, I have met her and she is just such a lady as I should like to have for my children's teacher."

"Give a tea-party and introduce me, for I am going to marry her."

"I do not know any one I would rather see your wife to have and to hold."

It was on a sweet morning in spring.

On the twenty-seventh of June in the month of roses of the year 1866, when the last rays of the midsummer sun showered a rosy light until moonrise, these two acquaintances left the station of the village for Chicago, where in the spacious parlors of the Metropolitan Hotel (which fell in the fire Oct. 9, 1871); by the Reverend Luke Hitchcock, a pioneer friend of the bridegroom, they were joined together in the bonds of holy matrimony.

This was the bride's story which she told the last year of her life. Aged, grey, facing a tardy death, she held up a fresh, pink, hundred leaved rose, and said, "He came to our house, held out a rose like this one, saying, "Mary, I love you."

My dress was silk of the fashionable color called "moon-on-the-lake," my

bonnet was also of silk, honey-combed-crown, with pale maiden roses, and wide, moire ribbon streamers for ties.

It was popular then to have a going-away wedding. It was such a rose as this one," she said, and fell asleep. And so we left her, but in her dreams she smiled.

Upon returning home from their wedding trip, the young wife gathered around her a select circle of dear friends, which by the mysterious forces of life, was early broken by death.

The first wife of Lieutenant Alvah B. Fitch of charming amiability was the gifted organist of the Methodist Episcopal choir of which Mary was the second alto singer.

Olive Nay, the gentle wife of Dr. S. A. Griswold was a true friend. Mrs. Griswold (1840-1873) succeeded Mrs. Fitch as organist. Hers was a gentle and sweet spirit.

Mrs. Elizabeth Williamson was a classmate, and close friend. She said, "During my husband's pastorate there she, Mary, proved herself a true and faithful friend by her many kindnesses and favors to us which I shall never forget."

To Mary, her cousin James Moore's son Leon and daughter Nina were ever dear. The family was very proud of Leon's gift for sculpture.

Two of Mary's pupils, Mary Pearl Wood, and Olia Chamberlain Brooks, resided several years in the village to their former teacher's joy.

Many pleasant memories were cherished of two lovable girls, Mattie Brown and Mary Mattern, of Mrs. Anna Gear Blocher, Mrs. Clarissa Timothy Black, Miss Julia Brackett who became Mrs. Dr. Charles Gardiner.

Catharine Woodruff of Lighthouse Point Church and Campmeeting sessions who was married to Charles Burgess Bill kept up a calling acquaintance with Mary. Their children were dear to each other.

The Bradstreet family lived in the village, the brothers Wesley and Daniel made yearly visits, the sister Martha came often and wrote letters. Old students made much-prized re-union visits, little messages went back and forth to Chana; Mrs. Roe made old-

fashioned enjoyable "tea-drinkings," and her heart was rich in these friendships. The ministers, who with great intelligence and comprehension occupied the pulpit of the Universalist Church were entertained. The Reverend Thomas J. Carney made his home at "Maplehurst" over the Sabbath of each two weeks.

The Reverend Hudson V. Chase and Mrs. Adaline Arundel Chase were congenial friends.

An enjoyable trip at this time was made to Ottawa where Mary attended the twenty-seventh session of the Rock River Conference on Sept. 19, 1866. Davis W. Clark, presiding as bishop. The congregation was enraptured with his eloquence. The pealing of the sweet conference bells, the calling the many members of numerous churches of her denomination, to worship the one true God in the beauty of holiness, awoke a serene smile. With calm attentiveness in the stillness of the morning, facing the radiant window of colored glass softened by the haze of silvery clouds, clasping her hands with an imploring mien she was exceedingly devout.

On one occasion, Mary enjoyed the thirty-fourth session in Mendota, Sept. 17, 1873 of another Conference. Matthew Simpson was bishop. The Sabbath sermon was a cherished memory. While in Mendota Mr. and Mrs. Helmershausen were guests of his brother-in-law the Hon. Thomas Elliott, and his sister Sophia.

In the home church Mary took an active part. At a service in which the main theme was "Heaven," seven ladies recited Jean Ingelow's "Songs of the Seven." "Seven Times Seven, Longing for Home" was beautifully recited by Mary to the delight of the large audience. The cadences re-sounded softly in, "I pray you hear my song of a boat."

An impressive reading of "The Burial of Moses" by Mrs. C. F. Alexander, was given by Mary, in the church. Her thought analysis, music, and reverence left nothing to be desired, as she pictured "By Nebo's lonely mountain."

One of Mary's chief charms was her low, musical persuasive voice. Her children often begged "Mother, sing!" "Mother tell me a story!"; "Mother talk

to me."

As health permitted she was a faithful member of the choir, adding much to the beauty of the service, by her rich alto voice. She also kept up a congenial calling acquaintance until her death.

To the circle of friends were added little people of great interest to the parents. The first-born was named Maud Minnie Adella, her birthday being April 24, 1867. The baptism was performed by the Rev. Mr. Gibson, the presiding-elder, in the Bradstreet Home, the witnesses being Daniel, Clarissa and Maria Bradstreet, little Harriet A. Helmershausen beside the elder and parent. The child was held in the black, wooden arm-rocker, with the rose medallions. The mother sought the child's best good, with golden hopes for the future.

The first son was born Sept. 2, 1868. His father chose "Frederick DeMent" for his name, the mother suggesting "Frank Daniel."

Homer Chase Hudson was the name of the second son, born Sept. 8, 1870.

The fourth child came in a heavy snow storm Feb. 11, 1872. This babe would awake early and to hushen him, the mother would sing softly of the "chick-a-dee," saying, "The ground was all covered with snow one day."

As the child grew to his second winter, if the mother did not waken completely, she would feel a kiss upon her forehead, and hear a tiny voice, saying "tick-dee."

This little boy was known as "Snowie." "Floyd Thayer William," was written. Once, when the mother was ill, the lonely child came into her room, crying, "Kiss me." "I cannot move," whispered the loving parent. Dragging a chair to the bed he climbed upon it, and reaching over to her, pointed with a finger to his forehead, and said, "Kiss me up a here, ma, kitts me up a' ha."

A kind friend lifted the child to a feeble embrace, and the act was a tonic to strengthen the mother who felt that she must exert all her will-power to live; when she was so sorely needed by such tender hearts.

A second daughter who came Sept. 14, 1874 was given the sweet name of "Alice," to which was added "Ada Dorothea." The mother remained to the

last year of her life, the companion of her daughters Adella and Alice.

The child born Aug. 5th, 1876 became the household Angel. The father chose his names, "Charles" for himself, "Bryant" for the poet; "Edwin" for his cousin, the Rev. Edwin Adams Helmershausen of the East Maine Conference.

Alice called the baby a "dolly" and so the name of "Dollee" came into use.

Dollee

O, baby dear!
What visitants to you came near,
What visions broke upon your view,
What voices spoke that only you
Could understand?
What unseen hand
Reached out and beckoned you away?

I saw you gaze
Within the glory veiled
When death with dreamy haze
Was creeping o'er your sight;
And when the little heart-throbs failed
And darkness deepened into night
You went away.

Mother.

Little "Dollee's" favorite Bible story was Matthew 8:22-27. "And when —"

His Evening Prayer was "Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep."

"Dollee" was an exceptionally lovely and a spiritual child. His grandmother Bradstreet said that he was soundly converted when but three years old.

The child would say, "Me'll preach. Me stan' up high, and say, 'Love Jesus.'" A short time before his death, he exclaimed, "Me no say, 'Love Jesus. Me go and see Jesus.'"

At his bed-time hour the child would repeat his prayers three times over, saying it made him happy to pray. The child's clothing became ignited from a huge bonfire; burning the leaves from the lawn and cornstalks from the garden; and the little body was so burned that death came in twenty-four hours. The dying child looked at the agonized mother with an expression of supreme affection, and said, "God."

The thirteenth of May, 1880, the child, his sweet face unmarred, was laid to rest. The Reverend Dr. Uriah Chittenden Roe read the Scriptures at the funeral in "Maplehurst," the text of his sermon

being the lesson I Cor. 15:20-58 "But now is Christ Risen." Dr. Roe sang a hymn full of comfort.

While the snow was falling on the grave of her little son, Mary wrote "So Deep."

So Deep

You cover deep, so deep, O snow,
You cover deep and white;
The little grave of darling child
You cover deep tonight

You cover deep, so deep, O snow
You cover deep and white,
I cannot reach the Angel Child
Within the realms of light.

Mary often played and sang "The Golden Stair" in memory of "Dollee," while the children paused to listen to the tender, little song that told where

"His feet were waiting
Close above the Golden Stair."

After this bereavement Mary seemed changed. As Sidney said, "The great in affliction, bear a countenance more princely than they were wont, for it is temper of the highest hearts, like the palm-tree, to strive most upward when it is most oppressed." "Arcadia."

Mary wrote—

To An Old Tree At Maplehurst

Your numbered years no bard may tell
You have no need of tolling bell,
Nor cypress winding, or of rue,
Is life or death the same to you?

It was beneath your restful shade
The little group came oft and played
'Twas there the "It" would make his
goal

And then the "patters" slyly stole.

O there was one who sought you oft
With tiny hand-clasps, accents soft,
His eyes grown wide, with searching
true.

For under branches that would do.

For horse and saddle—both in one;
And then what prancing, then what fun!
Beneath the maples, by the flowers,
Were crowded in the happy hours.

A baby dear, his plays were brief
He knew no storm, nor falling leaf.
Now doth he know in realms above
That pain and death are part of love?

The last child welcomed was Henry Warren Frederick, born Aug. 9, 1878.

The seven children were taught, counseled and prayed for. In her duties of motherhood Mary gained sympathy and instruction from the writings, on the subject of the training of children, from her ancestress, Anne Bradstreet. This Puritan mother had four sons, Samuel, Simon, Dudley and John, and four daughters Dorothy, Hannah, Sarah and Mercy.

"A prudent mother will not clothe her little child with a long and cumbersome garment. She easily foresees what events it is like to product, at the best but falls and bruises, or perhaps somewhat worse."

"A wise father will not lay a burden on a child of seven years old, which he knows is enough for one of twice his strength."

"When we consider how many good parents have had bad children, and again how many bad parents have had pious children it should make us adore the sovereignty of God, who will not be tied to time nor place, not yet to persons, but takes and chooses when and where and whom he pleases."

Mary Bradstreet's Tribute To Anne Bradstreet

"Meditations show that Mrs. Anne Dudley Bradstreet was a devout, earnest and trustful Christian gentlewoman.

Firm reliance upon God, and a perfect trust in Him, are shown throughout the poems, and miscellaneous writings, love for children and counsel and advice to them are tenderly expressed, forming a precious legacy.

In the life of this saintly woman great rectitude and patience were shown in facing calmly the dangers; and in bearing meekly the privations incident to emigrating to a new world; for she had been born and brought up in luxury and affluence in her home. In all manner of tribulation her counsel and comfort were in God. The poetical works prove that the first poet in New England was a keen observer of nature; a great reader of history; and an interested spectator in what was transpiring around her. A learned familiarity with the Bible,

is apparent in all the writings of this elect lady. She quoted frequently from its pages, and her English has a finish and a music which shows its constant perusal."

A list of the Bradstreets as they appear in the Quinquennial Catalogue of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

1653, Samuel	1700, Benjamin
1660, Simon	1728, Simon
1693, Simon	1792, Dudley Story
1698, Dudley	1795, Nathaniel
1834, Edward	

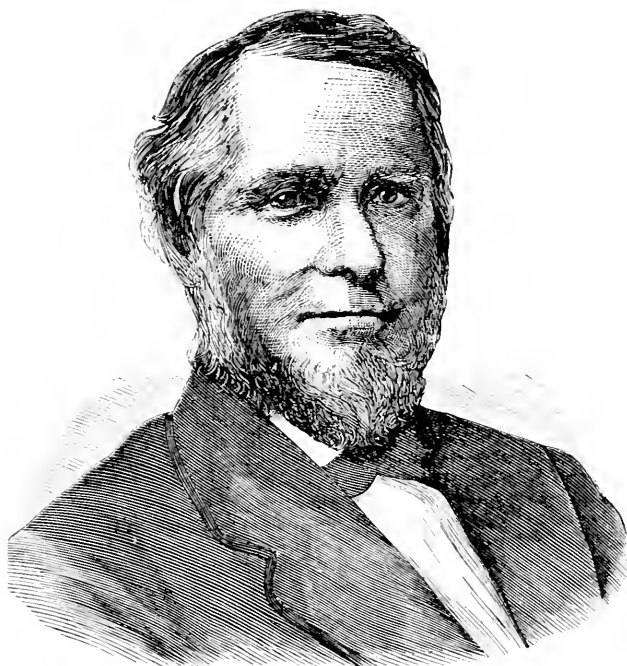
Mary sang her drowsy babies to sleep many and many a twilight with the dear song of Coates Kinney, "Rain On The Roof." The singer, Mr. Kinney resided in Xenia, Ohio, where Mary's cousin, Ellis Bradstreet and his wife, Eliza, lived. The children loved this old, favorite, bed-time song.

In January, 1873, the Hon. Shelby M. Cullom was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives, a matter of pride to all loyal students of "Old Sandstone." He was a member of Congress from Illinois for thirty years.

The mother spoke French at the table and even the tiniest could ask for bread in that language. She conversed with her eldest daughter about her wardrobe. Mrs. Sarah Boyes was the family couturiere (kow-tur-yer) or dressmaker. Mrs. Don Campbell was the family modiste (mow-deest). The family sewing-room was an atelier (ah-telyeh). The child's underwear was lingerie (lange-ree). In the spring at Easter the daughter's new clothes were her ensemble (on-sahn-ble) as she gave the appearance of being correctly dressed. At a party her clothing was soigne' (swan-yeh). When her hair was curled and tied with ribbons, her coiffure (kwah-furr) pleased her mother.

All the children loved to hear the story of "Sinbad the Sailor" told in French. They never tired of the adventures, the bird, the sea and the treasures.

A favorite story was entitled "The Swiss Family Robinson," by David Wyss, which depicted the adventures of a family of parents and four sons, shipwrecked on an uninhabited island near Java and not far from New Guinea. The eldest daughter designed a home in



DR. NATHANIEL BRADSTREET SHURTLEFF, 1810-1874
Namesake of Dr. Nathaniel Bradstreet.

th "old swaw apple tree" and the children dramatized the story with great delight.

But what family of children could grow up without Daniel Defoe's undying story of Robinson Crusoe? The eldest daughter built a house in a corn-shock, provisioned and furnished it, and spent one long glorious day as Alexander Selkirk. One brother must describe the island in all its wildness and isolation. Another brother must build a miniature stockade; another must dress up in an imaginary suit to look like old Robinson himself. The fight of the cannibals was uproarious enough to suit all the actors. Every one went to find Friday, and when found he was exultingly brought back a captive. When tired the children could sit under the shade trees on the cool grass, and build a boat, and tired at last go into the early supper as glad as was Robinson to return to England. Blessed be the friends named "Robinson." What would life have been without the "Man with Friday" and "the Swiss ones!"

Reverently Mary took up the burdens and joys of motherhood. She felt that the focusing of many lines of observation is upon the child. To him the state is looking for her citizen; science for an investigator; art for an interpretation; and religion for her incarnation.

The thoughtful mother approached the child under her care, as one nears a Gothic cathedral. She reviewed his past, sought his individuality, admired his traces of mind, and was reverent. She pled before God, for the largest attributes of soul and heart; for the inspiration of a wide culture; the energy and leadership of a glowing personality. Because of optimistic faith, the young mother turned to the highest manifestation of all things that touched her child and his life. The spirit of the summit, Mary believed, to be the true guide to effort.

"I must give," she said seriously, "an account to God for each of my children."

In October, 1874, Dr. Shurtleff died in Boston. His life was full of inspiration, and like his classmate at Harvard College, Wendell Phillips, furnished a most excellent and noble pattern for a mother,

rearing sons, to follow. Dr. Shurtleff was a namesake of Mary's great-uncle, Dr. Nathaniel Bradstreet. He had a reverent fancy as he tried to vitalize history, flashing rays of illumination along his pages, showing the glory inherent in common things and daily affairs.

Maxims From Cowper For Practice

"Glory built
On selfish principles, is shame and guilt."
—Table Talk.

"The world was made for man." —Ibid.

"By their own conduct they must
stand or fall." —Ibid.

"Let Discipline employ her wholesome
arts." —Ibid.

"Our ancestry, a gallant Christian race,
Patterns of every virtue, every grace,
Confessed a God." —Ibid.

"Neglected talents rust into decay." —Ibid.

"Free in his will to choose or to refuse,
Man may improve the crisis." —Ibid.

The Progress of Error

"Peace follows virtue as its sure
reward." —Ibid.

"Heaven's harmony is universal love."
—Ibid.

"Good sense, good health, good con-
science and good fame
All these belong to virtue." —Ibid.

"Let honest industry provide." —Ibid.

"Our most important are our earliest
years." —Ibid.

"A just deportment, manners graced
with ease." —Ibid.

"He has no hope, who never had a
fear." —Truth.

"His mind his kingdom and his will
his law." —Ibid.

"Rouse all your courage at your
utmost need." —Ibid.

"Humility is gentle, apt to learn."
—Expostulation.

"Act but an honest and faithful part."
—Ibid.

"Wisdom and goodness are twin-born,
one heart
Must hold both sisters, never seen apart."
—Ibid.

"Candid and just with no false aim in
view."—Ibid.

"Bind the task assigned thee to thy
heart."—Ibid.

"Life without a plan is useless." —Hope.

"Hope as an anchor firm and sure,
holds fast." —Ibid.

"My creed is, he is safe that does his
best." —Ibid.

"Honesty shines with great advantage."
—Ibid.

"Deem Life a blessing." —Ibid.

"His only answer was a virtuous life."
—Ibid.

"Good breeding and good sense gave
all a grace." —Ibid.

"Let nothing adverse, nothing unforeseen
Impede the bark." —Charity.

"The path of wisdom, all whose paths
are peace." —Ibid.

"All truth is precious." —Ibid.

"Pure in her aim, and in her temper
mild." Ibid.

"Such as our motive is, our aim must
be." —Ibid.

"Press your point with modesty and
ease." —Conversation.

"A tale should be judicious, clear,
succinct; the language plain, the incidents
well-linked." —Ibid.

"Pure modesty is a discerning grace."
—Ibid.

"Let him improve his talent if he can."
—Ibid.

"Truth divine, forever stands secure."
—Ibid.

"Ambitious not to shine or to excel
But to deal justly." —Ibid

"Daily derive increasing light and
force." —Ibid.

"A soul serene, and equally retired
From objects too much dreaded or
desired." —Retirement.

"Manly designs, and learning's grave
pursuits." —Ibid.

"Attempts no task it cannot well
fulfil." —Ibid.

"Improve the kind occasion." —Ibid.

"The good we never miss, we rarely
prize." —Ibid.

"Absence of occupation is not rest."
—Ibid.

"A mind quite vacant is a mind
distressed." —Ibid.

"Conscience and our conduct judge us
all." —Ibid.

"An idler is a watch that wants both
hands
As useless if it goes as when it stands."
—Ibid.

"The friend of truth, the associate of
sound sense." —Ibid.

"Worthy to live." —Ibid

"Amusement and true knowledge hand
in hand." —Ibid.

"Habits of close attention." Ibid.

On Nov. 13, 1875 Dr. Williamson wrote,
"My life, as a minister of Christ was
begun in Franklin Grove. Two most
delightful years were passed in your
village. The scenes and friendships of
that sacred time will live in my memory
forever."

Many stories were read and told to
the children. The child's fancy led him
a captive into storyland.

Sometimes Mary had difficulty in
adjusting material to her audience. The
first child interrupted with a sigh,
after the mother had read a half-hour
from "Paradise Lost." "Mother, isn't
there going to be anything about a play-
house?"

When she had read a serious extract,
her eldest son inquired, "When do we
get to General Washington, mother?"
The very fact that the child delighted
in the story showed its adaptability to
his needs. She knew that her child's



Henry Charles Frederick



Mary Fletcher Bradstreet

HELMERSHAUSEN
Married June 27, 1866, in Chicago



Adella, 4 Years



Frank, 11 Years



Chase, 9 Years



Floyd, 7 Years



Alice, 11 Years



Henry, 7 Years

MARY'S CHILDREN



A portrait of Mary's first baby. In a small torquoise frame, Mary kept this picture on her dresser or near her invalid chair while she lived



LITTLE FRANK
Two and One-half



BABY CHASE

MARY'S LITTLE SONS

mind was fanciful and that the story appealed to his imagination. She also knew that the story she told allowed range for the introduction of science, geography and correct speech. Hence she helped the schoolwork of her children with Miss Ramsdell, Mrs. Newton, Miss Timothy and Miss Thomas. On cold wintry mornings of several years, the studious mother sat by the fire, and read after six o'clock to the little sons lying awake in the adjacent bed-room till the house was warm enough for them to arise.

Her child was an American, and Mary tried to have him learn true Americanism—a great ambition to be noble, an unflinching faith in a nation of the people, and loyalty to the Flag. To teach compassion she told "The Soldier's Reprieve," how President Lincoln had pardoned a soldier named Bennie Allen, who had slept at his post, when his little sister Blossom went from Vermont to Washington to plead for his life. To teach carefulness, Mary told the story of Ginevra of Modena, the girl who had shut herself in a spring-locked chest, and suffocated. Always to look all ways

before leaping into some thing unknown, was the counsel given.

To make the children watchful the mother tenderly told the sad story of the lost Charley Ross. Sometimes at prayers with her children kneeling around the Franklin Stove, the gentle mother Mary prayed for that mourner who grieved over a lost child; and many prayers were framed by infant lips "God take good care of lost Charley Ross."

To teach temperance she sang, "Father, dear father, Come home with me now," and told the song-story.

To teach faithfulness, Mary sang, "Old Dog Tray" and spoke of the constancy of a noble dog to a kind master. These were lessons from life!

At prayers, each child sang a hymn if only a few words, offered prayer; and told a Bible story. One little story the children told was, "A star came and shone over a baby's manger, and Jesus was that Blessed Baby." One little son used to sing, "Jesus loves me" that means "Jesus loves Frank."

On May 15, 1877 Major Bradstreet entered into eternal rest.

I	II	III
The Genealogy of Major Daniel Moore Bradstreet Born: November 6, 1795 Hartland, Windsor Co., Vermont. Died: May 15, 1877 Franklin Grove, Lee County, Illinois. Married: September 10, 1820 Clarissa, daughter of Samuel and Mary (Dudley) Todd.	Daniel Bradstreet Born Topsfield; Lived at Boxford, Massachusetts. February 12, 1773 Died Franklin, Warren Co., Ohio October 2, 1833. Jannet Moore Born June 7, 1772 Baptised June 9, 1772 Windham, Londonderry, New Hampshire Died New Paltz, New York 1847.	Henry Bradstreet Born November 30, 1711 Married June 15, 1769 Died September 2, 1818 Abigail Porter Born September 24, 1718 Died June 6, 1820 Capt. Wm. Moore Windham Londonderry, New Hampshire Born 1733 Died February 12, 1812 Martha Mack Londonderry, N. H. Born 1734 Died June 21, 1808

SLEEP ON

To my father, a veteran of 1812.

Heroic dead! No sound disturbs your sleep.

As comrade's feet with slow and measured tread,

March round your resting-place by music led,

And children come with flowers. A silence deep

Now falls upon the heart as Memories keep

Vigil. What living glories, Soldier Dead,

Arise in haloes o'er your grassied bed! The loved ones come to honor, mourn and weep

So we the garland-flowers in love bestow

While floats the old war-flag upon the breeze,

In sheen of shimmering glory, same as when

It waved o'er battle-fields of death and woe.

Heroic Sire, sleep on! The murmuring seas

The hills and vales give back their dead again.

Current events were interesting and significant. In 1879 Richard Henry Dana (1787-1879) died. His "The Buccaneer," "The Black Bird" and other verse were much appreciated; as were his able contributions to the criticism of English literature. He was the first critic in America. Mary admired Longfellow's tender lines dedicated to Dana, "The Burial of The Poet."

The affection shown by her kinsman Richard Henry Dana, jr. when he went around the world in 1859-1860, and stopped at the grave of a mutual kinsman, Mr. Channing. Mary thought beautiful indeed. On Jan. 6, 1882 Mary read that he, too, had passed away, while at Rome, and had been interred near the graves of Keats and Shelley. Mary's was a peculiarly rich mental and moral heritage.

July twenty-seventh, 1881, the fortieth anniversary of Mary's birth, was the two hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of her kinsman, Donald Cargill in Scotland. His last words were a family

legacy: "I bless the Lord that these thirty years and more, I have been at peace with God, and was never shaken loose of it. And now, I am as sure of my interest in Christ, and peace with God, as all within this Bible, and the Spirit of God, can make me."

On November 23, 1881 Lorena Bradstreet Keese, Mary's half-cousin was mourned by the family circle. Young, good, and beautiful "Lorie" was the idol of all hearts. She was laid to rest in Woodlands Cemetery, Philadelphia.

Wendell Phillips (1811-1884) passed away, honored by all loyal citizens for his brave stand for human liberty. His descent ran Gov. Simon Bradstreet, Dr. Samuel, Mercy Bradstreet, Sarah Oliver, Margaret Wendell, Hon. John Phillips, Wendell Phillips.

From many letters prized and kept by Mary, extracts are given:

Kingston, N. Y.

January 30, 1886.

Dear cousin Mary:

Greetings! William Bradstreet, my father, married Jan. 1, 1817 Bridget Redmond, in Middletown, Delaware county, N. Y. He was born March 2, 1797 in Londonderry, N. H. His older brother, Daniel Moore Bradstreet, married Sept. 10, 1820 Clarissa Todd, in the same town. He was born Nov. 6, 1795 in Hartland, Windsor Co., Vt. Mention of them is made in Leonard Morrison's "History Of Windham, Vt." pp. 650-651.

About 1831 your father received a letter from his uncle Bradstreet in Royalton, Vt. saying there was property for him and my father. It seems our great-uncle Bradstreet lived fifteen miles from our great-great uncle Robert Mack, the old Scotchman, with whom your father learned the ironmonger's trade. When your father got to Vermont his uncle William Bradstreet (they called him "Bill") gave your father a letter from his father (and my grandfather, he was father's father), Daniel Bradstreet, who lived in Spragueboro, Clear Creek township, Warren Co., Ohio. This letter had been received four weeks previous to your father's arrival in Vermont saying grandfather would like to see his boys, Daniel and William.

Your father corresponded with his father in the west, when your father lived in Chehocken.—

Nathaniel Bradstreet's grandfather's brother, was a doctor. Abby married Great-Uncle Killiam. William, "Bill," had four daughters, Eliza, Maria, Abigail and Harriet.— The Moores lived in Windham, N. H. There were four girls and seven sons in their family, Hannah, Jannet, Elizabeth, and Sybil, John, James, Hugh, Andrew, Henry, Robert and Daniel.— Tell Aunt Clarissa I would like to see her. I would like to see you, all.

Sincerely,

Jane Bradstreet Ballard.

Parksville, N. Y.

April 13, 1886

Dear cousin Mary:

I am sixty-four years old.—My father's family record is at my sister's home. Our grandmother, Jannet Moore Bradstreet was buried in Ulster county, N. Y. You read of the Bradstreets in the "History of Massachusetts" by Hutchinson. I have heard our grandmother Jannet say that our ancestor, John Bradstreet fled to save his life in the time of the Salem witchcraft. His brother Dudley also fled. Their father's name was Simon, and he was governor of Massachusetts at the time our country was under British rule. Our grandmother spoke of "Uncle Nat" to us.—

Your father went to see his uncle "Bill" in Royalton. I remember your father coming to our house on horseback; people travelled that way. He said his uncle "Bill" wrote to him that there was a large amount of money there for him and my father. When he came back he stayed with my father a day or so for a good visit. I remember his telling father his uncle had four daughters. He tried to get one of them to go home with him and teach his school. Your father said his uncle "Bill" had a fine farm one mile square. It is all of fifty-six years ago. We remember things in our youth so well.— Silas Moore was a cousin of father, he may be living. His mother Hannah had the old homestead.— The Moores were

Scotch-Irish. Puritans and Presbyterians.—The Macks were Scotch. I heard grandmother say that her grandmother's folk were rich. Her grandfather was poor, that is before they were married. Her folk were opposed to him. They fled together on horseback he sitting behind her on the horse in case they were captured. He rode as her servant. She ran away with him so they could not imprison him for abducting her; and fled to America. The Moores came from Ireland in time of persecution. They fled from Scotland into north Ireland.—I loved your mother, my aunt Clarissa, as myself. I owe a great deal to her in helping me on the heavenly journey. Tell her I am out on the line yet. We have had blessed seasons together on earth. She has been the means of saving many souls.— She was good to the poor.—Tell her to meet me where none but holy ones can enter.—I I have tended Maria many an hour. Tell Wesley I will write to him. Clarissa Anne was so pretty, a perfect angel. The boys were good children.

With love,

Maria Bradstreet-Barber-Tompkins.

Jane and Maria were two older cousins who wrote about the family.

"Old Sandstone" students rejoiced when in 1884, Charles H. Fowler was elected to the Episcopacy.

Mary's daughter Adella was graduated from the Franklin Grove High School, June 12, 1885, and upon examination was given a teacher's certificate of Lee County.

Daniel, Mary's younger brother, died May 15, 1887. Mary wrote:

LIFE IS LIKE A SEA

A waste of waters widening far and deep.

A bank of storm-clouds drifting as they spread

Their grey and gloom along a sky of lead;

White, wind-tossed waves that wildly dash and sweep

While on the beach lie forms in dreamless sleep.

Frail, sailing-barques that shattered as they sped

On tireless cruise; and voyaging
 instead
 Far to the unknown depths left those
 who weep.
 So life is like a waste of waters wide
 Where human crafts go sailing bonnily
 All in the gladness of a noonday bright,
 Out on the wind, and with the surging
 tide,
 Till floods roll high the angry voice-
 less sea,
 And in the mist they sink from mortal
 sight.

Wesley, the elder brother of Mary
 died Dec. 21, 1888, and Mary wrote:

AS YEARS SLIP BY

As years slip by, Love's tendrils one
 By one, that grew as life begun,
 And twining wrapped themselves
 around

The heart's deep center, are unwound
 And death draws near, and day is done.
 Our paths 'neath golden skies may run
 From early morn till set of sun,
 And life with victory be crowned
 As years slip by.

Then falls the shaft of Death we shun,
 The fatal thread at eve is spun;
 Our dead are bourne from mortal
 bound

We gaze from off the flower-strewn
 mound
 To God's great sky. So Peace is found
 As years slip by.

THE YEARS GROW OLD

The years grow old, forever old,
 They do not feel the touch of cold
 Of long dead centuries. How slow
 They step; how noiselessly they go
 Within the ages long enrolled
 Their joyous memories we hold,
 While o'er them gather rust and mold,
 Deep in the dead Past, lying low
 The years grow old.

They lie enwrapped in shrouded fold
 While breaks for them no day of gold
 Lost in oblivion; we know
 There bends no haloed afterglow,
 And one by one in numbers told
 The years grow old.

On August 23, 1889 Mrs. Clarissa Todd
 Bradstreet passed on to her sure reward,
 cheered to the end by a living faith.
 Through many years she had been an
 able counselor and a source of strength
 to her daughter, Mary; and a wonderful
 treasury of love to Mary's children.

At this sad time Mary addressed a
 poem to Death.

TO DEATH

When the sky is flushed with rose
 At the wakening of day
 Thou comest;
 And at twilight's tranquil close
 Up the dimly-lighted way
 Thou comest.

When the world is stilled, O Death,
 In the hush of midnight hour
 Thou comest;
 Though at glowing noon thy breath
 Is so deadly to the flower
 Thou comest.

To the Aged with peaceful rest
 In the wane of wearied years,
 Thou comest.
 And to youth when life seems blest
 As a darkening shadow nears,
 Thou comest.

All so gentle is thy touch,
 Like the softly falling flakes
 Thou comest,
 Ah! no other comes as such
 Messenger. God's Day-dawn breaks
 Thou comest.

MOTHER'S STEPPING STONES

Strive, What though the barriers rise
 Above are rose-lit skies
 Until you reach the goal
 With earnestness of soul.
 Seek, The greater peace foretold,
 New beauties shall unfold,
 There's fruitage by the way,
 The coming harvest day.
 Take, The duties as they lie,
 The pearls of wisdom nigh;
 For truth, for love, for right
 Thy war-fare, strong in might.

Franklin Grove Preachers At Conference Rockford, 1884



Ass'tant secretaries: G. C. Clark, M. W. Satterfield. Stewards: J. S. David, Lewis Curts. Trustees: Luke Hitchcock, Henry L. Martin. Pres. Missionary Society: W. A. Spencer. Managers: John Williamson, R. K. Bibbins, G. R. Vanhorne. L. Curts. Church Extension: L. Curts. Committee on Examination: G. C. Clark. Trier of Appeals: L. Curts. New Trustees of Conference: H. L. Martin, of Garrett Biblical Institute; L. Hitchcock.

Roll Call

Robert K. Bibbins, Barton H. Cartwright, John T. Cooper, Lewis Curts, Grover C. Clark, Joseph S. David, Luke Hitchcock, Isaac Linebarger, Henry L. Martin, Marcus H. Plumb, George L. S. Stuff, A. H. Schoonmaker, William A. Spencer, Peter C. Stire, Miles W. Satterfield, G. R. Vanhorne, Joseph Wardle, John Williamson.

New Committee on Church Extension: G. R. Vanhorne, H. L. Martin; Committee on Freedmen's Aid: G. L. S. Stuff, H. L. Martin; Committee on Records: M. H. Plumb; Committee on Book Concern: J. Wardle; Committee on Periodicals: P. C. Stire; Committee on Financial Aid: A. H. Schoonmaker; Committee on Memoirs: L. Hitchcock; Committee on Statistics: M. L. Norris.

Luke Hitchcock presented a report of the Chicago District.

Roll Call. Second Day

Anthony T. Horn, Sister E. Q. Fuller was placed on the list of claimants; a collection of \$125 taken for her support. The decease of James Bush was announced. W. A. Spencer reported the condition of Dixon District. P. C.

Stire was granted a supernumerary relation, also J. T. Cooper. Other supernumeraries were: H. J. Huston, James Baume, M. L. Norris admitted as deacon. L. Curts led the devotional meeting, M. W. Satterfield elected to elders orders. A. T. Horn continued as deacon in first class. A monument in Rose Hill Cemetery, Chicago was provided for Hooper Crews. A. H. Schoonmaker presented a resolution about claimants. Memoir of James Bush read. M. L. Norris admitted into full connection. Superannuated were A. D. Field, L. S. Walker, L. Anderson, A. P. Hatch, B. H. Cartwright.

Preachers Stationed

Michigan Ave., Chicago—John Williamson; Evanston 1st.—L. Curts; Roscoe—G. C. Clark; Freeport-Embury—J. Wardle; Ashton & Franklin Grove—G. L. S. Stuff; Coleta—A. H. Schoonmaker; Genoa—M. W. Satterfield; Hampshire—M. L. Norris; Sterling-Broadway—J. S. David; Geneva—I. Linebarger; Mendota—H. L. Martin; Millington—R. K. Bibbins; Peotone—M. H. Plumb; Sheridan—A. T. Horn; A. D. Traveller, missionary to Dakota.

Our pastor, Brother Stuff, read the following resolution:

On Freedmens Aid

The Church never faced a graver problem or a greater responsibility than the work of giving Christian culture to the ignorant Freedmen and illiterate white millions of the South.

A vast work has already been done, but a much greater remains to be accomplished.

This is a patriotic as well as philan-

The Pastorates of Brothers Stire, Stuff and Satterfield

1882 Old Church Record: "In the fall of 1882 the Rev. P. C. Stire was sent to Franklin Grove and he was outspoken for temperance and total abstinence."

Sept. 1882 and continued — Class names transcribed by Brother Stire: Carrie M. (Gaver) Pense, Mildred Forsythe, Royal C. Withey, Frank E. Withey, Sophronia Twombly, Frank D. Helmershausen, letter to Morgan Park; Susanna Koontz, bapt. Oct. 1, 1882; Flora Timothy, Mary Buck received Oct. 5, 1882, letter Sept. 1884; George Sawyer, a transient, J. W. Williams, George Williams; Jane Sanders bapt. Aug. 27 on camp-ground, Mary M. Stire, Mary E. Roe received by letter March, 1883; Sister Myers received May 1883 (step-mother of Mrs. Julia Baldwin); Emma Ziegler Evans, (step-daughter of T. W. Farver; Elizabeth Wingert, 1883, from Nachusa; sister of John Wesley Wingert; Sarah C. Wertman (received 1884); Benjamin Abbott, Nachusa; Clara J. Welsh, (third wife of James H. Welsh), Hiram M. Wilson.

1883—The Rev. Thomas Harrison "the boy preacher" held revival meetings on the camp-grounds and much good was done.

Brother Stire married five men and women:

1882—Wesley Gilbert-Mary Evans
1883—William Simpson-Angie Gillis
1883—Harry W. Dysart-Henrietta Gorton
1884—William L. Sheap-Nellie V. Nichols

1884—Millard F. Parlin-Clara Averill
1883—Flora A. Lewis was received by letter. She was teacher of the Grammar grades in the Public School; and assisted as organist in our M. E. Sabbath School. After teaching here she became the wife of Professor Edwin E. Rosenberry who was Principal of our Public School, and who served as an able Superintendent of our Sabbath School. Their two children, Ethel and Earl Rosenberry were educated at Normal, Illinois.

1884 Old Church Record: "In the fall of 1884 George L. S. Stuff came to Franklin Grove." He had previously been presiding elder of this area.

May 1885—The Franklin Grove Auxiliary of the W. F. M. S. was organized with eleven members by Mrs. Adeline (Bowman) Stuff. Officers: President Mrs. Emma C. Crawford; Vice Pres., Mrs. G. L. S. Stuff; 2nd Vice Pres., Mrs. Mary Pierce; Rec. Sec., Carrie Belle Welsh; Cor. Sec., Mrs. Mary E. Roe; Treas. Flora Timothy; Literary Committee, Mrs. Flora Timothy, Miss Iva Minor, Miss Elizabeth Runyan. Other members

were Mrs. Emma Evans, Mrs. William Watson, Miss Esther Runyan. This society has been constantly active since its organization with no lapse of work or interest.

G. L. S. Stuff entered R. R. Conference in 1843; died May 11, 1893 at Elgin, Ill. Mrs. Stuff (Dixon, Ill.) Oct. 12, 1838-Elgin, Ill., May 31, 1916) a niece of Bishop Thomas Bowman; married Oct. 12, 1878 to G. L. S. Stuff while he served Cherry Valley, Blackberry, Albany, Ashton, Franklin Grove, Sterling. Interred at Bluff Cemetery, Elgin, Ill.

Our church had full membership of 87; probationers—4; baptisms—6.

S. S.—1; Officers and teachers—12; Scholars—89; Churches—1; Value—\$3000; Improvement—\$200; Current expenses—\$80; Missions—\$7.20, S. S. Missions—\$9 total \$16.20; Church extension—\$10; Ministerial support—\$538; Conference claimant—\$7.30.

Sept. 28, 1887—Bishop Mallalieu sent Miles Wilbur Satterfield to Ashton and Franklin Grove. He was well and favorably known as his father served acceptably as pastor of the Lighthouse M. E. Church. Mrs. Mary Satterfield was the daughter of Judge F. Petrie of Oregon, Ill., and much appreciated for her unusual ability as a church organist. Chaplain McCabe preferred Mrs. Satterfield above other musicians to play his accompaniments. While on this charge their beautiful little daughter, Alice Mildred died at Ashton and was interred in Oregon, Ill.

Brother Stuff was sent to Broadway Church, Sterling.

Brother Schoonmaker was sent to Kaneville.

Our church report showed for both churches:

Full members—170
Probationers—10
Local Preachers—3
Deaths—2
Children baptised—7
Adults baptised—2
Churches—2; Value—\$5500
Parsonage—1; Value—\$1500
Current Expenses—\$150.

S. S.—2; Officers and teachers—33; Scholars—200; Church Missions—\$110; S. S. Missions—\$15; Total—\$125; Church Extension—\$15; S. S. Union—\$4; Tract Society—\$4; Freedmen's Aid—\$16; Education—\$12; American Bible Society—\$12; W. F. M. S.—\$71; Ministerial Support—\$983; Conf. claimants—\$34; Other collections—\$30.

Brother Satterfield had a quiet and sweet revival and many were edified and strengthened in their experiences. He baptized and took into full membership Alice Helmershausen.



MRS. CLARISSA TODD BRADSTREET
1800-1889



CHAPTER VII

Aftermath

As household cares lessened and Mary's children grew older, time gave opportunity to the artist-soul to express her thoughts in stanzas. The collection of verse was entitled "Aftermath," being written as a second harvest after her children were reared.

DEDICATION TO THE POEMS

You who abide within the way,
Who yet may look beyond the hills
Across the deepened blue that stills
For glimpses of the vanished day;

Accept I pray this untimely boon,
The Aftermath of mid-life's noon,
The scattered rowen of the way,
Love-garnered at the close of day.

MUSIC

Fair Music lifts the veil between
The world of ours, and the unseen,
Fair, holy Maid of harmony,
And wakes her harps of psalmody.
A gladness like the breath of Spring,
Is bright within her offering,
She freely gives from out her store
And turns no lover from her door;—
A gift of heaven lent to earth,
Of melody and holy mirth,
Of anthem, ringing praise afar
Where song and worship present are.

A Song—LADDIE

I.

'You said that folk with lordly mien,
Would stare and wonder so,
At my old-fashioned ways if seen,
Tomorrow I must go.'

Chorus:

Oh, is it true, my laddie dear,
Ashamed of mother old and queer?"

II.

And in the hush of night a form

Stole, noiselessly in gloom,
And stooping kissed the lad's cheek
warm,
Then lingered in the room.

III.

Her worn hands touched with soft caress
The counterpane of white,
She said, "Dear God, I pray thee bless
The lad I leave tonight."

FAREWELL

To Annie Yingling

Farewell! The blue eyes closed for aye,
The little hands of dimpled clay
Were laid across the bosom cold;
Her hair like shifting sunbeams lay
Upon the pillow, in its gold.

Farewell! How still the little feet!
The baby's voice, a low and sweet,
Like murmured music died away.
Aside we drew the winding sheet,
With hearts almost too sore to pray.

Farewell! The child on daisies laid,
Went with the angels unafraid;
We look above the cradle sod,
Where, having lived and loved and
prayed
She found the sunlit hills of God.

DAVID TO JONATHAN

You came to me as in the olden time,
The same, fair face, among the kingly
folk,
And in the same sweet voice as
kindly spoke,
It made the chords of Memory to chime,
To olden strains of music. How sublime
Thy dwelling-place! My lowly yoke
Of bondage gone, as from a dream, I
woke

And we, we're one again in Israel's clime,
Alas! my brother, it is but a dream,
I bid me back unto my fearful way

And Saul gives out his mutterings, as
 when
 Our paths divided. Yet, I catch a gleam
 From o'er the eastern hills, in some
 bright day
 In some wide space of God, we meet
 again.

GRAVE OF HELEN HUNT JACKSON

(The body has since been removed
 from the mountain.)

Beneath the leaves that idly sweep
 O'er Cheyenne's Mountain's rugged steep,
 There lies a grave with moss o'er-
 grown,
 With monument of boulder stone,
 By loving hands piled into heap.

The burnished golds of sunset creep
 Through verdure-green, and shadows
 deep

To gild the grave that lieth lone
 Beneath the leaves.

O, Cheyenne Mountain, hallowed keep
 The gift of dead for whom we weep!

Her work is done; the spirit flown

To God before the great white throne,
 'Tis but the dust in peaceful sleep
 Beneath the leaves.

A Picture, At Bangevoala

By Afric's sea the strange birds wing,
 Along the shores, The blossoms cling
 In masses, drooping to the wave
 Where giant spikes stand armed and
 brave,
 The breezes still the blue mists bring
 The grey-green waters covering.

THE BRIDE OF FIFTY YEARS

The Rev. Anthony Hasbrouck Schoon-
 maker (1821-1895) and his wife nee
 Nancy D. Brown (1818-1900) held their
 golden wedding January 16, 1891, to
 which Mary was an invited guest, and
 wrote this poem.

She stands beneath the festooned arch
 While softly stills the wedding march
 "Lohengrin" sweet and low.
 She wears no other bridal wreath
 Than haloed locks of snow.

Her robes of white are turned to gray,
 Her orange-blossoms to palm
 The sunset of her Life's bright day
 Is jubilant in psalm.

HOW DARK!

Two little golden-haired children,
 Annie Yingling and Kate Canterbury,
 played in the street on the north of
 Mary's home. She missed them both,
 and commemorated them in verse.

How dark her death to me
 A little form asleep below
 The drifting snow.
 It cannot be. I do not see—
 How dark her death to me.

Her hair like gleams of sun-bright beams
 I-fold-away,
 The gentle step of little feet
 The child of many graces sweet
 Will come no more for aye.
 It cannot be. I do not see
 How dark her death to me.

I only know that she is gone
 That darkness lingers o'er the dawn;
 For she has entered through the gate
 While here for her I yearn and wait.
 It cannot be. I do not see
 How dark her death to me.

On August 23, 1893 Mary was awarded
 the diploma conferred by the Chautauqua,

Never Be Discouraged

"We Study The Word And The Works
 Of God."
 "Let Us Keep Our Heavenly Father
 In The Midst."

Chautauqua

Literary and Scientific

CIRCLE

Mary F. (Bradstreet) Helmershausen
 has completed the Four Years' Course
 of Reading Required by the C. L. S. C.
 and is enrolled as a member of the
 Society of "The Hall In The Grove."

Lewis Miller, President

J. H. Vincent, Chancellor

J. L. Hurlbut, General Superintendent
 Chautauqua, N. Y. August 23, 1893

Holy Bible

Counsellors

Lyman Abbott

William Wilkinson

J. M. Gibson

Edward E. Hale

Henry W. Warren

James H. Carlisle

Mary read much of the extensive
 literature of the C. L. S. C. for many
 years.



DIXON COLLEGE

Where three of Mary's children graduated:

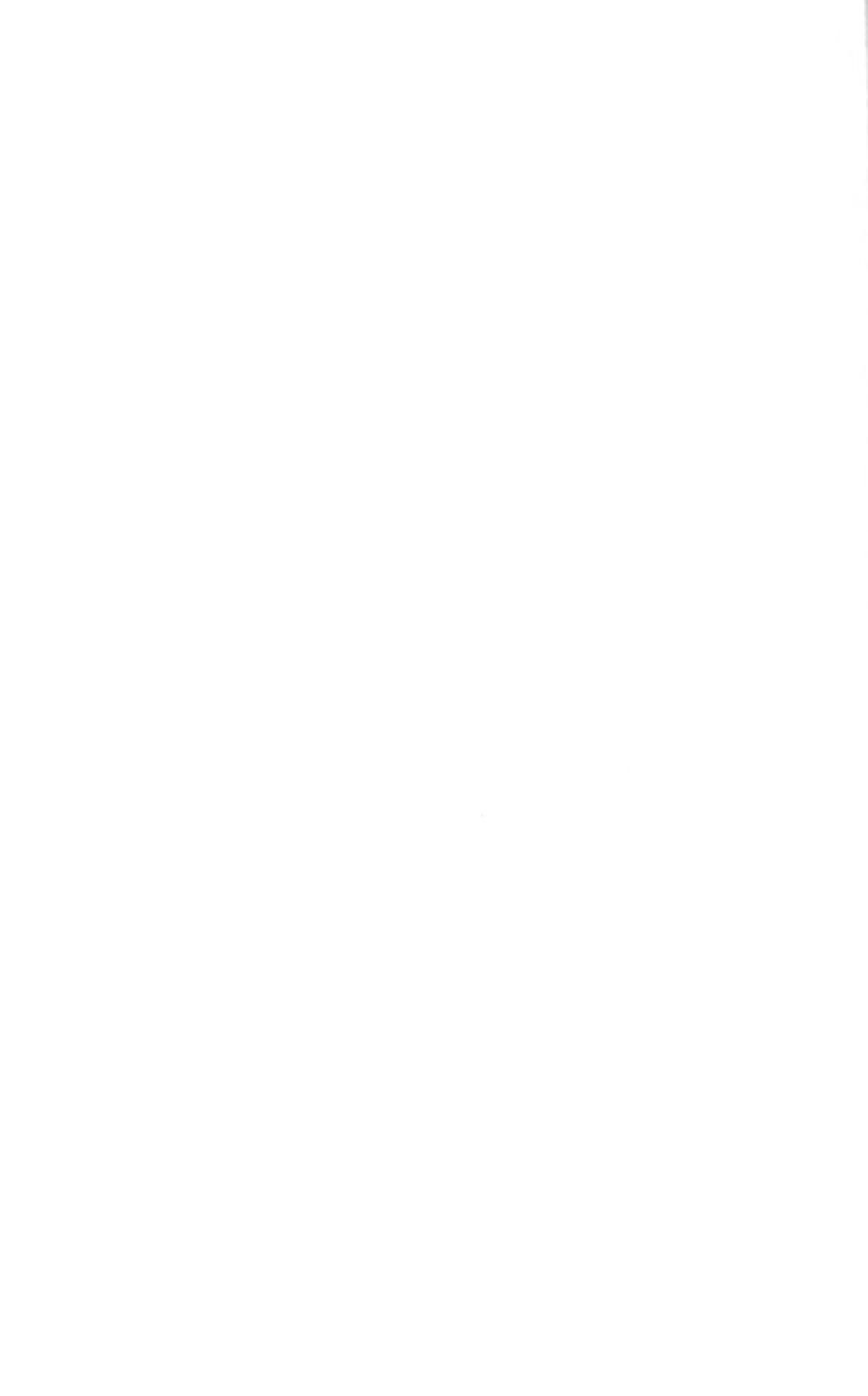
Adella, B.S., A.B., A.M. College of Arts. J. F. Flint, President
Floyd, Department of Telegraphy. F. E. Rice, Director
Alice, Musical Conservatory. W. F. Strong, Director



MRS. MARY F. BRADSTREET HELMERSHAUSEN
In 1896



Mary's Eldest Son, Frank





Mary's Eldest Daughter
MAUD MINNIE ADELLA HELMERSHAUSEN



HENRY WARREN FREDERICK HELMERSHAUSEN
1878—Living 1924

The Northern Illinois State Normal School, at DeKalb, Class
of 1903. The University of Chicago, Ph.B., Class of 1920.
Instructor in the James Monroe School, Chicago, 1907-1924



Mary's First Grandson
CHARLES BRADSTREET EARL HELMERSHAUSEN



Mary's First Granddaughter, Alice Eva Blanche,
and Her Dolly, "Elizabeth Belle"





HENRY CHARLES FREDERICK HELMERSHAÜSEN, JR.
APRIL 19, 1822—MAY 5, 1916



MARY FLETCHER (BRADSTREET) HELMERSHAÜSEN
JULY 27, 1841—JANUARY 7, 1921

In 1891 Mary's son Floyd was graduated from Dixon College; in August of the same year her daughter Adella; and in 1893 her daughter Alice, from the Dixon College Conservatory of Music. Three ribbons "tiger" black and gold.

MUSICAL CONSERVATORY **Dixon, Illinois** **COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES**

PROGRAM

Overture William Tell Rossini
College Orchestra
Invocation
Piano.... Midsummer's Night's Dream...
Mendelssohn
Miss Swope
Piano La BaladineLysberg
Miss Mitchell
Recitation ... "Knee Deep in June" ...
Virginia Gray
(Graduate of the School of Oratory)
Piano Duett FantasiaLafuente
Misses Rickert and Maxwell
Piano La Traviata Verdi
Miss Bowman
Piano ... The Fairies' Revel ... Strong
Miss Kentner
(Accompanied by Second Piano and
Orchestra.)

Part II.

Scene II-Act II—Julius Caesar
Portia, Miss May Schick
Brutus, Mr. L. W. Miner
(Graduates of the School of Oratory)
Piano..Rondo Capriccioso..Mendelssohn
Miss Helmershausen
PianoLast Hope.....Gottschalk
Miss Maxwell
Song..... Selected
Mr. G. A. Heritage
Piano ...Bubbling Spring... Rive-King
Miss Jewell
Nearer My God to Thee Strong
College Choir and Orchestra
Benediction

The World's Fair in Chicago in 1893 was a source of anticipation, subject of study and information, as well as actual joy. Mary took her children, now grown older, and made the Fair somewhat of a college course.

Mary's delight in the beauty of the exquisite laces of Queen Margarita of Italy repaid the effort of a special trip

to the Fair. The laces were adorable. Her interest extended from the masterpieces of painting of Botticelli, Bronzino and Hals, to that of the Italian peasant women who patiently toiled at their lace-pillows.

The luxuriant flowers, the rare paintings and the rides in a chair through the delectable grounds, were sources of joy.

The benign countenance of Governor Simon Bradstreet looked down upon Mary, as the painting had been sent by the Massachusetts Committee, loaned from the Senate Chamber in Boston.

White Crepe On The Door

White ribbons of crepe on the door
Smilax and ribbons of crepe.
They tell to passers-by of the tears,
Of the shadow of Death that appears
And casts its dark form evermore.

White ribbons of crepe on the door
Smilax and ribbons of crepe.
They tell of a little child who lies dead
Of the hopes of the life that have fled
The hopes that shall wake nevermore.

White ribbons of crepe on the door
Smilax and ribbons of crepe
They tell of a beautiful land above
Of a wonderful Saviour's sweet love
And a little child safe in His arms
evermore.

This poem was suggested by a mourner's door on Wabash Avenue, Chicago, 1893.

On December 28, 1893 Mary's sister Maria died suddenly. Always inseparable, some two years apart in ages, these sisters lived in a David-and-Jonathan-like friendship.

Mary wrote,

Death, The Heavy Hand

Why press with hand so heavy
Dost thou not know how sore
How bruised and bleeding is the
heart?

O, wilt thou stay thy hand? Depart!
Come thou no more!

Why press with hand so heavy—
Thou witherest with a breath
Dost thou not know that life is sweet
And thy dread presence none would
meet
Or hail thee, Death.

Why press with hand so heavy—
 Thou canst no deeper wound,
 Life's sweetest hopes went out in
 blight
 A casket deep with blooms snow-
 white
 A narrow mound.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes (1804-1894) was missed from his accustomed place.

It was a source of pride that on Dec. 17, 1895 one of the former Rock River Seminary students, James H. Cartwright, was elevated to the Bench of the Illinois Supreme Court. How many a time he had made the Halls of "Old Sandstone" ring with his oratory!

A delightful tea-party was that held on Aug. 21, 1898 when Mrs. Anna Canfield came from Chana to visit her old-time friend.

She brought as a gift a "Biography of Amanda Smith" an Evangelist, saying "I hope the book will help you pass some pleasant hours. Best love!"

The day was a feast of soul to both loving hearts, and happy reminiscences were recalled over the tea-cups.

With others Mary had a deep sympathy for the Boers in their struggle for freedom. She wrote,

"To Lord Roberts, A Parody on Kipling's Verse."

So you rode your great tall 'orse
 Little Bobs,
 Gaining glory all the way
 Through the thickest battle-fray
 Shouting victory for aye
 Bravo, Bobs,

But the tides will take a turn
 General Bobs,
 No new glories will you earn
 Fighting Bobs,
 That tall 'orse is too short now.
 Strange your in it anyhow
 Noble Bobs.

Do you fight to make men wise
 This time, Bobs?
 Do you seek to civilize
 No! No! Bobs,
 But you go with great command
 To subdue a Christian land,

Fight with brother, hand in hand,
 For what, Bobs?

Now you fight a sturdy foe,
 Truly, Bobs
 That will bring the victors woe
 Surely, Bobs.
 Forty miles of shining gold,
 All for this you fight, we're told,
 Bobs, Oh, Bobs.

Will you gain the world's applause
 Will you, Bobs?
 Fighting Boers without a cause—
 Never, Bobs.
 Should you win—no praise is due,
 Thousand-troops against a few.
 And we'd had such hopes of you
 Once, our Bobs!

Extract from a letter:—

Livingstone Manor, N. Y.
 April 5, 1899.

Dear cousin Mary:

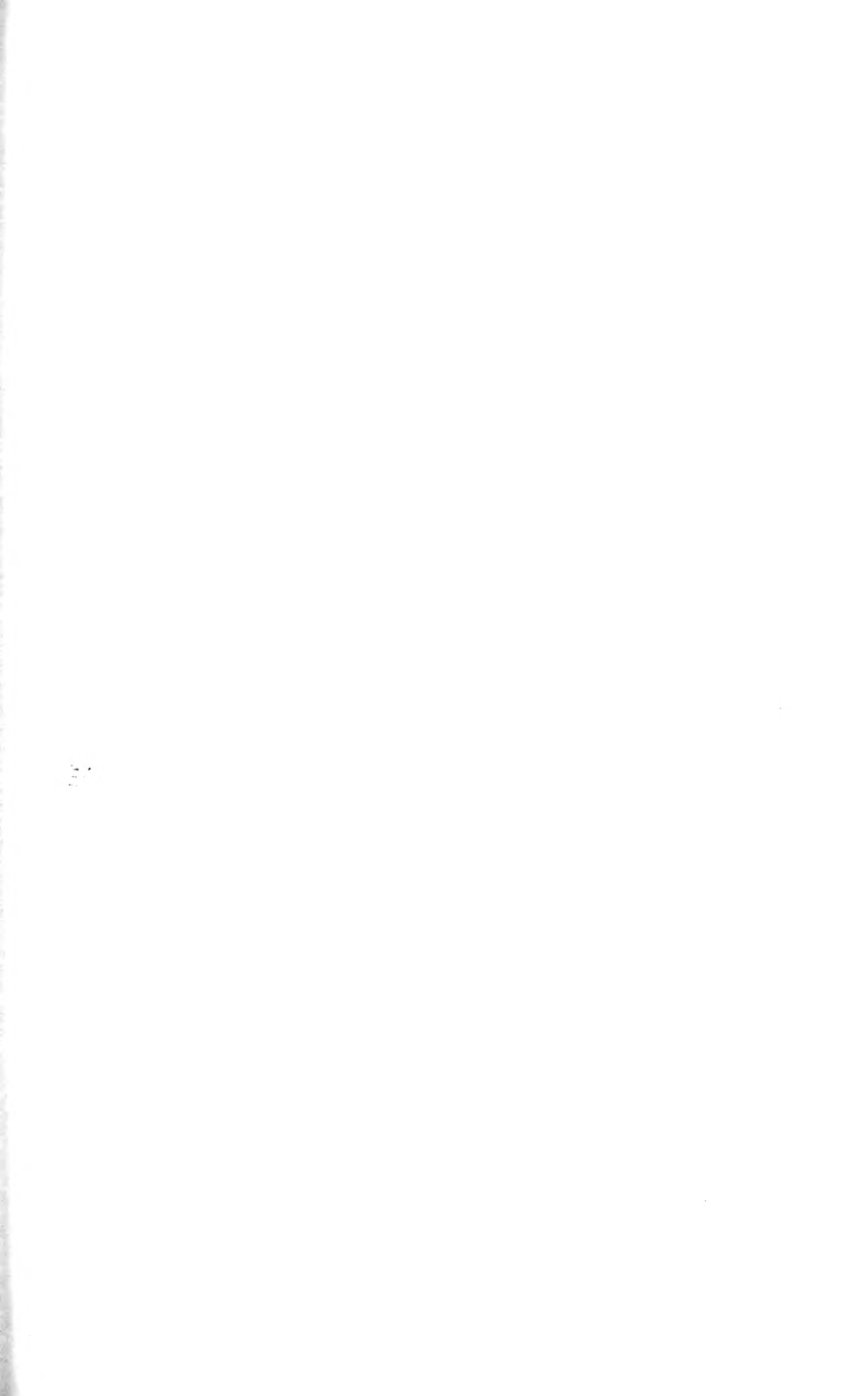
I was seventy-seven years of age on March eighth--- My great grandfather, Henry Bradstreet, lived in Boxford, Mass. He had three sons, and one daughter who lived to grow up; they were Nathaniel, Daniel, William and Abigail. The family moved to Hartford, Windsor County, Vt. William had a farm one mile square. Daniel was a merchant there about three years. Daniel was my grandfather. He met Jannet Moore while her brothers, Henry and Andrew Moore were fellow-students of Nathaniel and Daniel Bradstreet at Harvard College. She was born in Windham Parish, Nutfield, N. H. They had two sons—William, my father, was younger than Daniel, your father. They had no daughters.

The Bradstreets were full-blooded English in descent.---I have heard father talk of a widow Bradstreet who held some property, that they said, ought to have come to him instead of a part of it.

My father was fifty-two years when he died. William Bradstreet Hand of Liberty, N. Y. is my grandson, my father's namesake.

With love,
 Maria Bradstreet Barber Tompkins.

When Illinois opened its new normal school for the northern part of the state, at DeKalb, its fine equipment and excellent faculty offered such superior





THE NORTHERN ILLINOIS STATE NORMAL SCHOOL AT DEKALB, ILLINOIS. OPENED SEPT. 12, 189

AMONG ITS STUDENTS WERE:

NO. 9. ALUMNI REGISTER, CLASS OF 1900.

MAUD MINNIE ADELLA HELMERSHAUSEN.

NO. 145. CLASS OF 1903.

HENRY WARREN FREDERICK HELMERSHAUSEN.

SUMMER SCHOOL STUDENT:

ALICE ADA DOROTHEA HELMERSHAUSEN.

NO. 416. CLASS OF 1907.

MARY ALLAN WOODBURN.

No. 591. ROY MORTON WOODBURN.

STUDENT, JAMES ADELBERT WOODBURN.

CLASS OF 1912.

ANNA ELOISE BRADSTREET, died April 1912, in her graduating term.

NO. 890. CLASS OF 1913.

ALICE BUTTERICK BRADSTREET.

CLASS OF 1923.

FRANCES HUNTINGTON BRADSTREET.

STUDENT IN THE PRACTICE SCHOOL:

MILDRED LOUISE BRADSTREET.

advantages that this wise mother, Mary, sent two of her children as charter students, entering them for the first day, September twelfth, 1899. The inception and progress of the school were matters of family interest and of neighborhood pride. Adella was graduated, Class of 1900; and Henry, Class of 1903. Two more honor ribbons, "Yellow and White!" This wise mother believed in professional training for each teacher of the state.

Mary's first grandchild was born to her son Floyd and wife in Chicago, July 1, 1901, and baptized Charles Bradstreet Earl.

The sixtieth milestone was passed. It was Mary's privilege to write the accepted school song of Ogle County.

OGLE

Tune, "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean,"
Oregon, I.L.,
Jan. 14, 1902.

Mrs. Mary F. Helmershausen,
Franklin Grove, Ill.

Dear Mrs. Helmershausen:

I am very much pleased with the song. I am publishing a pamphlet concerning the schools of the county. I shall insert the song in the pamphlet and urge upon the teachers and pupils of the county to learn it and sing it in their schools. I do not know how I can thank you enough for your thoughtfulness and kindness in thinking to write and send us this song. I very much desired a song for the schools of the county but did not know where to find any one to write it for me. It came just at the right time. Thanking you for your kindness, I remain,

Yours very truly,
Joseph M. Piper.

Office of County Superintendent of
Schools, Oregon, Ogle Co., Ill.
Joseph M. Piper, Supt.
Samuel J. Lindsay, Assistant.

I.

From thy prairies where sweetly are
blowing
The flowers in their beauty and light:
From thy waters which gently are
flowing
By storm-battled bluffs in their might;
From thy woodlands where wildbirds
are singing
Their carols of praise on the air

The children are joyfully bringing
Their tribute of song and of prayer.

Chorus

For Ogle the valiant and free
For Ogle the valiant and free
Old Glory unfurls o'er the county
Of Ogle the valiant and free.

II.

Where the cabins, forsaken and olden
Are covered with moss of the years;
Where the dreams that are happy and
golden
Have dawned for the brave pioneers
Where the voices of loved ones were
singing
The hymns of their trust on the air,
The children are lovingly bringing
Their tribute of song and of prayer.

Chorus:—

III.

Where the memory still we are keeping
Of battle at set of the sun;
Where the earlier heroes are sleeping
At rest by the lone Stillman's Run.
The waters their dirges are singing
The echoes are borne on the air
The children are tenderly bringing
Their tribute of song and of prayer.
Chorus:—

IV.

When the bells in thy steeples were
calling
The Brave and the Tried and the True;
When the flag in the southland was
falling
And stars long were hidden from view.
Thy sons heard the voice of that ringing,
Thy banners were bright in the air,
The children are loyally bringing
Their tribute of song and of prayer.
Chorus:—

V.

For thy freedom that bideth forever,
Made great in the greatness of God;
For thy altars where praise faileth
never
Nor ceases o'er battle-fields trod;
For the chant of earth's liberty ringing,
For glory which answers it there
The children of Ogle are bringing
Their tribute of song and of prayer.
Chorus:—

The following song, "Ogle," has been dedicated to the schools of Ogle County by the author, Mrs. Mary F. Bradstreet Helmershausen, of Franklin Grove, Illinois.

Mrs. Helmershausen came to this county when but three years of age. She attended school in Oregon, in the Crowell district and later at Rock River Seminary, Mt. Morris, Illinois, at which school she spent about six years. She taught at a number of places in the county. She was at one time first assistant at Polo under L. B. Searl, Principal. In her letter of transmittal she says, "Ogle County is very dear to me, inexpressibly so, from its hallowed associations."

I urge upon the teachers and the boys and girls of the county to make "Ogle," "Illinois" and "America" their own, and learn to sing them with a will.

Office of County Superintendent of Schools.

Oregon, Illinois. Jan. 22, 1902.

Mrs. Mary F. B. Helmershausen,
Dear Mrs. Helmershausen:

Enclosed you will find program of teachers' meeting at Rochelle next Saturday.

"Ogle" will be sung for the first time in the county at this meeting.

Yours very truly,
Signed, Joseph M. Piper.

DeKalb, Illinois,
Jan. 7, 1904.

Mrs. Mary Helmershausen,
Dear Friend:

The song you wrote is first class in every respect. I shall not forget the song, neither shall I forget the singer. I have never forgotten you, from our first acquaintance at Rock River Seminary.

We are in our new house and enjoy it very much.

With kindest regards to you, I remain,
Yours fraternally,
Joseph M. Piper.

A monument was erected in Battle Ground Park at Stillman Valley near Mary's old farm-home "Locust Lane" to commemorate the seventieth anniversary of the first battle in Illinois. The east side of the monument bears the United States Seal, and the words, "In memory of the Illinois Volunteers who fell at Stillman's Run, May 14, 1832 in an engagement with Black Hawk and his warriors."

CHAPTER VIII

"Park Rest"

1904-1920

As the sky at the close of day takes on new and greater beauty of amber, pearl, amethyst and gold, so as this precious life drew near to its rest, it took unto itself every beauty it could gather. Trips to Chicago afforded enjoyable visits to the Art Institute, the inspiration of masterly painting; walks by the shore of Lake Michigan; strolls among the flowers of Lincoln Park; moments of joy in the conservatories, rapture at the profusion of poinsettias at Christmas week; a convocation at the University of Chicago; the persuasive preaching of Dr. F. W. Gunsalus—delight followed delight.

The family devotionals became more

and more spiritual communion. The revival led by Gipsy Smith, held in the Coliseum, was a spiritual feast. The correspondence with absent children, friends, schoolmates and cousins was a source of great comfort for many years. Extracts from letters are given:

Byron, Illinois.
October 7, 1906.

My dear sister Mary:

Your welcome letter received. Lillian wants me to come south in December and spend the winter with her in Purvis, Mississippi. I would enjoy it, I know.—Does Floyd call his little girl "Blanche?" ---- I hope Adella had the

Bradstreet-Home photographed, with a south view. It does not seem possible, Mary, that I shall never see father coming to meet me, calling out, "Martha!" or mother standing in the south door; or hear Maria sing. O, sister, are they gone? Can it be! I think of you, Mary, being alone all day, but at night Alice coming home from school, so bright and cheery.

I am well, contented and cheerful.
Love to all,
Martha.

Byron, Illinois,
October 8, 1906.

Dear Aunt Mary:

I am at mother's and Mary and Roy have gone to their studies at the DeKalb Normal School. I think that my children are doing good work, and they both enjoy the school. I begin to feel old with them grown up. Tell the girls to come and visit us. I should like to see all of your children here. Give my love to Uncle Charles and my cousins.

With love,
Your niece Ada.

Cook's Fall, N. Y.
February 24, 1907.

Dear Cousin Mary:

Your father and mother were so good, it is an inspiration to me to think of them. I loved your parents dearly and wish I had stayed with them longer as they wished me to do. We have had blessed seasons of prayer together. I rejoice, knowing we shall meet again.

Your cousin,
Maria.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania,
139 North 58th Street,
July 14, 1907.

Dear Mary:

I received your letter with pleasure.-- Grandmother lived with us when I was eight or nine years old. I remember her well. She died and was buried at New Paltz, Ulster County, N. Y., shortly after she left us, to go on a visit.----

With love,
Yours,
Angeline Bradstreet Satterlee.

Cook's Falls, N. Y.
July 28, 1907.

Dear Cousin Mary:

I often wished to hear about your mother's death. I cannot tell you how much I loved her. I am so glad you wrote to me about her. You had a good mother and father. Clarissa Anne was a beautiful child, so pretty, so good. I cannot praise her enough. As young as she was she would gather the little girls together and have prayer meetings to the neighbours. You were born after I left.

I have 36 grandchildren and 25 great grandchildren. Betsey Whitney has 2 grandchildren.

Does Martha remember me?

Your cousin,
Maria (Bradstreet) Tompkins.

Dixon, Illinois.
November 27, 1907.

Mrs. Mary F. B. Helmershausen,
Franklin Grove, Illinois.

Dear Friend,

At a meeting of the National Board held in Washington, D. C., October 7, your application for membership to the National Society of the Daughters Of The American Revolution was accepted. Also, at the meeting of our local Chapter held in Dixon November 23, 1907, you were accepted as a member of our Dixon Chapter. Your number--61847.

Very truly yours,
Mrs. Anna G. Burnham,
Chapter Registrar

**NATIONAL SOCIETY
OF THE
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN
REVOLUTION**

Washington, D. C.,
October 15, 1907.

Mrs. Mary Fletcher (Bradstreet) Helmershausen:

My dear Madame:—

I have the honor to advise you that your application for membership in the National Society of the Daughters Of The American Revolution was accepted by the Board of Management, October 7, 1907, and that your name has been placed upon the list of members.

Very Respectfully,
Elizabeth F. Pierce,
Recording Secretary General.

National No. 61847.

For her descendants:

Rev. Samuel Todd, Chaplain,
Samuel Todd, the Soldier
Ensign John Dudley
Henry Bradstreet
Lieut. William Moore

Mary was ever an ardent patriot. The blood of revolutionary forbears coursed in her veins. At the sight of the Flag her eyes glistened, a warm flush mounted to her forehead, and heart and hope throbbed and thrilled in martial music.

Long Pine, Nebraska,
Sept. 12, 1908,

Dear Cousin Mary:

We received your letter and the book for which please accept our thanks. We dedicated our new church last Sunday, Sept. 6, 1908. It cost six thousand dollars. We raised the sum of one thousand dollars which clears our indebtedness.

We have a beautiful church. The window at the right as you enter is your window. It is fine. All of the windows were sold and are memorials. Yours to your godly parents "Daniel M. and Clarissa Bradstreet."

The audience room is raised, floor seated with opera chairs, and is very pretty and comfortable. We have a fine pulpit and three pulpit chairs. The house is beautifully lighted. I send you a card with the picture of our church. On the right is the parsonage. The marble slab over the main entrance is inscribed: "Memorial Melvin W. Eighmy Memorial Church, 1908." It is in memory of our only son now deceased.

Hoping to hear from you again, we are

Your loving cousins,

Phillip H. and Dorinda C. Eighmy,

Long Pine, Nebraska,
June 4, 1910

Dear Cousin Mary:

Referring to my mother, I never saw her to know her. She died May 22, 1839, your Aunt Affa; I was born April 9, 1839 and have never known what a mother was. But God has been good to me and I love Him. His goodness is great. For thirty years I have been in His ministry, six years of that time a presiding elder. I was two years in the

Nebraska Legislature; and served one year as Chaplain of the Grand Army of the Republic of the state of Nebraska. In 1904, I was elected a delegate to the General Conference held at Los Angeles, California. I have tried to do what has been committed unto me, faithfully, and God's hand has led me, motherless, step by step, onward. I am old now, Mary, but answer calls to preach, to fill vacancies, and funerals; am class-leader in our home church, pay on the salary and benevolences, and cherish a hope to meet that lost mother, sometime, somewhere.

On the 16th of November we started for the Pacific coast, and spent two months visiting at Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. We bought a home in San Diego before leaving; returned home April 15th, expecting to go back this fall. We remain, Always,

Sincerely your cousins,

P. H. and D. C. Eighmy.

Long Pine, Nebraska,
Sept. 20, 1910.

Dear Cousin;

We hasten to write to you before we leave for the Pacific coast permanently. We are selling out our effects here; have sold five of our six houses. We do not expect to sell the land this fall before we go. The lease will hold five years' cash rent, subject to sale. Our ranch of eight hundred acres is south-east of Long Pine.

Our golden wedding will be April 8, 1911, if we live so long. I am seventy-one and Dorinda will be seventy on Aug. 17, 1911. We came to Iowa in 1867; bought land; came to Nebraska in 1893; sold the Iowa land at a good profit; and bought Nebraska land.

Now, dear cousin Mary, we have had a little farewell visit with you on paper, and gone over the past.

We expect to leave Long Pine on the 11th of October. The parting from friends makes us sad, as does the leaving of our home and church. Our address is 805 Irving Ave., San Diego, Cal. With prayers for you and your family God bless and preserve you all. I hope to hear from you often. We remain, Always,

Sincerely your cousins,

P. H. and D. C. Eighmy.



Burial place of William, Henry, Daniel, Clarissa and Alexander Bradstreet, children of Major Daniel M. and Clarissa Bradstreet, Chehocton, later called Hancock, Delaware County, New York

Chana, Illinois,
March 10, 1908.

My dear old-time friend, Mary:

Your letter and lovely post-card came in due time, and were gladly welcomed. I can imagine how you enjoy a visit with your children in Chicago. I am thankful to be better. I am over seventy-five years. Mary dear, to live in Heaven with the loved ones who have passed over before, seems to me ought to make the thought a delight. This world is beautiful. God made it for us and we appreciate it but must leave it.

I often think of you when you were teaching and boarding with us. I thought you so fine which you were. This is a little pouring out of ointment while here; the flowers and eulogies often come late. You and your family have the esteemed and best wishes of my family. I wish we could visit oftener.

No, Mary, I cannot be a member of the D.A.R. I never heard that any of my forbears lived in America at that time. My father was on the sea in the last of the "1812" War. He was in the British service and was mustered out at the close. He was pressed in the service with three brothers when on the sea coming to America. His sympathy was with America.

I heard my mother say we had some claims on the titled nobility, but that is so long ago, it does not count. I have heard my grandfather say, "It shall never be said that—stooped to do such a thing." It was his pride to keep his name without a stain, "Nobless Oblige."

Again, Mary, with love to your own dear self and Alice.

Your friend,
Anna Canfield.

Terryville, Connecticut,
March 23, 1908.

Dear friend:

The records relating to Mr. Todd's children, also the Evans, were kept in Waterbury up to 1780—and from 1780 to 1795 in Watertown when Plymouth was set off. "The History of Waterbury" will be found in any large library.

In "The History of Plymouth, Connecticut" I find that the Rev. Samuel Todd's children were born in Plymouth. He came here with his young wife and

remained twenty-four years. He had two children by the name of "Alethea" and two "Lucys." One Lucy died June 9, 1752. Near her gravestone is an unmarked grave supposed to be Alethea's who was drowned in a spring near the house; and the first grave in the yard.

One daughter, Mary, was married to Obed Foote. Mr. Todd was dismissed at his own request in 1764. The size of his house was 25X32. I will send you a twig and leaves of apple and elm tree which grew on the site.

Yours,

Jason C. Fenn.
Judge of Probate and Town Clerk,
Plymouth.

News from New York

After her parents' marriage, Mary's father lived in Chehocton, called now Hancock, Delaware Co., N. Y. Five children died here, Henry, William, Daniel, Clarissa, Alexander. Markers were set at their graves in the Presbyterian church cemetery.

Hancock, N. Y.,
April 28, 1908.

My dear friend:

Your father, Daniel M. Bradstreet, built the first hotel in Chehocton now Hancock, N. Y., and also he ran a smithy employing three blacksmiths; and a mill with ten millers and sawyers on his large farm.

About the Old Smithy

The smithy was burned by Omer Lakin, who owned and ran the hotel after Mr. Walker (who I believe bought your father out). A wild wolf bit an ox belonging to Mr. Lakin and also bit many dogs and sheep which went fearfully mad. The large fine ox was put loose in the smithy, and reared and tore until he died. Then Mr. Lakin burnt the smithy, ox and all. It stood down in front of the hotel at precisely where the Erie railroad crossed the highway from Newton.

Do you remember of hearing of Artemus Newton? He lived just the other side of the west branch of the Delaware river opposite your hotel. Dr. Freeman Allen, your family doctor lived with him.

I take it you are most anxious to

know the condition of your brothers' and sister's graves. They are as you say in a tier just back of the church in quite good order. The figures and names are worn dim, but as yet can be traced. Archie Armstrong and Dolly (Leonard) his wife, lie near by. He kept the hotel at the Cove one and a half miles down the river.

Old Pioneer Days

I have often heard my grandfather Stephen Read, and my father talk about your father. He built the first house here in 1797. He and Asa App'ey, his sister Hannah Read and husband, came from Connecticut. They cleared land and raised sixteen bushels of potatoes and seventeen bushels of corn. They bought 3500 acres of land, went to cutting pine logs, 15 feet long, and got one dollar a log at Easton, Pennsylvania; for those three to five feet they got less. The government paid \$18 in gold for each pine spar 95 feet high. Stephen Read died 1868 aged 90 years. Riley Read, my father died 1896 aged 87 years. My mother, Dr. Luther Appley's daughter, died 1891 aged 78 years.

Old Families

I give you names to call your recollection back. Your father knew Judge Samuel Preston and his family (Samuel, Paul, Werner, Ann and her sister who owned many thousand acres of land, five miles below here); also the Dillon, Knight, LeBarr, May, Kingsbury, Hawks, Sands, Thomas and Wheeler families.

Captain Ezra May gave the land for the cemetery but lies buried in California; so does Samuel Sands, sr. I met Daniel and Slows Walker in Cloverdale, California in 1887. They remembered living in your hotel here, with their father and brother-in-law, Stedman Lincoln. Mr. Albert Sands and wife have just left our office. He is a grandson of Samuel, sr. and says he knew your family, and attended your brother's funeral here.

I will send you a few sprigs of trailing arbutus to put you in mind of your Delaware-river-days as you used to pick it on our hills in New York. I enclose cards of our town; location of

your brothers' graves; and the hotel your father built.

The Old Hotel

The building is standing in good condition; with the same white ash floor in it; but there is no sound of the violin of Robert Grant. Your guests are all gone.

Very truly,
E. Darwin Read

June seventeenth, 1908—Just back of Point Mountain, a little from your front door, on the west branch of the Delaware river, is one of the finest sheets of water that can be found.

The Old Farm

The church is on your father's farm; and the farm and its improvements cannot be purchased now for \$75,000. There is a railway depot on the old farm, and some fine residences.

E. D. Read

July 17, 1908

My dear friend:

You will never find a more beautiful spot than here for your brothers' last resting-place. Do not move them to Illinois! I will send you a picture of the little graves; and of your house and the window from which your mother looked out on the graves, all in fair short view. I have heard most of the old people here speak of your father and family; and never heard a word but good spoken of them. I find his name in many early business transactions.

Very truly,
E. D. Read.

Mr. Read sent a box of trailing arbutus, next a box of pink laurels for Memorial Day to garland the graves of his father's friends, Daniel and Clarissa Bradstreet, 1908.

Shandaken, Ulster Co., N. Y.,
August 3, 1908.

Dear cousin Mary:

I was in Clovesville cemetery and read the inscriptions on the tombstones of your grandparents, uncles and cousins. I also copied the inscriptions I enclose. Our little daughter is named Grace Isabelle. Uncle Albert Riseley

spent Sunday with us; he visited at your father's house in Illinois years ago. Elizabeth Whitney, "Aunt Betsey" died last fall. Yours,

Joseph H. Riseley, jr.

August 17, 1908,

Dear friend:

I will write about—"The Old Cemetery." The little graves are close together; 3½X12 ft. covers the whole plot as the graves lie, but the lot is larger. The two square stones are perfect as the day they were set; a grey sandstone. The other three are of blue stone cut and scalloped. The large square stone toward the church is of Deacon Ezra May, who gave land for church and cemetery, but he lies in California. The Sands family have a ball on their monument. At the right are the Leonards, then Wheeler, Doyle, Hawks, LaBarr families, all here when your father knew them.

The Old Home

Your home is in good condition. I had the back and end taken so that you could see where your mother looked out on the little loved ones, not lost, but gone before. The open window was the one where she sat. It is about 250 feet to the graves on a straight line. The house is 26X36 ft. main part. The front has a large, old-fashioned entrance, and door in the center of the building, all in good order. The house stands high on a hill. There were three terraces stoned up, and stone steps up these three terraces. I think 20 to 25 ft. above the main highway, and a lovely view all around. There are large, fine old maple trees, and an excellent well of water, deep and cool. The church 36X60 ft. dedicated on December 1851 stands where the old school house and church stood, when your family lived here.

The Old Friends

I think there never has been so much said and all good, about any family which ever left here; as about yours. You will hear the name brought up every few days, even now. Many ask yet about you, the Lakin, Thomas, Knight, LaBarr, Wilcox, Wheeler, Sand,

Easlie, Leonard, Appleys, Kingsbury, Doyle, Hubbell, Wainright.

E. D. Read.

Rockford, Illinois.

May 7, 1909.

Dear aunt Mary and Cousins:

I should like so much to see you. Why cannot you come and make us a visit? No imagination about my new honor of being a proud grandfather to two as fine little boys as you ever saw. Robert has black eyes and hair; and John, blue eyes and light hair; a beautiful contrast. Helen is keeping her own house, and she would be glad to hear from you.

I have been ill for the past year, but hope to recover this summer.

With best regards to all, especially to aunt Mary,

Charles Holbrook Patrick.

National Society of the DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

No. 31121

Washington, 10-23, 1909.

J. E. Caldwell & Co.,

902 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Gentlemen: Upon receipt of price you are authorized to deliver to Mary Fletcher Bradstreet Helmershausen, of Franklin Grove, Ill., one Badge of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, as described below, upon which shall be engraved number 61847.

Grace M. Pierce, Registrar General.

National Society of the DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

No. 4477

Washington, 10-23, 1909.

J. E. Caldwell & Co.,

902 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Gentlemen: Upon receipt of price you are authorized to deliver to Mary Fletcher Bradstreet Helmershausen, of Franklin Grove, Ill., Ancestral Bar of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, as described below, upon which shall be engraved.....

Henry Bradstreet

Lieut. William Moore..... No. 4478
 Chaplain Samuel Todd..... No. 4479
 Samuel Todd, jr..... No. 4480
 Grace M. Pierce, Registrar General.

A DIPLOMA

This certifies that on March 31, 1913, Mary F. Bradstreet Helmershausen was elected a member of the National Society of the United States Daughters of Eighteen Hundred and Twelve.

National Number, 3162

Illinois State Number, 157.

Ida Sherman Jenne, President.

Agnes Holton Banks, Secretary.

Martha and Mary were Real Daughters, as Major Bradstreet, their father, was a veteran of 1812. Their memberships were in the Chicago Chapter; Mary's U. S. Number was 3162; Illinois Number, 157.

Martha's numbers were 5318 and 353.

Mary's daughter's numbers were 3155 and 150.

Social Events: On July 16, 1908, July 15, 1909, Aug. 4, 1910, Aug. 1, 1912, Aug. 7, 1913, Aug. 5, 1915 and at other times, Mary was a gracious hostess to the Woman's Foreign Missionary and the Ladies' Aid Societies of her chu. ch.

Mrs. Chester W. Cook, nee Mary Merwin, was a daughter of Julia Todd Merwin, Mary's cousin; and also a namesake of Mary Dudley Todd. Mary enjoyed a delightful visit with her second cousin while in Chicago; the two namesakes recalling reminiscences.

Dixon College May 8, 1908, conferred and degree of Master of Arts (for Latin and History) on Mary's eldest daughter, which was a source of gratification to the mother's ambition for all that was noble and best for her children.

Each holiday was a social event of interest to her. Patriotism was a thing of life. The cry of Andrew Jackson, "Our Federal Union! It must be preserved!" expressed Mary's deepest conviction. Of the war of 1861-65 was spoken words naming it a great disaster which separated the States. The grief lay deep in Mary's heart. Gradually she added the names of the new states to her list, until her adorable banner bore forty-eight stars. Her free spirit

exulted in the galaxy of stars. The Un.on forever! An event was the home-coming to America of the evangelists, Chapman and his singer Alexander, from an around the world tour; which was celebrated in the First Regiment Armory. Five thousand worshippers in the Armory lifted praise. Dr. Chapman chose as his theme, "The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

On April 1st, 1912, Mary mourned the death of her nephew's daughter, Eloise Bradstreet who died in her graduating term at the DeKalb State Normal School.

Of her, the President, Dr. John W. Cook said, "There came the mystery of death and the sweet spirit went out into the unknown. The work of her first term was excellent, and of her last term was exceptional. Her capable mind, her industry, enthusiasm and warm interest in the subjects of instruction united to make her a delightful student and her presence in the class-room an extreme satisfaction to her instructors."

Miss Beryl Skinner said, "A soul so pure and noble, so womanly as hers, will live forever in our memories."

Miss Emily Jones noted that for Eloise the Easter "broke into the light and fullness of the perfect day."

Miss Daisy A. Tiffy added "To have known Eloise gives one a glad memory that will never fade."

Mary wrote—

Galilee

Dear Galilee, attuned to love
 To beauty and to song. Above,
 Around thee, voices whisper near,
 Forever echo, "Christ was here."

Dear Galilee, the Christ was here
 Upon thy waters. Wise and clear,
 His words rang to the farther shore
 A gospel never heard before.

Dear Galilee, the Christ was here
 Alone in solitude; a near
 The Father came. O, wondrous Sea,
 Forever sacred Galilee!

Dear Galilee, the Christ was here
 From Death He banished doubt and
 fear,

The Dying Christ, the Crucified
 The Risen Lord, the waves beside.



Charles, in 1924 a junior in the State
University of Idaho, at Moscow



Alice Blanche, in 1924 a candidate
for a Life Teacher's Certificate, Idaho
State Normal School at Albion



Mildred, in 1924 a junior in the
Rupert, Idaho, High School

MARY'S THREE GRANDCHILDREN



The home of Daniel Bradstreet (1773-1833), Springboro, Ohio.

Built 1816, standing 1927.

MRS. EMMA LAWSON, GRAND-DAUGHTER CAROL



The farm home at "Locust Lane" of Daniel M. Bradstreet, 1795-1877. Marion twp., Ogle Co., Ill.

MRS. WOODBURN, DAUGHTER MARY, GRANDSON, JAMES WOODBURN



The home of Attorney and Mrs. James Corydon Woodburn. Byron, Ill.

JAMES AND ADA WOODBURN



THE HOME OF ARTHUR J. SMITH
Fox Lake, Illinois

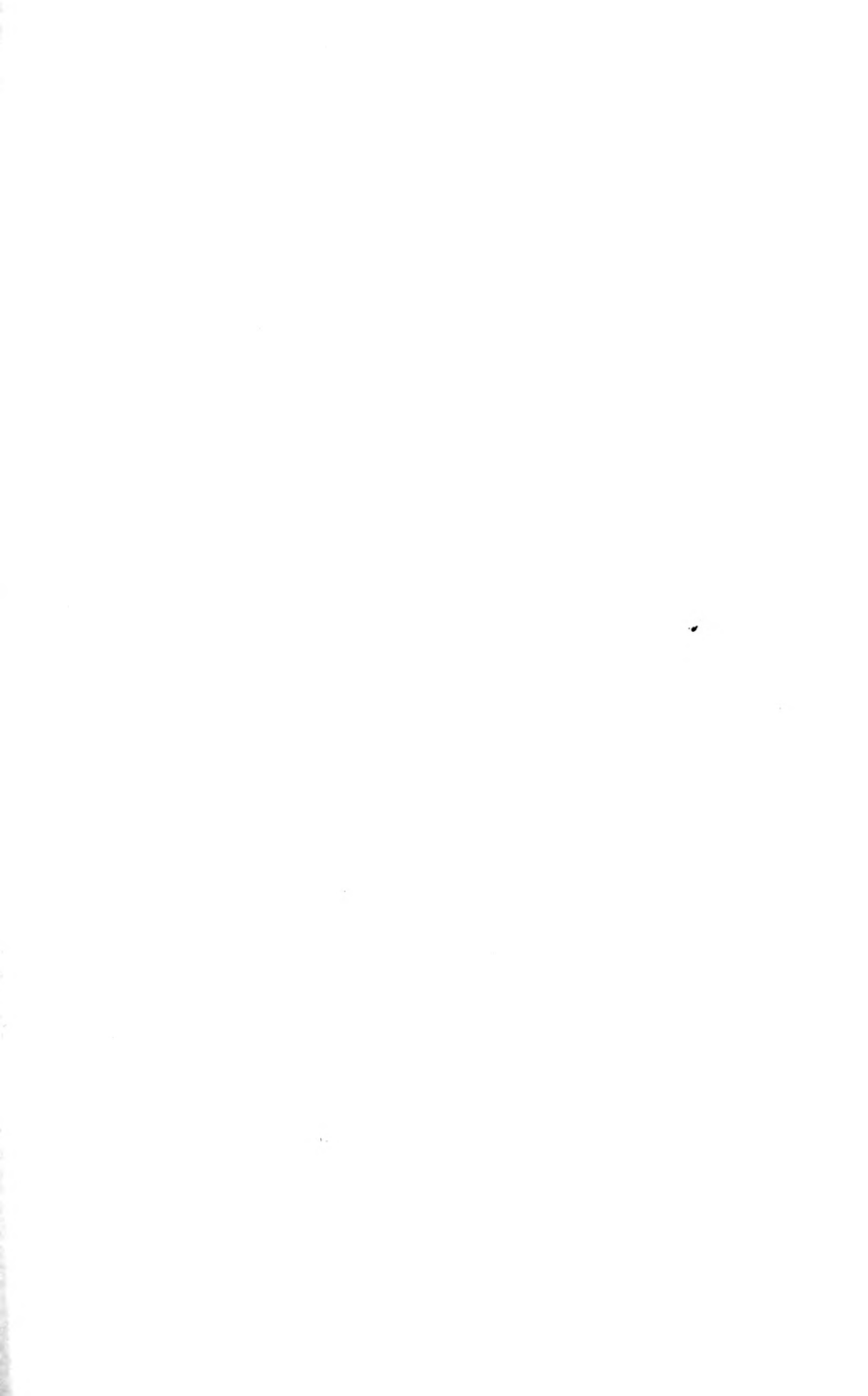


THE HOME OF FRANK HARLOW BRADSTREET, SR.
Snyder, Oklahoma



THE HOME OF THE REV. AND MRS. McKENDREE M. BLACK
Richton, Mississippi







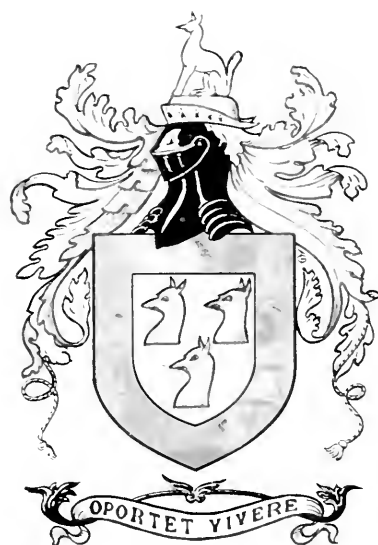
Sacred to the memory of
DANIEL BRADSTREET
 Feb. 12, 1773—Oct. 2, 1833
 "Old Cemetery," Centerville, Ohio



His first son
DANIEL MOORE BRADSTREET, Sr.
 Nov. 6, 1795—May 15, 1877
 Franklin Grove, Illinois



His third son
HENRY PORTER BRADSTREET
 Nov. 18, 1804—Feb. 4, 1865
 "Old Cemetery," Centerville, Ohio



Todd





The Chester W. Cooke Family of Manteno, Illinois.

Standing: Nelson, Julia, Mr. Cooke, Harriet.

Sitting: Maude, Marcus, Mrs. Cooke, Urban.



Mary's Sister, Martha Jane Bradstreet Patrick, 1837-1920
Mary's Favorite Niece, Ada Maria Patrick Woodburn
Mary's Namesake, Mary Allan Woodburn





THOMAS BOLTON PATRICK

Son of George T. and Martha J. Bradstreet Patrick. May 10, 1859—April 22, 1864.
4 Years, 11 Months, 12 Days



FRANK BRADSTREET, JR.



HELEN PATRICK



MARY, ADELBERT AND ROY WOODBURN



LILLIAN PATRICK



ARTHUR SMITH



LILLIAN and BLANCHE
Daughters of Martha Jane Bradstreet
Patrick.





CHARLES



ADA MARIA PATRICK
WOODBURN

Sons and Daughter of Martha Jane Bradstreet Patrick



GEORGE



HARRY

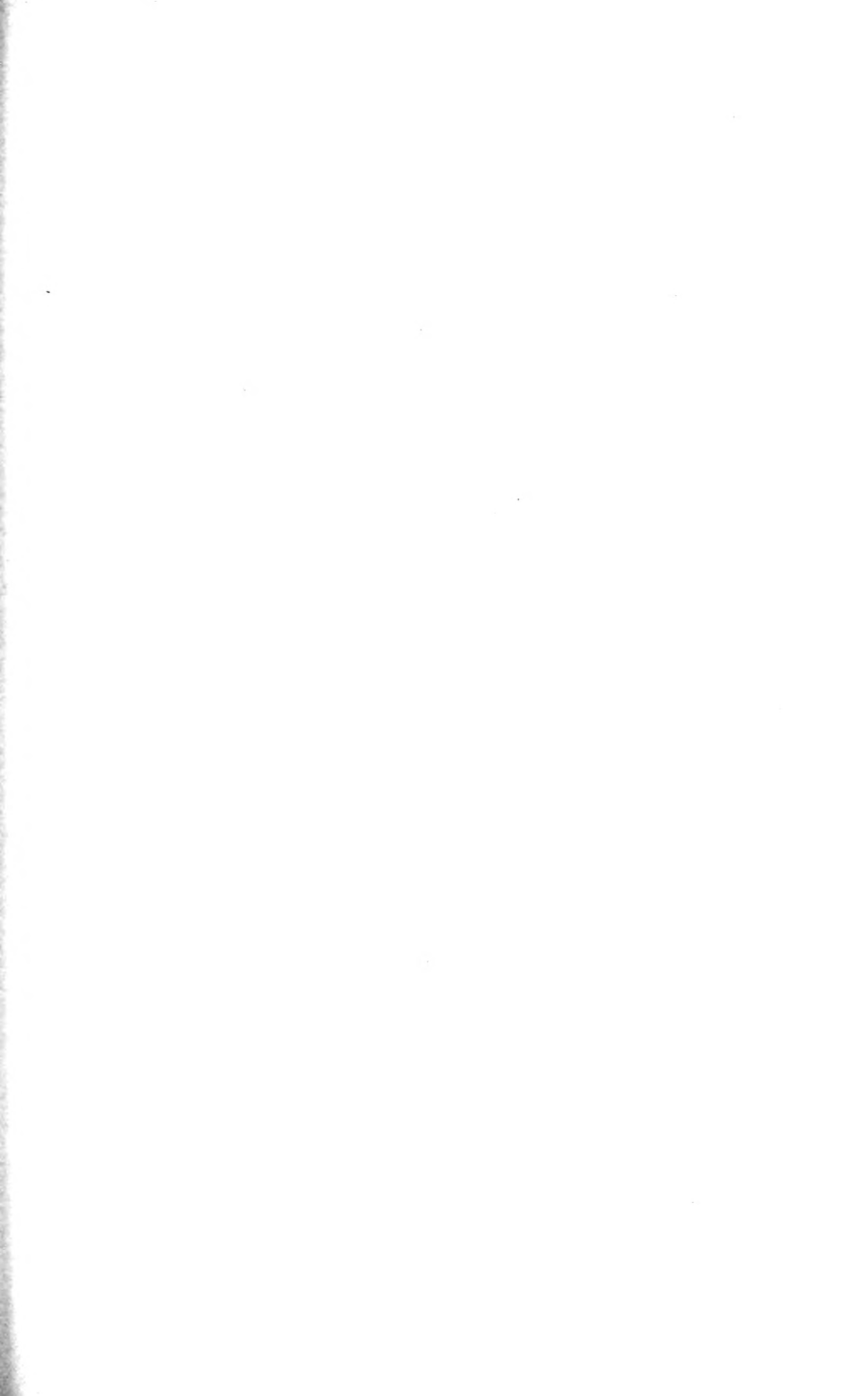


LILLIAN

Sons and Daughter of Martha Jane Bradstreet Patrick

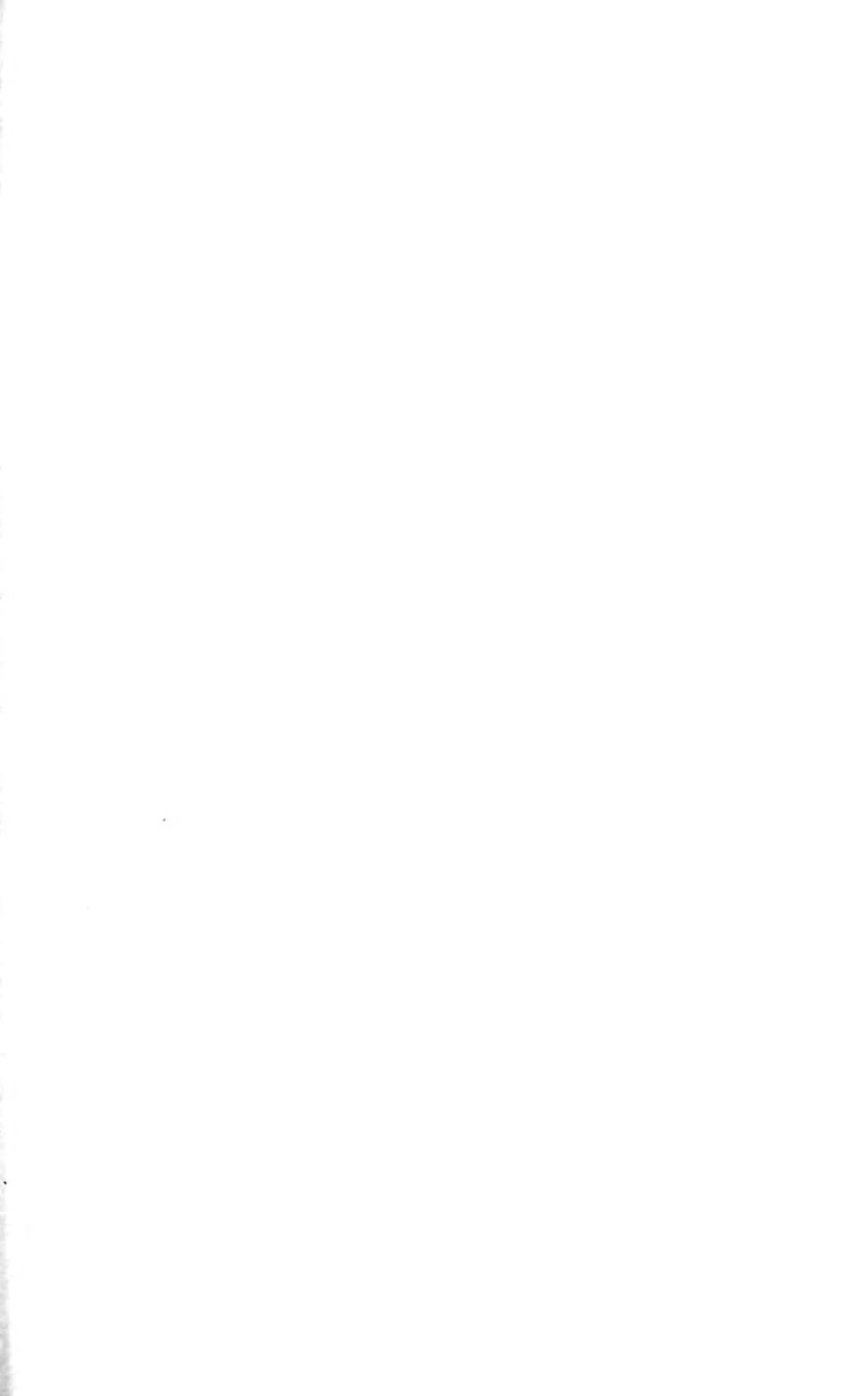


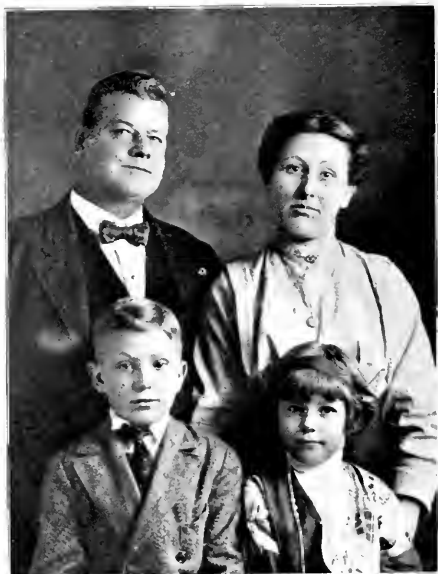
HENRY





HELEN BLANCHE
First Granddaughter of Martha Jane Bradstreet Patrick





HENRY WINTER PATRICK

His wife, Mrs. Maud Patrick, his son, Henry
Franklin, and his daughter, Vivian Maud.



LUCY CROUCH BATTIS
Mary's Schoolmate

MARTHA BRADSTREET PATRICK
Mary's Sister





Mary's Eldest Brother
JOHN WESLEY BRADSTREET





MARY ETTA



DAISY MAE



IDA LILLIAN

Daughters of Daniel Moore and Elizabeth Parker Bradstreet



FRANCES HUNTINGTON



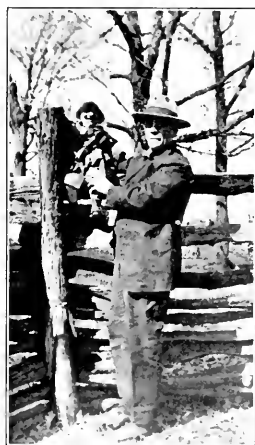
ELOISE and ALICE



ALICE BUTTERICK



FRANCES HUNTINGTON
BRADSTREET
And her niece, Ruth Bradstreet
Rowe.



JESSE WILLIAM BRADSTREET
And his granddaughter,
Eloise Harriet Welty.

Daughters of Jesse William and Harriet (Brimblecom) Bradstreet





JESSE, WINIFRED, DANIEL AND
HARVEY BRADSTREET





CLARISSA EDITH BRADSTREET STARK
(Mary's Niece)



EFFIE ESTELLE BRADSTREET BARDEN
Mary's Niece





Mary's Nephew, Whom She Named
FRANK HARLOW BRADSTREET



BLANCH OLIVE BRADSTREET
Snyder, Oklahoma
Granddaughter of
Daniel Moore Bradstreet, Jr.





JAMES MOORE



BEULAH HEMINGWAY MOORE



LEON HEMINGWAY MOORE
MRS. HELLEN BECKER MOORE
LEO A. MOORE



LEON HEMINGWAY MOORE

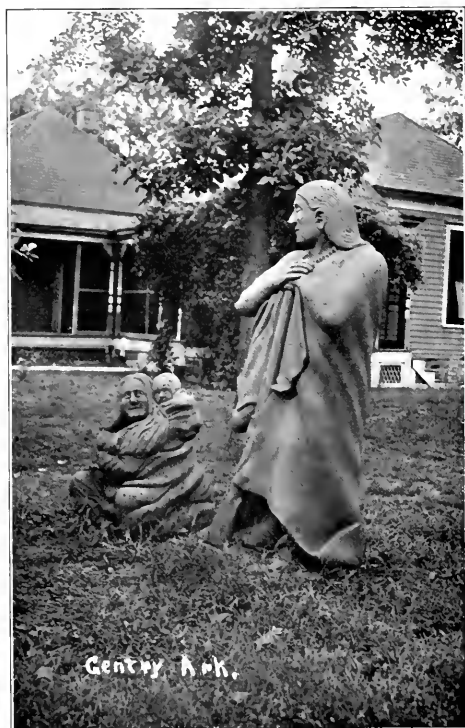


NINA B. MOORE PRICE



FOUR GENERATIONS OF MOORE

Mrs. Leon Hemenway Moore, Sr., nee Hellen M. Becker
of Dixon, Illinois.
Her son, Leo A. Moore of Claremore, Oklahoma.
His son, Kenneth B. Moore.
His daughter, Hellen Lucile Moore.
Leon was Mary's second cousin.



The Home and Indian Statue Sculpture of Leon Heminway
Moore, Gentry, Arkansas



WILLIAM MARY BRIDGET
 Called "Polly"

The burial place of William Bradstreet (1797-1849)
 Allaben, Ulster County, New York
 Second son of Daniel Bradstreet (1773-1833)



MARIA CLARISSA DANIEL (under flag)
 DANIEL Jr. (under large wreath)

The burial place of Daniel M. Bradstreet (1795-1877)
 Franklin Grove, Illinois
 First son of Daniel Bradstreet (1773-1833)



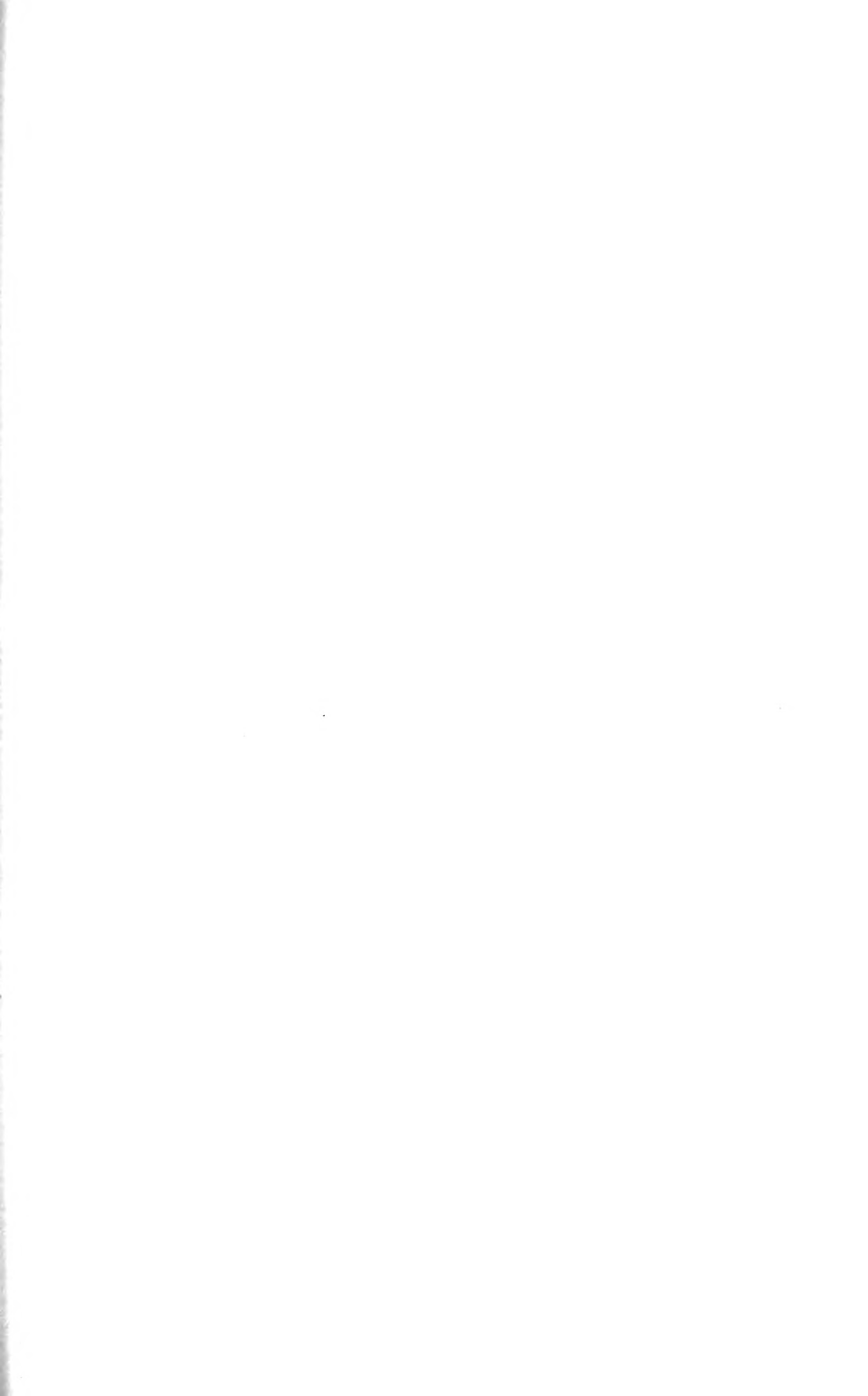
HANNAH BRADSTREET RISELEY
1833-1895

Mary's Cousin



JANE BRADSTREET BALLARD
1818-1897

Mary's Cousin





ELIZABETH BRADSTREET WHITNEY, CALLED "BETSEY"

1824-1907

Mary's Cousin



ANGELINE D. WHITNEY
1855-



ELLA C. WHITNEY
1862-

Daughters of Elizabeth Bradstreet Whitney





BRIDGET ANNE BRADSTREET SATTERLEE
1835-1921

Mary's Cousin



WILLIAM BRADSTREET
1826-1889

Mary's Cousin





Family of
WILLIAM AND MIRIAM SATTERLEE BRADSTREET
 Hon. Calvin, 1851, N. Y., July 4 David, 1857, Iowa
 Mary "Polly," 1853, Ill., April 20 Thomas, 1866, Iowa
 Andrew J., 1855, Ill., June 8 Miriam, 1868
 Charles, 1870





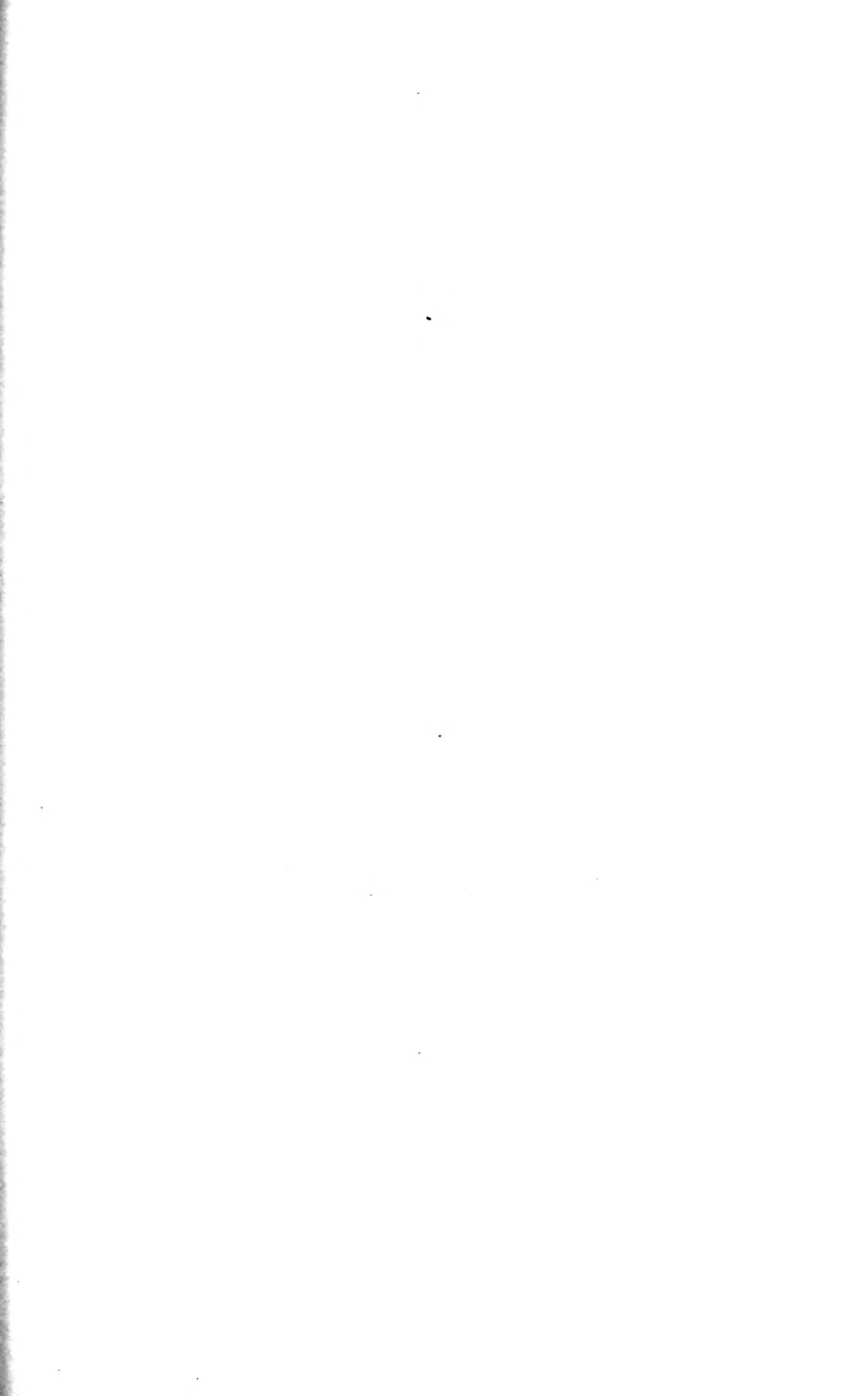
Thomas Bradstreet, born 1866
Luella May Biding Bradstreet, died 1919
1. Archie L. Bradstreet, born 1888
2. Deo Bradstreet, born 1891





MARGARET BRADSTREET RISELEY, 1820-1899
and her son, Joseph Riseley

Mary's Cousin





DANIEL BRADSTREET
1828—1900
Mary's Cousin



The Family of Henry Moore Bradstreet of Spencer, Nebraska.

Sitting: Henry (1843-1908); Susan (1843-)

Standing: 1. Nathaniel Preston Bradstreet (1863-)

2. William Daniel Bradstreet (1867-)

3. Eugene Ellsworth Bradstreet (1871-)



MARY'S COUSIN IN NEW YORK STATE,
ANGELINE BRADSTREET



ANGELINE BRADSTREET SATTERLEE

1838-1913

Mary's Cousin





HENRY PORTER BRADSTREET (1804-1865)
Mary's half-uncle



ELLIS W. BRADSTREET (1852-1921)
Mary's half-cousin



MRS. ANNA M. BRADSTREET PATTERSON
About 45 Years



FRANCIS MARION BRADSTREET
(1838-1906)
Son of Henry Porter Bradstreet
Mary's half cousin



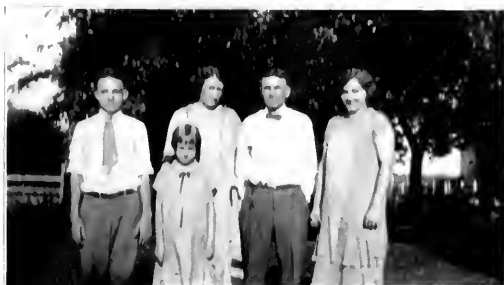
Emma, daughter of F. M. Bradstreet,
wife of G. W. Lawson



Emma, Emory and Lillian, children
of F. M. Bradstreet



Alice Helmershausen, daughter of Mary F. Bradstreet-Helmshausen



Emory, son of Francis Marion Bradstreet, and family,
Centerville, Ohio



Lillian, daughter of Francis Marion Bradstreet, and family,
Centerville, Ohio



Four generations of Rhoda Bradstreet Dearth,
Detroit, Michigan



JOHN MILTON BRADSTREET

(Son of Daniel Bradstreet, 1773-1833)

Born Aug. 21, 1815. Died May 11, 1863. Married March 19, 1834, to Margaret Price. Mary's half-uncle.



LORENA BRADSTREET KEESE

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, 1842. Died in Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 23, 1881. Married Francis S. Keese in Philadelphia, Pa., 1861. Interment in Philadelphia, Pa. Mary's half-cousin.



THE JOHN M. BRADSTREET MONUMENT
in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y.



HENRY C. BRADSTREET

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, Oct., 1839. Died in New York City, Oct. 24, 1896. Interment in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y. Partner in the Bradstreet Agency. Mary's half-cousin.



MILTON BRADSTREET

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, Feb. 6, 1835. Died in Clifton, Texas, July 12, 1907. Married in Centreville, Ohio, Nov. 6, 1856, to Mary E. Kelsey. Picture taken May 26, 1893. Partner in the Bradstreet Agency. Mary's half-cousin.



MARY BRADSTREET HOFFMAN

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, Jan. 4, 1837. Died in the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, Jan. 2, 1921. Married Francis S. Hoffman in Philadelphia, Pa., 1860. Interment in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mary's half-cousin.



HENRY C. BRADSTREET
Clifton, Texas

Taken when he was five years old,
Dec. 14th, 1865. Mary's half-
cousin.



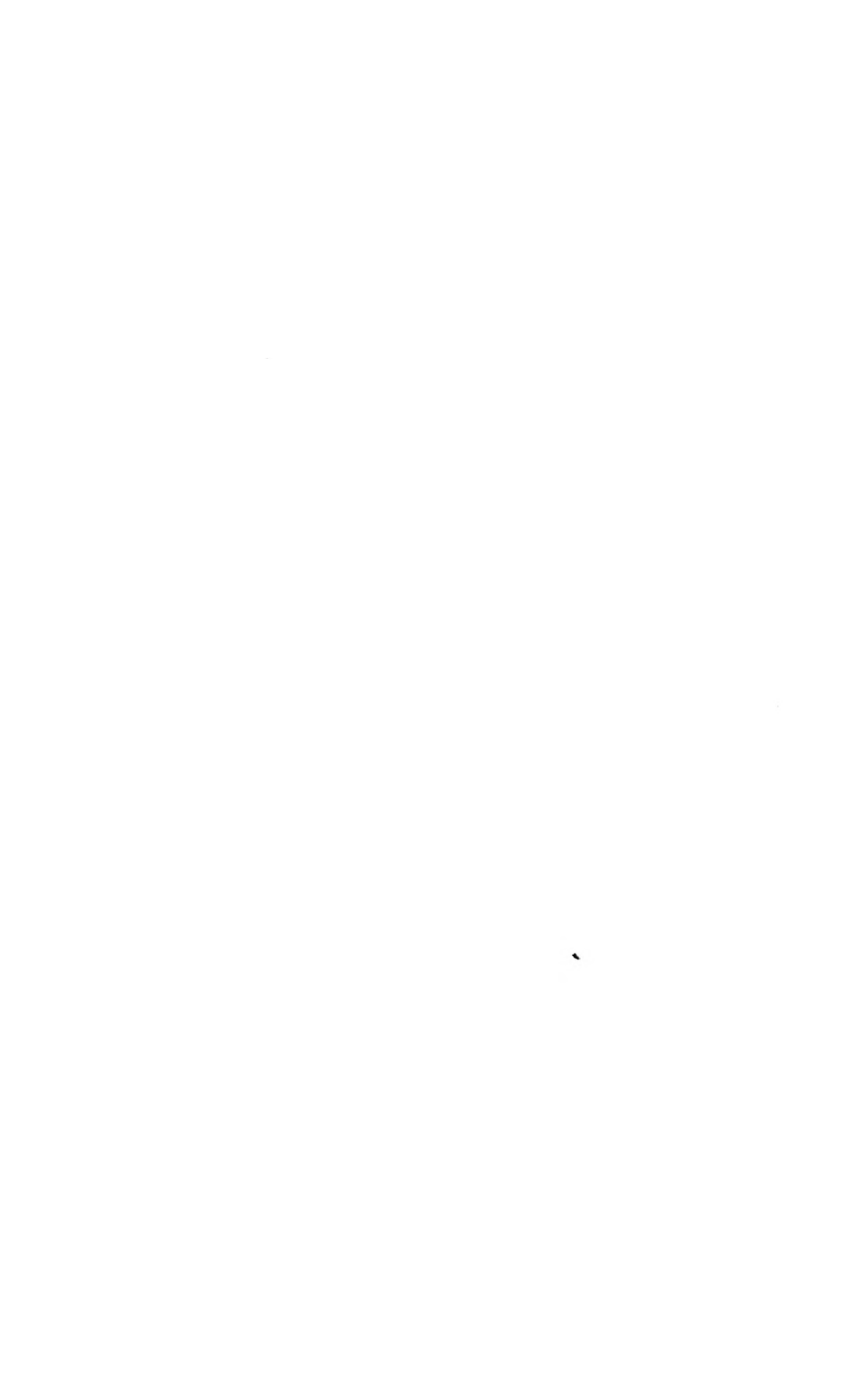
FRANK KELSEY BRADSTREET AND FAMILY—1898
Children left to right are
Milton, Erna and Frances



H. C. BRADSTREET FAMILY GROUP

Taken 1924 in Clifton, Texas

Thomas Bradstreet, H. C. Bradstreet, Mrs. Ella F. Bradstreet, Frank J. Bradstreet, Marguerite Bradstreet-Winfield, Lola Bradstreet-Brewer (lower right-hand corner), Iva Bradstreet-Murphree (upper right-hand corner).

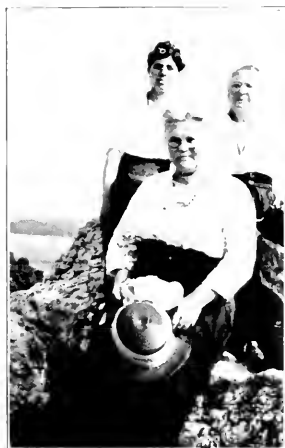




The Black Wooden Rocker with the Rose Medallions on
Head-rest and Arms



Mary and the Rocker, Each Seventy-nine in Years



Picture taken after Mary's funeral of the three friends who were with her during her last illness. The one in front is the nurse, Miss Clara Belle Alsip; the one at the right is Mrs. Anna Christine Bower Wagner, a neighbor who was with Mary when she died; the one at the left is Mary's daughter, Alice.



MARY'S GRAVE, JANUARY 10, 1921

Picture by George S. Ives,
Franklin Grove, Illinois.

Dear Galilee, the Christ was here
The fire of coals held ruddy cheer,
The fishers spent as toil was done
Beheld, adored God's Holy One, Amen.

DREAMING

A feeble, old man day by day
A gentle woman bowed and gray,
See the old life passing by
As they sit and nod and sigh
In the fireplace glow.

They hear again a child's voice sweet,
And catch the sound of tiny feet,
At a pit-pat patter-by
As they sit and sigh
In the fireplace glow.

A baby's face with smiles aglow,
A picture bright to come and go,
And the loved dream passes by;
As they sit and nod and sigh
In the fireplace glow.

THE LAST WHITE HERON

This bird has become extinct; shot
by fowlers for its white plumage.

Lone bird, thy lorn, sad vigil keep,
Above the sedge and waste and plain
Amid the cloud, the mist, the rain,
Where voiceless shadows by thee sweep
Thy fellow-kind, nay nevermore,
Shall answer thee in call; or soar
With thee to haunts on favored shore.

Of myriad thousands, only thou
Of all that snowy host that flew
In clouds of wings through skies of
blue,

O'er lowland lake, to mountain brow,
Now wingeth airily in flight,
Thou beautiful, lone heron-white,
Thine the oblivion of night.

This last poem was an effort on
Mary's part, to protect the feathered
songsters of the air from the thought-
less slaughter.

A farewell letter from Mr. Read:

The Old Home

August 8, 1913,

The doctors, Woolsey, Frank and
Lester, bought your father's house last
year, and cut it in two, and moved it
west, down the hill, fixing up for
houses to rent—The Oswego and West-
ern R. R. built a branch 52 miles to

Seranton, (and from Hancock they laid
a double track through from Seranton);
and you would be surprised to see the
massive coal trains and business going
through your father's farm. It is enor-
mous every day. The timber is nearly
gone; while the rafting has ceased on
the river. The last two rafts ran this
spring.—Farewell—My folk and your
father were the best of friends as long
as your father lived here; and my folk
were always sorry you left, and often
talked about you, and missed you. The
little graves are all right. My son will
look over them when I cannot.

Your friend,

E. Darwin Read.

It was a happy day for Mary, when
on June ninth, 1914 her daughter re-
ceived the degree of Ph. B. from the
University of Chicago.

The Program

The Convocation Procession.

Processional March.

Grand March by the U. of C. Military
Band.

Prayer by the Reverend Professor,
Charles Richmond Henderson.

Address by Dr. Kuno Francke of Har-
vard University.

Interlude "Novelette" by.....Flath
The Conferring of Degrees.

"Alma Mater".....Song of U. of C.
Recessional March, "Call of America."

Cousins

As a cousin Mary kept in touch with
her kindred. Her distant cousin David
C. Dudley of Wallingford, Connecticut
continued a long and pleasant corres-
pondence. The letters from her cousin,
the Rev. Philip H. Eighmy and his good
wife Dorinda, were welcome and
gracious. Mention should be made of
Henry C. and Frank K. Bradstreet of
Clifton, Texas; Mrs. Ellis W. Brad-
street of Xenia, Ohio. Mrs. Nettie Ed-
wards and Mrs. Emma Lawson of
Centerville, Ohio and scores of relatives
all interested in the family genealogy.

The Daughters of the American Re-
volution and Daughters of "1812" War
were cordial and congenial.

A Note:

Dear Mrs. Helmershausen:

Real Daughter's Day of 1812 will be held Thursday, March Ninth, 1916, at two o'clock at the home of Mrs. A. L. Bolte. We would like to have you give us a two minute talk upon your father's experience in the War. If you cannot be there will you please send us a letter to be read at that time?

Yours sincerely,

Mabel H. Herrick (Mrs. Charles E.)
3816 Ellis Avenue, Chicago.

Many invitations came to enjoyable patriotic occasions.

In March, 1916, Mary attended the Convocation of the University of Chicago when her son, Henry, received the title of Associate. The Address by Miss Myra Reynolds was much enjoyed; the subject being, "The Education of Women

in England in the Eighteenth Century."

The prayer offered by the Reverend Gerald Birney Smith, was full of comfort for the devout heart.

The mother's artistic temperament was such that Mary greatly admired the beautiful scenery, classic towers, and chaste architecture. Her social nature was so rich and perennially young, that she enjoyed the songs, festivities and closing hours as much as her son.

In spirit the parent's age was contemporary with the ages of her children; and she shared in whatever experiences came to them. Hers was the happiest heart in the family circle.

One by one the days passed by and this fine spirit sought every opportunity for contact with the ideal. In the matter of fine living she took no vacations.

CHAPTER IX

Age, and The Valley of Shadows

After nearly fifty years of married life, 1866—1916, preparations were being made for a Golden Wedding, the Angel of Death drew his sable wings over the peaceful household at "Park Rest," and the husband and father was taken.

The obituary published in the issue of the "Franklin Reporter," May 11, 1916; and condensed in "The Universalist" of Chicago.

Henry Charles Frederick Helmershausen, Jr.

Our departed brother, Henry Charles Frederick Helmershausen was born April 19, 1822, near Bristol, Bremen township, Lincoln county, Maine, and died in Franklin Grove, Illinois, May 5, 1916, aged 94 years, 16 days.

In 1840, Mr. Helmershausen pioneered to this grove where he spent 76 years; and voted at 73 annual elections, holding his franchise as a high and patriotic duty.

In the early days after Squire Whipple's decease, Mr. Helmershausen transacted law business of the community as various papers attest.

Mr. Helmershausen had an accurate and retentive memory and rendered valuable aid to historians in compiling histories of China township and Lee county.

Reared in the tenets and faith of the New England Congregational church the family worshiped at Nobleboro, Maine, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Phineas Pillsbury. Under the preaching of Dr. Weston of Boston, the family accepted the faith of Universalism and in its comfort our brother lived and died. He was a liberal and active member of the Universalist society in this place, serving as trustee. He gave generously to Lombard College and supported a scholarship which aided in the education of many young students for the ministry. Mr. Helmershausen subscribed for the church papers and in his last years after the society in this village disbanded, read a hymn and sermon from his church paper every Sabbath morning.

He was a prohibitionist in politics and furthered the temperance cause in

every endeavor. He and his brother Norman, served as delegates to state and national temperance conventions.

In 1860, the deceased married Miss Augusta A. Herrick of Wheaton and three children were born to this marriage: Harriet, George and Adella J. In less than a year the son, wife and youngest daughter were taken from him by death. In 1866, he married Miss Mary Bradstreet and seven children were added to him: Charles Bryant Edwin died in May 1880; three sons, Frank, Chase and Floyd are farmers and his son Henry and daughters, Adella and Alice are teachers.

Mr. Helmershausen also leaves three grandsons and three granddaughters and nephews and nieces to mourn his loss.

The following poem written by Mrs. Carney, wife of a former pastor, for the deceased's father, was read at his request at his brother Sylvanus' funeral:

Toll ye the funeral bell! From the aged man we part;

A shadow deep in our homes doth dwell, there is sadness in each heart.

Sadness! but not for him; No shadow is round his way.

The eye which to this world's light grew dim, Is bright with eternal day.

Not like the transient flower, faded before its prime,

Called into life by the April shower; gone ere the summer time!

He hath gone in a good old age, with his work on earth well done;

He hath fought the fight we all must wage; and his crown of victory won.

He was like the old pine trees, he left in his native state;

Not lightly swayed by the passing breeze, nor bowed by storms of fate;

Unscathed by the lightning's flame, looking upward and heavenward still.

'Till death, as the faithful woodman, came; and bowed to the Father's will.

Mourn not the aged one! He has lived

both long and well;

But his weary work on earth was done, toll ye Life's evening bell!

Elder C. M. Suter of the Brethren church officiated at the funeral services, which were held at the late home at 1:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon. His text for his remarks was chosen from John 14, the passage being: "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God—believe also in me." Words were spoken of the willingness of Mr. Helmershausen to help others in the primeval days; his unselfish, altruistic disposition that he exercised even to a fault. All life is interesting; particularly human life, and the many years of our subject were fraught with wondrous episodes that crowd the life history of all of our sturdy pioneers.

Deceased was a Mason and his burial was made under the obsequies of that order, their being members from Ashton Dixon and Lee Center; besides the local lodge, present. Interment was made in Franklin Grove cemetery.

And now Mary's experience became like that of the Psalmist (Ps. 130:6) — Her long watch began, hour after hour, for on the nineteenth of September in 1919, a stroke of paralysis made the left side helpless.

Weary days of illness followed dreary nights of patient wakefulness, in which friends sought to cheer her passage down the Via Dolorosa. She was given the best medical attention by Dr. Frank M. Banker; Miss Clara Alsip, the nurse, became an Angel of Mercy; the daughter Alice closed her school work and served as day attendant. The members of the family came and went on errands of relief and solace. Each neighbor was alert to offer cheer and sympathy.

Words of Comfort

The mails brought many loving messages:

(Oct. 2, 1919)—"We know that your faith in the Blessed Master will help you in this time of sorrow."

(Oct. 20)—"Mother is thinking of you, as we all are."

(Oct. 26)—Dear Mary: "I am hoping, my dear, that you are much better.---

to depart is to be with Christ and the dear ones gone before."

(Oct. 21; 1919).—"I wanted you to know that you were in my thoughts, with the hopes and wishes for your ultimate,—if not immediate—recovery; and to silently evince my thoughts. I directed that a basket of fruit be forwarded to you: which I trust reached you in due time. It is gratifying to me that, though you are surrounded by your immediate family and many friends associated with you there in your delightful home town,—that your memory brought my face to memory's mirror; — As I read your daughter's note, telling me that you sent to me a message of fond recollection; — I thought of the saying, — "The best wish for us all — is — that as we grow older — the friends in later life, may be those we had in the days of youth."

(Dec. 10).—"Mary, Lucy loves you and is praying for you."

(Dec. 15).—"May the Master's presence be with you through the Valley which is to be the Entrance to the bright and happy home which is prepared for you; and where you will join the dear ones who are ready to welcome you. We bespeak for you a joyful trust."

(Dec. 24).—"We can be thankful that we have a Father in Heaven who cares for us."

(Dec. 24).—"It is beautiful to think that we shall soon meet in Heaven."

(Dec. 26).—"I asked God to descend His graces and blessings upon you. I think of you every day."

Flowers

The Ladies of the Eastern Star sent in flowers in the beautiful Lodge colors. The Lime School, Chicago, sent a mammoth bronze chrysanthemum. Her son brought a companion chrysanthemum. Mary wore a blossom in her hair and smiled. Mrs. Wagner brought a profusely blooming cyclamen. Miss Alsip gladdened the invalid with a similar one. Miss Marks sent a sheaf of red chrysanthemum from Chicago; and Mrs. Spikings a cutting of straw flowers. Here in her flower-bright room Mary was cheered by the pastoral calls first of Mr. Hutchinson; then by those of Elder

Suter who came several times kneeling by the wheel-chair to offer powerful and loving prayers, with her whispered amens.

Funeral

On April tenth, 1920, Mary's sister, Martha, died at the home of her son-in-law, the Rev. McKendree Black in Jackson, Mississippi, while spending the winter south. The funeral was held from the home of her son-in-law, Attorney James Woodburn in Byron, Illinois. Mary sent a wreath of rose, heliotrope and hyacinth, emblem of a completed life; also, three callas to place in the hand at rest. Helpless in her chair, Mary sobbed over the last death in her father's family. They had all been gathered home.

New lamps for old! New life for death! It was no small comfort to Mary that the Spring came back to the woods and the prairies, with marvelous stories of the birds and the plants. Sweeping the air, hiding among the branches; running along the ground, the feathered songsters came to Mary's last spring song.

On the broad slopes, in open fields, hidden in the woodsy retreats; the early hepaticas, pale spring beauties and the wake-robins bloomed in their beauty for Mary's last spring of the year.

In the sweet-scented woods all aglow in the colors of bird-plumage and flower-petals, the ethereal butterflies arose from their dull cocoons. The striking phenomena of the change of a chrysalis; became a lesson to Mary who held it to be but an emblem of resurrection. The soft sunshine added its note of cheer to the fleecy clouds and gentle breeze; all speaking to her trustful heart, "Martha has passed into that other existence of higher worth. She can never come to me, but I may go to her. All life is from God."

The summer came over the prairies with her ripened fruit and golden grain. It was the last bright harvest-time; the rose faded; the poppy fell.

In July the last birthday milestone was passed, and the old wooden rocker was near. The letters were cheering: "The years are rapidly passing, and with

them we note the passing of most of our "Old Sandstone" associates of the '60s. Some went in the prime of life with great promise before them, and others after success had been gained; while a few remain enfeebled by age. We hope great peace may be with you in the remaining days of the journey."—The Scovilles.

"Many happy memories of you."—Anna.

Mrs. Battis wrote, "You are to have another milestone, and I hope that you will think of all of us old school friends. We are going one by one."

Mary wore a button on her dressing-robe and cheered with her one usable hand for Harding, whom like McKinley and Garfield, she regarded as a high type of statesman. The passage of Prohibition and Equal Suffrage cheered the loyal heart. She was ever an ardent patriot loving her home, country and God.

The world of Art was enraptured with Lorado Taft's "The Fountain of Time" set up at Washington Park, Chicago, the sculptor's interpretation of an old refrain "Time stays—We go." For the journey Mary was taking passed Time and on into Eternity, Mary knew words of comfort: "Time shall be no more," "He that believeth hath everlasting life" "To die is gain."

The hours came and went, day followed night. In sweetness and light the invalid smiled, winning all hearts by her faith. On August fifth Mary for the last time entertained the church societies. Here she saw the fourth generation of Joseph Woodruff who had worshipped with her at Peter Plantz's camp-ground. Mrs. Durkes made the invalid glad with a sheaf of gorgeous galdioli. Several hymns were sung for her comfort. This was her last church service.

It was not possible for the mother to see her son Henry take his degree Ph. B. as she had seen him receive his

title; but in thought the mother followed her son step by step, knowing she should never again see the green Midway campus. Echo called "Vale!"

The One Hundred and Seventeenth Convocation of the University of Chicago was held in Leon Mandell Hall, September the third. The Address was delivered by Dr. James H. Breasted, on "The New Past." Three of Mary's children brought her in honor the "tiger" black and gold of Dixon College; two, the yellow and white of the DeKalb Normal School; and two, the maroon ribbons of the University of Chicago. Seven ribbons that had tied diplomas. How thankful was the dear mother!

One, if not the last words Mary wrote, was in the gift book "To Henry and Eva From Mary" on the occasion of their Golden Wedding.

Mrs. Battis wrote, "Mary—Just yesterday we were schoolgirls, now seventy-nine and seventy-seven. Good night, my sweet friend. Lucy." Mary was soon asleep.

The Scovilles planned, "We expect to meet you on brighter shores, not many years hence."

The long friendship at Paynes Point church and Rock River Seminary ended soon, Mary had gone on to brighter shores.

The last Christmas passed in quiet peace. The dear mother was drawn to the festal board, where whispering brokenly the grace before meat, she fell asleep.

A Christmas tree, lighted with brightly colored electric lights, was placed by her chair the evenings between Thanksgiving and Noel. The Chicago Chapter "1812" sent greetings, through Mrs. Hoeing. The Dixon Chapter D. A. R. wished the sister all Christmas joy, by Mesdames Decker and Rhodes. The circle of kinsfolk sent remembrance. Mrs. Canfield wrote, "God bless you! The time will not be long before we meet."



CHAPTER X

Departure

The Old Year passed away, and the New Year dawned. Seven days were yet allotted and then "the Pilgrim they laid in a large, upper chamber whose window opened toward the sun-rising; and the name of the chamber was "Peace." At the hour of four the spirit took its flight.

On Sabbath afternoon the last services were held for the dead. The pastors read and prayed; the text of Elder Suter's discourse being from the fourteenth chapter of John's gospel. Mrs. Louis Trottnow and Miss Elcie Lott sang three duets of comfort to the mourners, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" "Some Sweet Day, By and By" and "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me."

The pall-bearers were neighbors, Messrs. James H. Lincoln, William A. Girtton, William H. Gonnerman, Charles W. Wagner, Charles Albrecht, William Maronde. In the sunlight, to the voice of prayer and faith, the grave closed over the dead.

AT THE BURIAL

And as they lowered the casket to its place,

As if he mourned the dead as well as we,

From out the mist, the sun shone tenderly

And glowed in pale still light, a Gift of Grace.

And as we breathed "Farewell!" and turned to face

The Grief, that silent, sits in Memory
Where wrapped in sable robes it will not be

Gainsaid; triumphant Faith rose to embrace

The strength of those who sorrow and endure

Who share His fellowship of suffering
And so we prayed, howbeit were through tears.

No clouds in skies o'er Olivet obscure
The vision of the Lord Enthroned,

the King,

Who keeps our Heart's Beloved
through the years.

By Her daughter Adella.

The funeral flowers beautifully bespoke the long farewell.

Mr. William Girtton, a former pupil in crayon-painting, brought three American Beauty roses, and placed them in the hand of his dead teacher.

A pillow of roses with a ribbon lettered "At Rest," was given by the sons and grandson.

A wreath of magnolia leaves and silvered autumnal verdure, was offered by the daughters and granddaughters. The purple ribbons bore the words, "Dear Mother."

A garland of roses from California was sent by her nurse, Miss Alsip.

A wreath of magnolia leaves and moire purple ribbons, was laid on the casket by Mr. Bela Halderman, for Mr. Frank Brayton of Lyons, Iowa, a former Sunday School scholar.

The flower set apart for Mother's day was much in evidence, for lovingly an offering of carnations was made by the Ladies' Aid and the Woman's Foreign Missionary societies of the Methodist Episcopal church;

A spray of carnations and ferns showed that their sister was beautifully remembered by the Dixon Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution;

The pastor and wife of the Methodist Episcopal church offered a spray of white carnations and white ribbons.

The widow and daughter of the late pastor of St. Paul's Lutheran church brought a memorial spray of carnations.

The teachers of the Linne School, Chicago, gave a fern, cyclamen and primrose.

All her life Mary lived with and loved flowers, and it was fitting that the rarest blossoms made up her bed of death.

It was Plato who tells up that "the true order of going is to use the beauties of earth as steps which mount upward for the sake of the other beauty."

The obituary notices follow:

Mary F. Helmershausen

Mary F., widow of the late H. C. F. Helmershausen, was born July 27, 1841, Ulysses, Tompkins Co., N. Y., and died January 7, 1921, at Franklin Grove, Ill. The deceased attended the Rock River Seminary at Mount Morris, Ill., 1857-63; taught school in Chana; was assistant principal of the Polo schools; was married June 27, 1866, to H. C. F. Helmershausen. She was the mother of seven children: Adella, a teacher in the Chicago schools; Frank, of Kansas City; Chase, of Idaho; Floyd, of Idaho; Alice, a teacher in the vicinity; Bryant, died May 12, 1880; Henry, a teacher in the Chicago schools. As a mother, she took great interest in her children's education, graduating from the C. L. S. C. in 1893.

In 1864, she brought her letter from the Paynes Point class and joined the Methodist Episcopal class in this village. She was an enthusiastic teacher in the Union Sunday School, superintended by T. W. Scott, and members of her class remember her with affection after long years.

Northwestern Christian Advocate
May 4, 1921.

The Chicago Tribune, January 7, 1922.

In Memoriam.

HELMERSHAUSEN—In memoriam of Mrs. Mary Bradstreet Helmershausen, born July 27, 1841, Ulysses, N. Y., died Jan. 7, 1921, Franklin Grove, Ill., the last member of the Daniel Bradstreet family. Daniel and William Bradstreet were the eldest grandsons of Henry Bradstreet of Boxford, Mass. who rode on "the Lexington Alarm" in 1775.

SATTERLEE—In memoriam of Mrs. Anne Bradstreet Satterlee born Aug. 23, 1835, Middletown, N. Y., died Nov.

30, 1921, Des Moines, Ia.; the last member of the William Bradstreet family.

"He giveth His beloved sleep."
In deep sorrow.

Henry
Adella
Alice

ANOTHER AGED MOTHER GONE

Mary F., nee Bradstreet, widow of the late H. C. F. Helmershausen, was born July 27, 1841, at Ulysses, Tompkins Co., N. Y., and died January 7, 1921, at Franklin Grove, Ill. Her age was seventy-nine years, five months and ten days.

Her paternal descent was: Rev. Simon and Margaret Bradstreet of Horbling, Lincolnshire, England; Gov. Simon and Anne (Dudley) Bradstreet of Massachusetts Bay Colony; John and Sarah (Perkins) of Topsfield, Mass.; Simon and Elizabeth (Capen), Simon and Anne (Flint), Henry and Abigail (Porter) of Bonford, Mass.; Daniel and Janet (Moore), Daniel Moore and Clarissa (Todd) Bradstreet, her parents.

Her maternal descent was: William Todd and Isabel Rogerson of Pontre-fact, West Riding, Yorkshire, England; William and Katharine (Warde), Christopher and Grace (Middlebrooke) of New Haven, Conn.; Capt. Samuel and Mary (Bradley), Rev. Samuel and Susanna (Tuttle), Rev. Samuel and Mercy (Evans), Samuel Todd and Mary (Dudley) of Litchfield, Conn.; Clarissa Todd and D. M. Bradstreet, her parents.

In 1844, the family moved to Grand Detour, Ogle Co.; spending some time with their relatives, the Hugh, James and Rufus Moore families; from thence locating in Marion township, Ogle Co., where a fine horticultural farm was planted and cultivated until 1864, when the parents located in the northern part of Franklin Grove, Illinois.

The deceased attended Rock River Seminary at Mt. Morris, Ill., 1857-63; taught school in Chana, was assistant principal of the Polo schools; was married June 27, 1866, to H. C. F. Helmershausen—a pioneer of 1840 to this Grove.

She was the mother of seven children—Adella, a teacher in the Chicago

schools; Frank, of Kansas City; Chase, of Idaho; Alice, a teacher in the vicinity; Bryant, who died May 12, 1880; Henry, a teacher in the Chicago schools. She leaves grandchildren, several aged cousins in the East, and nephews and nieces. As a mother she took great interest in her children's education, graduating from the C. L. S. C. in 1893.

In 1864, she brought her letter from the Paynes Point class and joined the M. E. class of this village. She was an enthusiastic teacher in the Union S. S., superintended by T. W. Scott, and members of her class remember her with affection after long years. As a patriot loving her country, she was a member of the Dixon Chapter D. A. R., having five ancestors in the Revolutionary war: Rev. Samuel Todd, a chaplain at North Adams, Mass.; Samuel Todd, who stormed Stony Point; Henry Bradstreet, near Lexington; William Moore, at Bunker Hill, as captain; John Dudley, ensign in Connecticut. She was a real Daughter of the Chicago Chapter "Daughters of 1812," her father being a veteran, enlisted in N. H.

The poem she wrote in August 1891, to comfort herself, is now a source of strength to the bereaved family. It follows:

They Have Gone Home

They have gone home to yon bright sphere,

Where never cloud and never tear
Shall dim the lovelight of that land.
And though I cannot understand

They have gone home—the loved ones dear.

I almost see the glory near,

The glad new song I seem to hear,
And touch in dreams the loving hand:
They have gone home.

The mystery, the dark, the drear,
Have lost for them the dread, the fear,

They see the glory-lighted strand.
They know that God hath wisely planned,

And all for them is light and cheer.
They have gone home.

Funeral services were conducted at the home Sunday afternoon by the Rev.

C. M. Suter of the Brethren church, assisted by the Rev. Warren Hutchinson of the Methodist church. Interment was made in the local cemetery.

—The Franklin Reporter
Franklin Grove, Ill.

Reprinted in "The Logan Square Herald," Chicago.

Condolences

The sorrow of Mary's many friends was thus expressed:

Hon. Cal Bradstreet, Sioux City, Iowa: "We join in regrets in so exemplary a person having been removed from our social counsels, and family circle."

Mrs. Carrie Patrick, Mrs. Helen Fish, Robert and John Fish, Rockford, Ill.: "We were pained to hear of the great loss."

Attorney and Mrs. James Woodburn, Byron, Ill.: "Our heartfelt sympathy in the loss of our dearest Aunt Mary."

The Reverend and Mrs. McKendree Black, Jackson, Miss.: "Her memory will live on. She was a very wonderful woman and we were all proud of her great mind, as well as her lovable ways."

Miss Mary Woodburn, Batavia, Ill.: "I hope I may grow to be a little like Aunt Mary as the years go by."

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Vinal, Waldo-boro, Me.: "How blessed to have had her spared all these years!"

Mrs. Lucy Battis, Greensboro, N. C.: "She has gained a great Heaven.—has lived well.—is happy with her Saviour, and her loved ones."

Mrs. Anna Canfield, Chana, Ill.: "My dear friend was a true Christian. I believe she is in Heaven, in with the blest of God and thus in happiness; no sorrow, no pain, no suffering; all peace. She is safe home. We may go to her. I often think of her. Her presence was a blessing—dear Mary."

Mrs. Elizabeth Williamson, Hotel Newberry, Chicago: "I was sorry to learn of our dear friend's death. She proved herself a true and faithful friend

by her many kindnesses which I shall never forget."

Mrs. Mary Maiden, Tama, Iowa: "Miss Mary Bradstreet was my Sunday School teacher and I shall never forget her."

Miss Margaret Riseley, Kingston, N. Y.: "I was very sorry to learn of her death."

Prof. A. W. Hodgman, Columbus, Ohio: "I have known of her beautiful rondeau 'They Have Gone Home.'"

Mrs. Lucy B. Cook, Wilson, N. Y. and Lockport, N. Y. wrote: "Looking back across the vanished years, there comes to me a cherished memory of a sweet-faced woman whose kindness and loving friendship I shall not forget."

My earliest recollection of her was when I was a school girl, attending the public school at Franklin Grove, Illinois. Her friendly interest was always a means of encouragement and inspiration.

The passing years with all their many changes have not dimmed my memory of Mrs. Mary Helmershausen who has passed over the border line of earthly life into a brighter world beyond."

Mrs. Margaret McKean Miller, Santa Rosa, Calif., wrote: "If I were an artist it seems to me I could reproduce a picture of Mary Bradstreet, so vivid is my recollection of her. 'Old Sandstone' and its memories are a part of the things long past in my life, but they are still very precious in my memory. I cherish the hope of a glad re-union some time 'in the sweet by and by.'"

Rev. O. F. Mattison wrote from Evanston, Illinois, Nov. 22, 1922: "I remember Miss Mary Bradstreet very well; and can re-call her as she looked when she was a student at Rock River Seminary. The most I recall concerning her is that she was very devoted in her religious life, seeming to make that the thing of most importance. I have no doubt she was a good student. It is a pleasant thought to me that in the closing hours of her long illness, she was comforted by the words of Scripture I had used as the text of a sermon, viz: Hebrews 13:8 'Jesus Christ

the same yesterday, to-day, and forever;' and that she repeated them over and over."

Mrs. Laura Cartwright March from Oregon Illinois, August 18, 1924, wrote: "Mary Bradstreet was a schoolmate and personal friend of mine. I recall how pleased we were with her literary efforts at that time. I had scarce realized how far in the past, Time has removed those years. Mrs. Laura Benedict Clark was my grandmother, who built the first large brick hotel in Mt. Morris, (The James Clark tavern stood at the corner of Main and Seminary streets and was called 'The New York House') and Maria and Mary had rooms there while students. I well remember Mattie Morris and the great revival held in the chapel of the Seminary. I am retaining the obituary with Mary's dear face, and her brave, beautiful poem 'They Have Gone Home.' I recall her as one of the most saintly of women, as well as highly gifted."

Miss Mary Jones, Chase School, Chicago: "How pleasant it is to think of the great faith—great enough to inspire her to write the words of that beautiful poem 'They Have Gone Home.'"

Mr. Frank Brayton, Lyons, Iowa: "Words I know are cold and hollow, but we have nothing better to give where the hearts have been robbed of a priceless jewel. She was a ripe sheaf, ready in waiting for the Reaper and his sickle. The Past is secure in memory and that memory will go down the years—cheering and comforting and strengthening. Though forever absent, yet she is ever present."

Dr. jur. Werner Spielberg, Weimar, Germany: "My deepest sympathy."

Miss Clara Marks, Linne School, Chicago: "The beautiful spirit is free, and the tired body is at rest. We need not sorrow for her."

Miss Mabel Gilpatrick, Linne School, Chicago: "Her life was well spent, and her reward sure."

Mrs. Ida Fursman, Assistant Principal, Linne School, Chicago: "For her who has vanished from our sight, be-

hind the curtains of our human vision,
for her, the future held no terrors.
Death is swallowed up in victory."

"Franklin Grove! Franklin Grove!—
What memories these words recall;
Scenes of childhood and youth pass
before me;

Old Comrades appear again at the
invocation of that Mighty Magician—
The Memory.

I see their smiling faces—I hear their
voices as of old.

It seems but yesterday that we separated—
but years have flown since
then, and I find myself an Old Boy
indeed; but still possessed with the
heart of youth.

In Memory's mirror I see the faces of
those, who were the teachers in the
school-days of the "long ago"—Miss
Watters,— Miss Jane Young,— Miss
Tyler,— Miss Waldo,— Miss Rice,—
Miss Town,— Mr. Scott,— Mr. Newton.
And too,—as I hark back to those happy
days,—other pleasant memories bring to
mind, the quiet hours of the Sunday-
school;—fond recollections of the devoted
teachers, bring to remembrance
their faces:—My Mother,—Mr. Taylor,—
Mr. Scott,—Mr. Newton,—Miss Brad-
street;—their interpretations of the
Bible lessons to us,—their class, en-
graved upon our minds the great
reality that 'It is the life here
that determines the life THERE;—

It is the motive here which determines
the habitation of the Spirit THERE;—
It is the act here which evokes the re-
compense or penalty upon the soul in
that other life.

In brief,—It is the foundation **HERE**,
which supports the superstructure
THERE.'

Loved Teachers, — they have all
answered the summons from 'The
Angel, who, with inverted torch,
beckons to the silent land of the
Great Departed.' "

F. C. Brayton.

Contributed—June 9, 1922.

FOR MOTHER'S DAY 1921

What fragrance is to breath of flower,

The first star to the lone of heart,

What song to zephyr is for dower,

That to my life and love thou art.

All gentle in thy loveliness

As angel that has come to bless.

One trust I fail not in the year,

The Mother's Day—to keep with thee.

The white carnation and the tear

Bespeak alike thy memory,

The tear is for that grave of thine

The flower for thee, loved mother mine.

WOMAN

Woman is God's last perfect handicraft
She woke and lo! all Eden looked and
laughed

Along the singing breeze. She had but
smiled

When sunlight glistened where the
song-birds whiled

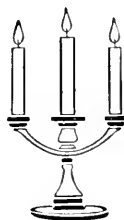
By crystal streams; and when she sighed
and spoke

A living music unto Adam broke

Above the flower aisles; where they
together stood

And sang creation's anthem, "Earth is
good!"

Finis



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